

TERENCE O'DOWD;

OR,

ROMANISM TO-DAY.

AN IRISH STORY,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

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BY

TOM O'SHAUGHNESSY.

PHILADELPHIA :

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION
AND SABBATH-SCHOOL WORK,
No. 1351 CHESTNUT STREET.

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INTRODUCTION.

NOTHING, perhaps, is more noteworthy than the remarkable change which has taken place in the temper of Protestant nations respecting the existence and operations of the Roman Catholic Church. Ever since the Reformation these nations have regarded that Church not only with distrust, but with antagonism. This temper of the Protestant communities has, however, now undergone so radical a change that we are no longer disturbed by theological controversies or political agitations on the subject.

It may properly be asked, What is the cause of such a change? Is it that they have come to accept the characteristic doctrines of the Church of Rome as sound and scriptural? Surely not. To the mind of every intelligent Protestant these doctrines are as obnoxious as ever, and Rome to-day can no more impress the world with the doc-

trine of the infallibility of the pope or with any other of her dogmas than she could before they received the sanction of her councils.

Indeed, it may safely be affirmed that this Church has now virtually abandoned all attempts to compel the obedience of the world, so far at least as her former tactics are concerned. For centuries, in order to regain her position and the control of her adherents, she has left no means neglected and no agencies unemployed.

In the language of a modern writer, "The Roman Catholic Church was the very symbol and representative of all the worst evils which can desolate Christendom. It plunged Europe into the darkness of centuries. It was the irreconcilable foe of intellectual freedom; it was the ally of political despotism. It had been guilty of falsehood and treachery, covetousness and ambition—of cruelties more atrocious than had ever disgraced the worst forms of paganism. It had repressed with fire and sword, with the branding-iron, the gibbet and the stake, every noble struggle for truth and liberty. It has cursed, imprisoned, tortured and burned men of illustrious genius and heroic goodness. It has massacred thousands and tens of thousands of the

common people who had dared to challenge its authority. It was drunk with the blood of saints. Atheism itself had an apology and a palliation in the superstition and crimes of this corrupt and tyrannical Church."

Now all is changed wherever Protestantism predominates; but has the Church of Rome lost her persecuting spirit or her cunning? We say, emphatically, No. Rome is as tyrannical to-day as ever. She has changed her plans of operation, however, and these in at least two particulars: First, she has entered many of the Anglican and even American churches, where she teaches the doctrines of the real presence, auricular confession, baptismal regeneration, the observance of holy days, the worship of crucifixes and even of images; secondly, she has seduced into her schools, colleges and seminaries large numbers of the Protestant youth of both sexes. Here she has realized her greatest successes, for, after all, whereas the work done in the ritualistic churches has developed only a semi-popery which has never been fully endorsed by the Church of Rome herself, that which has been done in the convents and monasteries has been found to be thoroughly acceptable.

This is the gravest feature of the whole question, and it is with the view of instructing and awakening the young people of our Protestant churches to a clearer conception of the true nature of nineteenth-century Romanism in countries where its power is uncontrolled that the following pages have been written.

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TERENCE O'DOWD.

CHAPTER I.

"The pure and radiant eyes
Of youth and hope look up to thee with love.
Would it were thine, meek dweller of the skies,
To save from tears! but no: too far above
This dim cold earth thou shinest, richly flinging
Thy soft light down on all who watch thy beam,
And to the heart of sorrow gently bringing
The glorious picture of life's morning stream."

Evening Thoughts.

MY name is Terence O'Dowd. I am the son of Bemish O'Dowd, from the Lower Inn parish, in the county of Mayo, province of Connaught, West of Ireland. My mother's name was Mary Daly, and my father and mother were both Roman Catholics, and taught my sister and myself their "own" religion. In other words, kind reader, we were members of that Church of which the pope is the supreme head.

"Who made His Holiness the head of the Catholic Church, Terence O'Dowd?" asked Father Mick McNavigan, our parish priest, a short time previous

to my final abandonment of the "ould faith," as he sometimes called it.

"Boniface III., in the year 606, Your Reverence."

"Aisy, aisy, Terry avic! You're wrong intirely—quite out this time, me son; asthray, quite asthray, young gintleman. Nothing of the soart; and, be my stick, Terry my boy, you'll vex yer parish priest if you persist in this heresy—this dam—this soul-destroying error—in these little mistakes, I mean, Terry. But your parish priest isn't going to argue with you, Terry me boy; oh no, oh no."

And Father McNavigan did not argue with me—indeed, would not argue with me on that or any other occasion. However, as I have stated, our family were members of a Church whose head is a priest, and a priest whose functions would, we supposed, almost deify him.

I never liked to be called a "papist," because, though a Roman Catholic, I never was a papist. Let not the reader, however, misunderstand me, but permit me to explain. The Church in which I was born and educated teaches treason against kings,* inasmuch as it declares that if the pope should excommunicate them they would have no further dominion over their subjects and the oath of allegiance to them would not be binding. It teaches also that it is not murder to kill those who

*See Appendix A.

oppose the Church or perjury to violate an oath for her sake.* To be a papist as well as a Romanist I must subscribe to this, and consequently, although a Catholic, I was not a papist.

There was another matter in which my father and I differed from the generality of our neighbors—namely, in a genuine regard for the British constitution. From my cradle I was made familiar with what I shall call the *National Catechism*, among the outlines of which were “Ireland’s Rights and Wrongs,” “England’s Tyranny and Oppression,” “Freedom from the Despotism of the Saxon.” I learned the meaning of this Irish cant, but that was all, for no sooner was it understood by me than I abandoned it. My father agreed with me on these points, although from a different motive; which, by the way, I may as well mention here.

I was “destined for the Church;” consequently my father intended that I should be educated for the priesthood at the college of Maynooth. Now the English government, having largely endowed that seminary, has rendered it the great priest-making institution of the Church of Rome; and my father, being a genuine Irishman, with a *cead mille fáilte* (“a hundred thousand welcomes”) for everybody, and, as we say, a “thanky, Mother Branagan,” for every favor, was not without a “thanky” for “Ould England,” by whose generosity

* See Appendix B.

he hoped one day to be placed in the proud position of being himself the father of a parish priest.

Our house was situated at the foot of Mount Nephin, the monarch of the Mayo Alps, whose blue dizzy summit towers to an altitude of nearly three thousand feet above sea-level. Mount Nephin was to me one of the most interesting of objects. How often in my boyish rambles have I gazed with awe and admiration upon its towering peaks and at the flash of the thousand cataracts which leaped from its declivities! How often have I climbed its rugged steeps and bounded from crag to crag and from precipice to precipice! Ay, how often in imagination have I heard the brooding silence broken by a mystic voice that challenged comparison with Nephin's greatness!

And yet the claims of Nephin to a monopoly of praise was sometimes questioned in my own mind, for just at its base was a crystal mirror clear as the limpid mountain-rivulets that ripple to its bed or as the summer sunbeams that play upon its bosom. It was the beautiful Lough Conn, which, lying as it does in the midst of almost unparalleled mountain-scenery, rivals any other natural object in the West of Ireland.

These beautiful associations of my boyhood are indelibly impressed upon my memory; while my pen sketches their outlines my fancy lingers round them. Once more I climb the lofty heights which

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rise abruptly from the margin of the lake, and there beneath me are the shadows of soft vapor mantling in a garb of down the majestic Nephin, while the mountain thus shrouded is reflected in the deep, deep blue waters, and many a sparkling crag, tinted by the magic shimmer of the lake, glitters like a jewel in the sun.

About a mile from my father's house, and between the extreme points of a ridge of impending rocks and the lake, was the Fern Valley, through which the Deel danced merrily until it mingled with the waters of the river Moy or the lough itself. In this beautiful valley lived Nelly Gray. She was young, gentle, innocent, and as pure and sweet as a mountain-flower in its early bloom. To me she was the incarnation of all that was beautiful in face, form and mind, and while the attractions of her person won my youthful affections, her purity of character exercised over me an influence for which I shall ever be grateful.

Eastward of the Fern Valley were rich plantations, tasteful villas and picturesque hamlets; westward, sterility and dreariness, environed with hut and cabin, ignorance and squalor. Eastward, intelligence, politeness and morality; westward, ignorance, rudeness and brutality. Eastward, industry and wealth; westward, wretchedness and want. Eastward, an educated and truly evangelical ministry, with an open Bible and Christian

ordinances; westward, an ignorant priesthood and a superstitious populace.

Twelve hours after I was born into this sinful world Father McNavigan sprinkled me with salt and water, anointed me with oil and ashes, called me Terence, and by thus baptizing me separated me for ever from "herisies" and "heritics," the pains of hell and the darkness of limbo, my freedom from the third place (purgatory), however, depending on contingencies. Still, to be thus delivered was an act worthy of Father McNavigan himself or any other parish priest.

Salt and water, the sign of the cross, a little holy ashes, a little holy oil, with a few Latin or half-Latin prayers, were the instruments of his power. Although these were efficacious in providing against future dangers, it was necessary for Father Mick to use other weapons of warfare against present ones. A scapular consisting of three folds of red flannel, inside of which were three very crooked horseshoe nails (which had been worn, of course), a little holy water, which, though it soon evaporated, would leave virtue behind it, a piece of "blessed" wax candle, and the virtue of a blessing from Father Mick himself, all sewed up in leather and put into a triangular shape, would place me in this life beyond the power of spirits of evil. No heretic could taint me by a touch, and no hobgoblin nor *luchra-man* (fairy) could cross the path in which I walked.

The scapular was also a safe protection against danger from any four-footed animal, and my mother would no more have allowed me to go without it than without my garments.

My mother! Reader, this is all I shall have to say in this book about my beloved mother. Will you therefore excuse the following tribute to the fairest, sweetest, holiest object of my childhood's devotion and my manhood's visions?—

MY MOTHER'S FACE.

It watched me when a very little child;
Its looks are not forgotten even now;
It wore a sunny brightness on its brow:
None, to describe it, would have said it smiled.

For joy finds not expression in that word;
Smiles are but flitting sunbeams, nothing more;
The sun's effulgence was the light it wore;
His very largesse did that face afford.

It watched me when I came to be a youth;
Tender but anxious was each loving glance;
Then shadows flitted o'er the bright expanse
If once there was a compromise with truth;

For truth she deemed to be the crowning grace,
The soul, the substance of the Christian man:
How often did those eyes my motives scan
And look for truth within my speaking face!

It watched me when to manhood's years I came:
A settled quiet marked each loving look;

That face has ever been to me a book
Where I could read approval or else blame.

And sometimes now bright days call back the past;
I am the child again, and it's the light
That glances into me, and many a night
But for its presence would much longer last.

Apart from my family associations, one of my earliest acquaintances was the parish schoolmaster. Now, this "genius," as he generally designated himself, was not essentially different from many other schoolmasters of his day. He had his favorite boys, his favorite tasks, his favorite chastisements, his loves and his hates. He loved eggs, butter and good buttermilk, "fresh churned, with a nice yellow floating top on it." He loved good fat fowl—chickens in the spring, turkeys in autumn and ducks and geese in winter. He did not object to a hare or a few partridges when they were in season, but he was particularly fond of "biestings," and consequently, as he would say, "enjoyed the privilege of participating with the young calves of the village in the first kindly supplies of their useful mothers." Our schoolmaster's predilections for "good mealy" potatoes and "dry, hard" Swedish turnips—"not too big nor too long, boys"—must not be forgotten.

All these favorite luxuries little boys and girls could carry to him, and as a reward bask for a day at least in the sunshine of his benevolent counte-

nance. Of course the master might be expected to be partial to beef and mutton, veal and venison, but as these were luxuries seldom obtained at Nephin, he often professed to have been "weaned from them without weeping." The master relished puddings, pies, soups, as masters generally do, but Nephin did not often furnish many of these either, owing, it was thought, to the absence of proper culinary officials among the villagers. Finally, the master liked a good drop of genuine home-distilled "mountain-dew." The provincial designation, "potteen," being vulgar, our parish "genius" called it "mountain-product," "oil from the flinty rock," "the milk of the mountain species," with many similar classical designations.

But the master had his hates as well as his loves, his dislikes as well as his likes. He hated parish dinners and feastings held at public stations of confession. On such occasions he would take the opportunity of presenting myself and other provincial graduates under his tuition with a grand oration on the abuses of the nineteenth century. "Of course, my friends"—he generally began by calling us his "friends"—"religion, the Catholic religion, the religion of St. Peter (not Peter the Great, but Peter the Good, Peter the Bold), the religion of St. Peter, the Catholic religion, is A ONE in the alphabet of all matters. As an adjective it is in the superlative degree; as a noun or substantive it is a noun proper.

Morally, it is in the first person singular generally. But then religion, connected as it sometimes is in this most respectable of parishes with clerical mas-tications of tender poultry and well-fed swine, together with strong potations of mountain-prod-ucts, calls loudly for reformation and correction. Yes, gentlemen of the mountain and youths of heathery growth, Nature intended the gradual de-velopment and gradual consumption of all her pro-ductions, but these annual feastings simultaneously diminish the abundance which otherwise could not fail to furnish the village and its youths' instructor with constant and necessary supplies."

Under this matter-of-fact and judicious tutor I graduated. My school-life was a monotonous ex-istence; my "voster" slate and copy-book were my morning companions as through snow and frost, sunshine and shower, summer and winter, I regularly passed the Fern Valley on my way to the parish school-house.

For fifteen years I cannot remember having been absent one day nor having been half an hour late at the school. My father was a man of system, and all our family arrangements were systematic. We said our prayers by system—ten to the Virgin Mary and one to the Supreme Being—every time we knelt to pray; these were marked off by my father, who held the beads between his fingers and dropped one for every round of prayer. So likewise I attended

school by system. And by system or by accident or by the providence of God, who with unerring hand leads all his children, I crossed the threshold of a home where in humility lived one who when the time should come was destined to lead me forth from the depths of darkness into the light of a purer and nobler existence.

CHAPTER II.

"Should this language sound too severe in the ears of men who have basely made a holocaust of the wisdom with which their learning has imbued them for the purpose of setting forward the most miserable superstition,—they hold an old rag as a fetish on their altars for the reverence and worship of an ignorant, deluded and credulous multitude."—DR. REGENBRECHT, *Professor in the University of Breslau*.

ONE of the fundamental tenets of the Church of Rome is the infallibility of its popes and councils. Just here I shall state how far this dogma influenced my own mind and character. For the first twenty years of my life I never questioned this or any other doctrine of the Church of Rome. In my baptism I was, as I thought, regenerated, and this belief was based upon the infallibility of the Church which administered that rite ere reason had dawned upon me. Rome, in the fullness of her compassion, had taken me in her arms, and by one of her most faithful servants had exorcised the spirit of evil that was in me, saying to it,* "Go out of him, thou unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Ghost. I conjure thee, thou unclean spirit, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy

* See Appendix C.

Ghost (making the sign of the cross three times), that thou go out of this servant of God, for He commandeth thee who walked upon the sea and gave his right hand to the sinking Peter: therefore, cursed devil, recognize the judgments of God and give honor to the true God, to Jesus his Son and to the Holy Ghost, and depart from this servant of God, since our Lord Jesus Christ hath called him to his grace and benediction and baptism. And thou, Satan, shalt never dare to profane this sign of the cross with which we sign his forehead, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Thus did Father McNavigan pronounce an infallible exorcism over me, saying as he anointed my eyes with spittle which savored strongly of tobacco, "Ephphatha, be opened;" then anointed my nose, saying, "for a delightful savor." And then and there Father Mick placed no small value upon this same nose of mine as he continued, "But do thou, devil, flee from it, for it will bring the judgment of God upon thee." Father McNavigan also exorcised the devil from my toes and fingers, from the top of my head and the soles of my feet, and, in short, delivered me from the power of satanic agency and placed me under the protection of the saints, the angels, the Virgin and the Church.

O most mighty mistress of miracle-workers and devil-exorcisers!—thou who professes to control a human spirit as well as to banish an infernal one;

thou who canst indeed bind, whether or not thou canst unloose; who canst imprison, whether or not thou canst set free; who canst curse, whether or not thou canst bless; who canst be terrible, whether or not thou canst be tender; thou who pronouncest benedictions and fulminatest anathemas without number, whether they fall on any head or not,—when thou didst deliver me from the power of devils and from the pains of hell why didst thou not also deliver me from the dread of purgatorial scorchings,* for purgatory has been my terror half my life? And when thou didst deliver me from heresies and heretics, why didst thou not deliver me also from the inbred corruptions of my own heart? Alas for me! whatever else my baptism effected *for* me, to my sorrow have I realized that it effected nothing *in* me.

At seventeen I made my first confession. The fact and the circumstances attending it are indelibly impressed upon my mind. For the first time in my life I felt myself to be a coward. Father McNavigan detected this at once, and while his lips said one thing his face expressed another.

"God hears you, Terry my boy," said his lips—"hears you through me his servant; through me he will answer you. Do not be afraid; tell me all that is in your heart. He has given me the power to absolve you. I am a holy father, and

* See Appendix D.

a holy father ought to know everything about his children."

But while his lips uttered these smooth words his countenance seemed to say with almost equal distinctness, "Terry, you cowardly rascal ! you are afraid to divulge your little contemptible sins, but you are now in my hands. You can escape me no longer ; speak but certain words and henceforth you are in my power. Hitherto I have been your companion ; henceforth I shall be your master : the years of fun and frolic between us are over, and the real business of our mutual lives begins. Henceforth your priest will follow you into your most private history, will be an unseen witness of your secret actions, will know where you are weak, and will be strong to control you. You will have no authority but what he shall concede, no pleasure but by his indulgence."

This first confession was a dreadful ordeal. It consisted in an investigation by the priest into three distinct classes of duty : First, duties past, present and future toward the Church ; in other words, what I had done for the holy faith, what I was doing and what I purposed doing, were to be declared and explained. Secondly, came duties to myself, in connection with which I laid bare to my confessor the whole workings of my heart and the history of my past life, without intentionally concealing a thought, desire or purpose. Thirdly, came the

investigations of duties respecting others, including the members of my own family, in which the secrets and private arrangements of the household were thoroughly inquired into. This last confession was not voluntary on my part, but was almost unconsciously divulged. When, however, my confession was concluded, I was considerably surprised at what Father McNavigan called his knowledge of human nature. Nor was I less excited and surprised than startled—startled at the priest's ascendancy over me, and excited by an irrepressible desire to free myself from the yoke which for the first time I felt to be galling me. Like a wild bird I had unconsciously been taken in the snare of the fowler, and I struggled with passionate dissatisfaction to be free. I was a slave for the first time, and under a yoke which had been imposed upon me in the sacred name of religion. My spirit, which had been without a cloud, was now enshrouded in darkness and my soul was oppressed with speechless grief. I felt that my liberty and independence were gone, that I was in the hands and under the control of another—a creature, too, whose knowledge of my secret thoughts and feelings, and whose significant and artful looks and hints, not only reminded me that I was in his power, but made me stand abashed before him. There was another matter which was, if possible, less satisfactory to me. It was not the penance laid on me by the priest: this penance,

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which was only a pilgrimage to Croach Patrick and some scores of *aves* and *paters*, I would gladly have performed, even at the risk of a broken knee or a bleeding limb, if that were all. There would be pleasure to be had as well as pain; that is to say, drinking and dancing as well as physical laceration.*

* The following extract is from the standard book used at Maynooth (the *Tractatus de Penitentia*). It relates to the confession of female penitents, but it is *utterly* impossible to introduce anything beyond the bare outlines of the questions which the confessor is enjoined to ask, the suggestions by which he is to prompt. For instance, he is to "*question* the penitents on the subjects of the sixth (the seventh) commandment, especially if they be rude, *ignorant*, agitated, *bashful*." Modesty is to be overcome; that "confession would be sacrilegious which was cut short from *a motive so vain*." Yet when a female shrinks from such an exposure she may hand the confession in writing to the priest, "*who shall afterward prudently question her concerning it*," proceeding from more general statements to more particular, from the *less shameful* to those which are *more so*. If "a woman or girl, however modest," shall refuse to submit to this, "it does not appear," says the author of the *Tractatus de Penitentia*, "how she can be considered not to be guilty of perverse obstinacy, which renders her unworthy of the benefit of absolution."

In an able article in the *Quarterly Review* of June, 1884, "Schism in the Papacy," speaking of the petition of the Roman Catholics in Germany for the abolition of auricular confession, we read: "With the third point (confession) commences our difficulty, and one before which we confess ourselves compelled to yield; we are precluded from the possibility of proving our position, and we must state at once our conclusion; which is this, that if it had been the intention of any body of men to

But there was one dark, dark thought which stung me like a serpent. Would Father McNavigan put the same questions at confession to my sister that he had put to me? * Would he put the same to Nelly Gray of the Fern Valley? The thought was maddening. Heaven forbid that two young maidens with minds so pure should be subjected to such an ordeal! I would prevent the possibility. Never should they kneel to such a man to have whispered in their ears such foul and filthy questions. Yet what could I do? For a time I writhed in agony at my own helplessness. In my desperation I made resolutions to expose him, but soon abandoned them. Finally, I became alarmed at my own violence. After all, it was a decree of the Church. How could I forget this, unfaithful son of the Church, miserable Romanist, rebellious child of the Pope? Saints and angels, have mercy on me and forgive my unbelief! The Church is infallible and demands blind submission, even though she imposes servile degradation.

I ventured to remonstrate with the priest during my confession, and Father Mick repeatedly insisted upon unconditional obedience. At times he glared upon me in uncontrollable anger, then again de-corrupt the morals of the human race, to habituate children of both sexes to impurity, filth and profligacy, it would have been impossible to have devised a scheme more completely adapted to produce that effect than the practice of the confessional as it is now carried on in the Church of Rome."

* See Appendix E.

scended to flattery and cajolery until I rose from my knees thoroughly demoralized and debased. A few hours' reflection, however, brought me back to reason, or rather to the suppression of reason, and to obedience to Mother Church. What the Church decrees I must accept. She has decreed that I should be a slave, but she has consecrated my fetters, for she is infallible. I will therefore submit to her authority without further misgivings.

A few weeks after my confession I visited the holy mountain* in company with about five hundred of the young and old of our parish. Our pilgrimage was for the purpose of discharging the penance imposed upon us by our confessors. Croach Patrick was only a day's journey from Mount Nephin (about forty miles), so that we were more fortunate than the majority of the pilgrims, who were obliged to travel three times that distance. The journey was made barefooted by all, and by some with uncovered heads also. Most of the devotees set out at midnight, as time and distance required. Moreover, as at that solemn hour all supernatural visitors were supposed to have returned to their place of repose, there was no likelihood of ghostly interruptions. As we desired to avail ourselves of these advantages, we set out at midnight, and arrived at the mountain on the afternoon of the following day. Few of the pilgrims ven-

* See Appendix F.

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tured the ascent the day of their arrival, for the reason that certain business transactions had first to be attended to, as those who should faithfully discharge their duties to the Church would be disqualified for much business afterward.

And now, before ascending the mountain, let us glance at Clew Bay and its surroundings. It is computed that this remarkable tract of water contains one hundred and sixty islands. Some of these are neither small nor uninteresting; that of Achill, for instance, is about sixteen miles by ten, with a considerable population. Clare Island, again, is eight miles by five, and is also inhabited and cultivated. Many other islands in the bay are inhabited and tilled, but these rise in the midst of the mighty deep like giants and dwarf all others. Nevertheless, many of the liliputian islets are very beautiful, being verdant to their very summits and presenting strange, fantastic shapes. All are surrounded by a rough, romantic margin of granite or fringed with silvery lines of snowy sands. The bay itself abounds in salmon, mullet, mackerel, herring and many other kinds of fish, which, with some little industry on the part of the people, might be made a valuable and permanent source of wealth, but which with the exception of a few weeks of mackerel- or herring-fishing are totally neglected. There are also some excellent oyster-beds, which a little more enterprise might improve.

Such is Clew Bay, yet this most interesting district seems to be almost abandoned except by tourists, who light upon it by accident and all at once become enraptured with the discovery of a region the like of which they did not suppose existed in the country.

West of the bay is the celebrated Croach Patrick, better known to the inhabitants as "The Reek," called so from the shape of the impending mountains, which run right into it and resemble a rick of corn or hay. Croach Patrick itself is precisely the shape of a sugar-loaf, and is 2510 feet above sea-level. From the base to the summit the distance is about three miles, and, standing at the former, the latter appears to be but half a yard broad, though it is exactly half an acre. To this mountain the native Romanists of the west and north-west of Ireland are still sent to do penance. The severity of this penance is proportioned to the character of the crime confessed to the priest; the manner of its performance is as follows: Each pilgrim is obliged to ascend the mountain to the summit. In the ascent there are what are called three "stations." These consist of large heaps of stones the size of two or three houses, around each of which is a rough, narrow path covered with small sharp pebbles, upon which the pilgrim is obliged to kneel and with bare knees make a number of "journeys." The times he goes around are counted by each de-

CALCULATIONS.

396. The percent

21.53 per cent, Al_2
empirical formula

Ans. $KAlSi_2O_6$

397. A certain

Na_2O , SO_3 . The
approximate ratios
pound?

Ans. $Na_2CaS_2O_8$

398. What is the

which, according to

Ans. $Cu_2(OH)_2$

399. The compo

6.38 per cent, Bi_2
empirical formula.

Ans. $2Bi_2C_3O_{14}$

400. What is the

analysis:

Ans. $Ca(Mg,F)$

401. A silicate

exists as water of

Ans.

402.

votée's depositing a small stone until the requisite number of circles have been made, when he rises from his knees wounded and bleeding, being often unable to descend without assistance. I have seen hundreds of these heaps of stones, numbering from five to twenty and thirty, at each of the three places, and hundreds of pilgrims of both sexes and all ages on their knees, offering what they believe to be an atonement to God for their sins and rendering obedience to the Church. At the top of the mountain is a beaten track winding round its very edge. This is the last and least difficult "station" for the pilgrims, and one which only little sinners are required to perform. It is at least two hundred yards in length, and leads over jagged rocks and dangerous precipices; notwithstanding this, it is "done" so often that the very rocks are worn in places. Within the circle of the summit there is an excavation into which a pilgrim may go when overtaken by a storm or when dark clouds hang over the mountain and render the descent difficult. In this recess are visible hundreds of relics.* These consist of iron and brass nails by which are fastened into a crevice of the wall pieces of the garments of the pilgrims; old nails, old needles, rusty and worn, fixing to the rocks a piece of flannel or a piece of a stocking, a garter, the remnant of a sleeve or the fragment of an old hat—in a word, a bit of all the

* See Appendix G.

garments worn by men or women in the west of Ireland, placed there as offerings to St. Patrick, after whom the mountain is called. This is the superstitious and repulsive festival of St. Patrick, which is justified by neither tradition, history nor Scripture.

If my reader should ask me who and what was St. Patrick, I answer with the following sketch of his history : It appears that Christianity had established a footing in Ireland at the end of the fourth century, and the first attempt that Rome made to establish her power in that country was to send the archdeacon Palladius, a Briton by birth, with a number of ecclesiastics in his train and an ample store of relics, to declare the authority of the Roman See and to propagate the errors which had already crept into the Church. The attempt failed. The bishop of Rome, who is now designated the pope, was ignored by the Irish "believers in Christ," and the greatest opponent of Palladius and his master was St. Patrick. This "saint" had been laboring in Ireland as an evangelist for more than twenty years, and refused to acknowledge the authority of the pope. This fact comes out in great variety of statement in ancient documents and Irish manuscripts.

The *Confession of St. Patrick*, which is the earliest specimen extant of any author connected with the British churches, gives us a tolerably correct idea

CALCULATIONS.

396. The percent 21.53 per cent, Al₂O₃ empirical formula.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain Na_2O , SO_3 . The approximate ratio pound?

Ans. Na_2CuSO_4

398. What is the weight of which, according to the

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})_2$

399. The compound 6.38 per cent, Bi₂O₃ empirical formula.

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_7$

400. What is the result of analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg}, \text{Fe})$

401. A silicate exists as water of crystallization.

Ans.

402.

of his remarkable career. The authenticity and the antiquity of this document are unquestionable, and have been acknowledged by the best critics of every denomination. In his confession he tells us that he was the son of a deacon and the grandson of a presbyter; that he was born in France, but that his native country was Britain. When he was sixteen years of age he was carried captive into Ireland, where he remained six years in slavery, but this captivity was overruled by Providence for his good. "The Lord," says he, "brought me to a sense of my unbelief, that at length I might remember my transgressions and turn with my whole heart to the Lord my God. I was daily employed in tending sheep, and often during the day I prayed, and the love of God more and more increased. I used to remain even in the woods and on the mountains, and was wont to rise up before day and pray in snow and frost and in rain, and I felt no injury, nor was there any sluggishness in me such as I now feel, because the Spirit was then ardent within me."

Patrick eventually escaped and returned to his parents, where he tells us he had a singular dream. "I saw," says he, "in the vision of the night a man whose name was Victorious, coming as if from Ireland with innumerable letters, one of which he handed me, and I read the beginning of the letter, which purported to be the voice of the people of Ireland; and whilst I was reading the begin-

ning of the letter I thought at that very moment I heard the voice of those who were beside the wood of Foclud (Tirawley in the county of Mayo), which is near the Western Sea, and they cried out thus : 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still among us ;' and I was touched to the very heart and could read no more, so I awoke."

It should be stated that previous to this dream, and in some respects as accounting for it, Patrick had a strong desire to become a missionary, and it will be readily understood how such a dream would have intensified that desire. The explanation of the word *Victoricus* is simple enough. There was only one to whom it could be applied—namely, King Niall the Great, who conquered wherever he went. He was king of Ireland, and was sometimes designated King Niall of the Nine Hostages, for he carried with him wherever he went nine royal personages as hostages. Just at the time of Patrick's dream this great general fell by an arrow from the quiver of one of his own soldiers, and the apostle of Ireland may possibly have conjectured that the ghost of Niall appeared to him with those letters of invitation. The death of Niall fixes the date of Patrick's arrival in Ireland, which was at the close of the year 405 ; and this date is confirmed by credible authorities. Traditions of the greatest antiquity assert that he spent sixty years in Ireland. Documentary evidence is not wanting to

CALCUL

396. The per cent.
21.53 per cent. Al
empirical formula

Ans. KAlSi_2O_6

397. A certain
 Na_2O , SO_3 . The
approximate ratio
pound?

Ans. Na_2CaS_4

398. What is
which, according

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})_2$

399. The comp
6.38 per cent. Bi
empirical formula

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_7$

400. What is t
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg},\text{Fe})$

401. A silicate
exists as water of

Ans.

402

prove that he died in 465, which also fixes the period of his entrance on his missionary work. He was not well educated—a fact which he deplotes in his *Confession*—but he was mighty in the Scriptures, and he preached the gospel with great power and acceptance to the people. Many were converted to the truth, and even of the chiefs of the island many were brought to Christ through his instrumentality.

Now for the continuation of our narrative. We were encamped on the green sward just at the base of the mountain. Our tents were neither artistic nor luxurious in accommodation, yet I have seen worse than were furnished us on that occasion. They were so low that a full-grown person could not stand upright inside of them, and so poorly furnished with chimney accommodation that we were almost suffocated with peat-smoke. The reader must not, however, suppose from this that they were not well ventilated, for from our knees down to our feet we were visible to outside spectators. The tents were long and narrow, and in addition to the pilgrims who assembled under them there were a number of boiling caldrons and other kitchen utensils in which were large quantities of food. Dancing and whisky-drinking commenced as soon as we arrived, and many an Irish song and merry jig sounded upon the quiet air before the second morning dawned upon us.

But, as I have already intimated, certain business

transactions had to be attended to before ascending the mountain. Among these was the following: Ulick McHall, a small farmer from our parish, accidentally met another small farmer from the Upper Inn parish. They had a few glasses together and a few altercations, in connection with which Ulick protested that no man ever stood on the tail of his coat and escaped with impunity; and his friend intimated that "a three-foot long of a black-thorn and a quarter av an acre av Irish sile 'ed settle the matter batune thim in three jiffies." This little affair, however, passed over without damage to the skin of either party through the timely interference of the females, and was made up by another "'Johnny' apiece for the love of the thing," when matters took quite an opposite turn and terminated to the profound satisfaction of everybody and without surprise to anybody. Ulick "proposed" his daughter Mary, "who is at home," and his new acquaintance, lately his antagonist, but now his warm-hearted friend, proposed his son, Jimmy, "as good a boy as is in the parish, although he isn't to the fore either." The two fathers divided the live-stock and the stacks of corn and turf, "split" the pounds and shillings, and forthwith arranged a matrimonial union. The young people were to meet for the first time at the chapel, and were to be allowed half an hour to make the acquaintance of each other before they were united.

CALCUL

396. The per cent, Al
21.53 per cent, Al
empirical formula

Ans. KAlSi_2O_6

397. A certain
 Na_2O , SO_3 . The
approximate ratio
pound?

Ans. Na_2CaS_2

398. What is the
which, according to

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})_2$

399. The comp
6.38 per cent, Bi
empirical formula

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_7$

400. What is the
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2$

401. A silicate
exists as water of

Ans.

402.

Another class of business transacted at the foot of the mountain was of a more serious nature. Certain delegates from the Fenian Society were there, who initiated more than one young man into its mysteries. This initiation was of a twofold nature: First, the communication of secret signs and passwords; second, the intimation of secret plans and purposes. The object of Fenianism was clearly defined in the dogmas which every initiated member professed to believe: First, that faith was not to be kept with landlords or the British government; second, that forfeited property, both civil and ecclesiastical, was to be restored to its original possessors, which forfeited property is Ireland from Cape Clear to the Giants' Causeway, and from Achill Head to the Hill of Howth; and the original possessors are the sons of His Holiness the pope, the children of the true Church.

On the second morning after our arrival we began the ascent of Croach Patrick, and from the base to the summit we traveled with heads and feet uncovered. We were four hours in making the ascent, as the way was rough and difficult. I was obliged to make seven journeys around the cross which stood in the centre on the summit, that being the number imposed upon me by Father Mc-Navigan, and seven more at each of the other stations. Many who had been less faithful to the Church than I had a yet severer punishment. The

second and third stations were the most difficult, and it was necessary that the first journeys should be performed on the summit, inasmuch as if we began at the lowest it would be impossible to complete them all. We were encouraged in our duties by the priests, who related to us how St. Patrick himself had gathered old and young upon the mountain in his day. They spoke to us of saints, martyrs and confessors; of the Virgin and St. Joseph going on their pilgrimages; of the virtue of those red stains on the sharp instruments of our torture; of everything and everybody save Jesus, whose bloodshedding was sufficient for the sins of the world. They addressed us in Irish and the wooden cross in Latin. These are blessed languages, the devil not understanding the first, and the other being the language of heaven. My sister and Nelly Gray were among the pilgrims; they both were bruised and bleeding. When my eyes fell upon Nelly crippled and prostrate from her penance, my heart smote me. Again I was tempted to rebel, but I forced back the angry thought. "It is a temptation of the evil one," I said to myself; "the Church is infallible."

CALCULATIONS

396. The percent
21.53 per cent, Al₂O₃
empirical formula.

Ans. KAlSi_2O_6

397. A certain
Na₂O, SO₃. The
approximate ratio
pound?

Ans. Na_2CaSO_4

398. What is the
which, according to

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})_2$

399. The comp
6.38 per cent, Bi₂O₃
empirical formula.

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_7$

400. What is the
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2$

401. A silicate
exists as water of

Ans.

402

CHAPTER III.

"There is a balm in Gilead,
A kind Physician there,
Whose healing spell alone can cure
That fell disease, despair."

IRELAND! The name itself has ever been associated with all that is picturesque and beautiful in nature. For me its tiny rivulets, numerous lakes and prolific rivers, sloping alpine heights crystallizing the tear-drops on their brows, and pensive valleys beautified with countless flowers, have an intense and yet a tender charm. But even the beauties of nature give place to interests nearer to heart and home, which excite the livelier sensibilities and demand a keener appreciation. It is the home of my fathers, the land of my nativity. There may be climes as bright and skies as clear, but they have not the subtle charm that lingers around my birthplace. Elsewhere I may have found friends as devoted, but they have not usurped the claims of those of my own land nor rendered me unmindful of the rights of my countrymen. It is an instinct of nature to prove loyal to the remem-

branches of the past; it was that love of country which is so universal, that pure and elevated feeling which burned in the bosom of the Redeemer himself, that feeling which led him to commission his apostles to ring out the strains of the gospel first at Jerusalem, and, like holy harpers, strike their lyres amid the apprehended ruins of Jewish glory. It was love that prompted this act, that the Jews might have an opportunity of repentance ere their sun should finally set. Love, pure love, actuated Christ in his mission to his own countrymen. With all the sympathy of fraternal relationship "he came unto his own," and "his own received him not." This love for country, next to love for God, is the truest, purest and most sublime affection of the human heart.

Ireland has long suffered reproach for ignorance, improvidence and misery. This reproach is, alas! too well founded with regard to those who are under the blighting and withering influence of a baneful and scathing superstition, but it does not apply to the country as a whole. I look with pride upon the social and intellectual progress of the Protestants of Ireland. I do not now mistake politeness for virtue, refinement for moral purity, intellectuality for spiritual knowledge, or worldly industry for the graces of a Christian life. I recognize the fact that these are but the appendages of true religion, the beautiful shadings of the central figure, the garland

CALCUL

396. The per cent, Al
21.53 per cent, Al
empirical formula

Ans. KAISi_2O_6

397. A certain
 Na_2O , SO_3 . The
approximate ratio
pound?

Ans. Na_2CaS

398. What is
which, according

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})$

399. The comp
3.38 per cent, Bi
empirical formula

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_3\text{C}_3\text{O}$

400. What is t
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

401. A silicate
exists as water of

Ans.

402

with which religion is always crowned, and which is to be distinguished from the thing itself.

Perhaps you ask, "Who taught you all this? You were a child of superstition yourself, an idolater, a heathen, second only to the Indian fanatic, the blinded Hindoo, who throws himself under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut in order to obtain eternal happiness. Where, then, did you receive this knowledge?"

I have had several teachers. God has been my teacher; the Spirit of truth, whose office it is to lead us into all truth, to point us to the way, the truth and the life, has been my teacher. The Bible has been my teacher—that book which is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and for instruction in righteousness," has been my teacher. Last of all, human love has been my teacher. God in his word, by his Spirit, through Nelly Gray, taught me that I had an immortal and redeemed spirit, and that although that spirit was in the meshes of the most deluding system, it challenged a loftier recognition of its claims than the dim eye of popery could see, and required a higher religious training than the cardinalate of superstition could afford. I learned that while civilization, like a pure spirit from the throne of God, was marching through the highways and byways of other nations, I and thousands of my countrymen were sunk in social and moral degradation by a priesthood seat-

tered hither and thither like so many black spots on the bright horizon of my country.

Nelly Gray, who was almost helpless from the completion of her penance, was destined to receive a deeper wound and to experience a keener sorrow. Her mother had accompanied her on this pilgrimage, and had carried with her an infant son, a lovely babe around whom Nelly's affections were fondly entwined. The child was then about twelve months old, sweet and engaging, but very delicate. Not far from Croach Patrick, at a place called Killgiver, is a well whose water, springing from the rock, is ice-cold even in summer-time. This spring is far famed for its virtuous properties and healing powers, and the halt, the maimed and the blind are brought and plunged into it.* The result of the shock is that they are supposed either to derive benefit and live, or they die soon after. Nelly's mother, wishing to give her delicate child the benefit of the well, plunged him into the water, but to her horror the shock was fatal, and she took him from the well a corpse. When Nelly met her mother after her return from Killgiver she recoiled with a cry at the sight of the lifeless little body of her brother. When she realized that the sparkling eyes were closed for ever, and the merry call in which she once delighted would never again greet her ear, her heart almost broke with grief. Instead of the

* See Appendix G.

CALCUL

396. The per cent, Al
empirical formula

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain
 Na_2O , SO_3 . The
approximate ratio
found?

Ans. Na_2CaS

398. What is
which, according

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})$

399. The com
3.38 per cent, Bi
empirical formula

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_3\text{O}$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

401. A silicat
exists as water

Ans.

40

sentimental tear drawn from her by the heartless sacerdotal sorcerers, who played with her imagination as with a delicate toy, there rushed forth a torrent of real and mighty indignation. For a long time she could not be comforted. And indeed what source of comfort had she in her grief? Father McNavigan endeavored to console her with the thought that it was to be, and that if ever a child entered heaven "clean," this child did. He also hinted that the soul of the infant might remain in the well for the benefit of future pilgrims. However that might be, it was an offering to the saint of the well which would be assuredly accepted. The mother was comforted with this, but Nelly's finer moral instincts revolted from such a doctrine, and her sorrow refused to give place to these feeble efforts to assuage her pain. From that moment her spirit rebelled against the religion in which she had been brought up, and she resolved to secure greater enlightenment.

To whom could she go for information and comfort? From the priests she could expect neither. To the Bible she durst not go, for it was a sealed book which only her superstitious leaders could interpret. She knew also their hatred and aversion to the Bible. Father Mick himself, to her certain knowledge, had burned more than one of them. She had heard him denounce all Bible-readers from the altar and declare the impossibility of their salvation; she had heard that Martin

Luther, who was himself a renegade monk, was their head; that Henry VIII., who had seven wives and had murdered some of them, was their supporter; that the lands and chattels of the Protestants were taken from the Roman Catholic martyrs, whom they had put to death in the days of Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell. She had heard this Sabbath after Sabbath and holy day after holy day; it was preached from the altar and whispered in her ears at confession; so that to the Bible she was afraid to go, and to a Protestant she could not look for consolation. Her soul recoiled from the thought that the spirit of her infant brother remained in the well, but how was the mystery to be solved? She had prayed to God, to the saints, to the Virgin, to the martyrs and confessors, for comfort, but in vain, and never did a poor pilgrim return from discharging vows and paying penances more heartbroken than poor Nelly. Was she, then, to remain disconsolate? Was there no eye which might penetrate and strengthen her soul in its search after truth? Was there no heart to respond to the silent throbbings of grief which nothing seemed to alleviate? Ah yes! I saw her distress and felt for her, but One mightier than I was near to her. The eye of a gracious God saw her, the heart of a sympathizing Saviour felt for her.

A few days after our return from Croach Pat-

CALCUL

396. The per cent, Al
empirical formula

Ans. KAlSi_2O_6

397. A certain
 Na_2O , SO_3 . The
approximate ratio
found?

Ans. Na_2CaS

398. What is
which, according
Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})$

399. The com
3.38 per cent, Bi
empirical formula

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_3\text{O}$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

401. A silicat
exists as water

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40

rick I was fishing in Lough Conn. While sitting on the bank of the lough watching intently for my prey, I saw upon the white pearly beach several little children sporting in innocent pastime. While some gathered the coral shells thrown high and dry upon the sands, others watched with childish glee the ripples made on the surface of the water by the pebbles which they cast, whilst yet others gazed with innocent wonder at the deep, deep sky which seemed so far below them as it was reflected in the depths of the lough. On a green mound not far above me sat two little ones with arms thrown fondly around each other. Theirs was a different pastime from that of their companions, for they sang with sweet clear voices a few verses, and the words brought about a crisis in my own history and in that of Nelly Gray. They sang not of some foolish legend or filthy tale, but their song was in harmony with the scene of purity and tranquillity around them, and in harmony also with the peace and innocence of their infant hearts:

"I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band.
Mother, oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,

Or midst the green isles of the glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom.
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child."

I listened; never before had such music greeted my ears; never before had such soft silvery tones vibrated at the foot of Nephin. But what was the import of their song? It was something which awoke in me a feeling most unpleasant and suggested associations which I would gladly have forgotten. If what those children sang was true, how strangely would it contrast with the coarse and vulgar scenes with which I had been so recently connected! I knew who the children were. They were children from the scriptural school of Foxford, where the Bible (the forbidden book) was read.

CALCUL

396. The per cent, A
21.53 per cent, A
empirical formula

Ans. KAlSi_2O_6

397. A certain
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Ans. Na_2CaS

398. What is
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empirical formula

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_3$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

401. A silicate
exists as water

Ans.

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That was enough for me; still, Nelly must hear this: it might soothe her grief. Her home was not far distant, and thither I hastened. She was at home, but oh how altered did she appear! how sad was her countenance!

"Nelly," I said, addressing her in Irish, her mother-tongue, "how are you this morning?"

"Oh, then, Terry jewel, only middling," she replied; "my poor heart is breaking at my heavy loss, and it is poor, poor comfort Father Mick affords me."

"Yes, Nelly, but Father Mick, you know, is an anointed priest and the true servant of God and of his blessed mother, and of the Church; and all that Father Mick says must be right, no matter what it is."

"Now, Terry dear, just listen: if Father McNavigan went down on his two knees, with the blessed cross before him, and told me that my angel-brother's soul remained in the well at Killgiver for the good of pilgrims, and if Father McNavigan swore by the blessed cross it was so, I would not believe him."

"Nelly Gray," I exclaimed, "the greatest heretic that ever Nephin frowned upon could not utter bigger blasphemy than you have now uttered! But it is your diseased mind that makes you say so; and indeed there is some excuse for you: you're not yourself, Nelly. May God and his blessed mother

comfort you ! But come, Nelly, throw a shawl around you. There is something I want you to hear, and somebody I want you to see, over at the side of the lough there."

"I would, Terry, with a hundred thousand welcomes—you know I would," said Nelly sadly—"but my feet are sore and my knees are cut and my joints are stiff, and my heart is dead within me. I cannot go out ; bring the person in, whoever he is, and for your sake I'll be glad to see him."

"It is not one," I answered, "but several little children who have come in a boat from Foxford, and whom I want you to hear sing some of the sweetest words I have ever listened to."

"Well, then, Terry," said Nelly passionately, "if you would have my blessing and my love and the blessing and love of God, if there is anything they can sing or anything they can say or anything they can do to heal a broken heart, go, and the blessing of God on you, and ask them to come in."

I soon collected the children and brought them to Nelly. She exerted herself to overcome their timidity, and they were delighted with their introduction to her home. The cottage was a place of marvels to them, for here in days of freedom and youthful gayety Nelly had gathered together a collection of weeds from the lough, stones from the beach, ferns from the valley and flowers from the

CALCUL

396. The per cent, A
21.53 per cent, A
empirical formul

Ans. KAlSi_2O_6

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approximate rat
found?

Ans. $\text{Na}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_4$

398. What is
which, according

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})_2$

399. The com
5.38 per cent, B
empirical formul

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_7$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{M})$

401. A silica
exists as water

mountain. Here too were feathered pets, and silvery and golden fish magnified in globes of crystal.

It was not long before Nelly had quite won their affections, for her gentleness soon put them at their ease, and her unfeigned pleasure in their company and the efforts she made to interest them found an easy access to their little hearts.

At my request the children sang for Nelly—sang of the land more beautiful than that land “where rivers wander o’er sands of gold” and richer than that “where the diamond lights up the secret mine”—more glorious than

“The green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze.”

As I hoped, Nelly was deeply affected; she felt that the land of the children’s song was heaven; her face became radiant as the sunshine as she exclaimed,

“My brother, my darling little brother, is there.”

Turning to the children, she inquired,

“Can you sing me something about a little child in heaven?”

“Yes, ma’am,” one tiny child answered—“not about one child, but thousands of children.” And they all struck up, with one accord, one of the sweetest hymns that ever poet sang:

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

"What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?"

Nelly and I thought of the pilgrimage to Croach Patrick and of the well of Killgiver; thought of the imposed penances and priestly absolutions; of St. Patrick and of other saints; of the Virgin and her intercession; of our baptism and faith; of the last rites of the Church and of the terrors of purgatory. We thought that through all these they had entered. Not so did the children believe. Theirs was another doctrine far different from ours, far higher than ours. It was a faith new to Nelly, new to me:

"Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean."

They had entered through the blood of Christ. It startled me for a moment, until I remembered that the Church of Rome was infallible. But the deep and precious truth sank into the heart of Nelly Gray.

CALCUL

396. The per cent, A
21.53 per cent, A
empirical formula

Ans. KAlSi_2O_6

397. A certain
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Ans. Na_2CaS

398. What is
which, according

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})$

399. The com
5.38 per cent, B
empirical formul

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{Ca}$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{M})$

401. A silica
exists as water

CHAPTER IV.

"If when my pain and grief increase
I seem to enjoy the sweetest peace,
It is because I find so fair
The charming objects of my care
That I can sport and pleasure take
Of torment suffered for his sake."—MADAM GUYON.

O solitude! who has not sought
Thy nooks with pensive step and air?
Thou battlefield where oft is fought
The battle of conflicting thought,
Marshal'd by grief or love or care!
Thou idol at whose shrine the fair,
The young, bow down to offer prayer,
Scene where adversity's own child
Has often, e'en in sadness, smiled;
But where the thoughtless and the gay
Have banished all their mirth away
While in thy wilds they made their stay!

"AND he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the na-

tions. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it: and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face: and his name shall be in their foreheads."

Thus read Nelly Gray one morning about a month subsequent to her meeting with the children. It was a glorious morning; the sun poured its golden light down upon mountain and hill, lake and river. The tranquil scene slumbering so peacefully in the glowing light lent a charm to Nelly's meditations, for the words, full of exquisite imagery, were in harmony with the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Longing for some comfort for her hungry soul, she had walked out to a favorite resort of hers at the base of a lofty crag, and sitting down she opened her Testament and read the words describing the river of God and the tree of life. They sank deep into her heart; new and tenderer thoughts came to her. She thought of that river, how deep, how clear, how pure! Then she ascended in thought to its source—flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb. The shedding of that precious blood of which the children had sung was at once recalled to her mind, and her lips repeated softly,

"Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean."

Suddenly she glanced up and saw Father McNav-

CALCULATIONS

396. The percentage of oxygen is 21.53 per cent. A certain empirical formula is required.

Ans. KAlSi_2

397. A certain compound contains Na_2O , SO_3 . The approximate ratio of the two is required.

Ans. Na_2Ca

398. What is the weight of a substance which, according to the analysis, contains 10.0 per cent of copper?

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})$

399. The composition of a substance is 38.38 per cent, of oxygen. A certain empirical formula is required.

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

400. What is the weight of a substance which, according to the analysis, contains 10.0 per cent of copper?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{M})$

401. A silica sample exists as water.

igan standing before her. Ere she had time to stir he laid hold of the Testament on her lap and bestowed upon her a frown which made her tremble with vague fear. Father McNavigan was not pleasant-featured at the best, and the rage which distorted his face when irritated was not calculated to win the confidence of any culprit. The Father, who was about fifty years of age, was a low, stoutly-built man with a round head, a red face and a short neck. His eyes were small and sunken, but sharp, and he had a keen habit of peering out from under their heavy brows which did not add to the comfort of any wayward parishioner. His ears and mouth were large; his nose was, of all the members of his body, the best-proportioned feature, but was also the most abused by reason of a perpetual infusion of snuff, which habit seriously militated against the original dye of his indispensable suit of black.

In general, Father McNavigan bore the reputation of a good-natured and liberal priest. He was popular with the Protestants and also with a certain class of Roman Catholics. When other priests of the Church of Rome pitted their flocks against their landlords, headed processions of political agitators waving green branches and floating significant banners, shouted at hustings and incited their followers to riot and bloodshed, Father McNavigan was always quiet, always good-natured, and therefore al-

ways popular. But, indeed, it was not necessary for Father Mick to lead the van of politics in our parish. The Church had already several warm supporters and staunch advocates in the persons of Mr. Jerry Brannigan, the agent of the estate of Garraheen, with several others, including the Rev. Peter Murphey and the Rev. Patrick Flannigan, priests of the two adjoining parishes. Father McNavigan had other work to do. The "boys" had to be kept in order; for, though they claimed much higher authority for their secret measures than the permission of a common priest, yet in the maturing and execution of their plans they did not disdain to accept a little friendly counsel from him. He had also the church to look after and his flock to preserve from all heretical doctrines. No Bible or Bible-reader must be allowed to interfere with his own peculiar work; no tracts or schools of industry must be allowed in the parish. All secular knowledge, as well as all spiritual, must be limited to a certain kind and be subject to the inspection of Father McNavigan himself. The faithful must be encouraged in the discharge of their duties, and the various matters of domestic concern must be regulated through the same potent agency. All this work fell daily to the lot of Father McNavigan, and well did he perform it. But now that he was alone with the erring daughter of the Church, the mask of good-nature fell away, and with flashing

CALCULATIONS

396. The percentage of SiO₂ in the empirical formula of the mineral is 21.53 per cent. Calculate the empirical formula.

Ans. KAlSi_2

397. A certain mineral contains 40.0 per cent. Na_2O , 32.0 per cent. SO_3 . Calculate the approximate ratio of the number of atoms of Na to the number of atoms of S in the empirical formula.

Ans. Na_2Ca

398. What is the weight of the mineral which, according to the analysis, contains 40.0 per cent. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})$?

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})$

399. The composition of a mineral is 38.0 per cent. SiO_2 , 32.0 per cent. SO_3 . Calculate the empirical formula.

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}$

400. What is the weight of the mineral which, according to the analysis, contains 40.0 per cent. $\text{Ca}(\text{M})$?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{M})$

401. A silicate mineral exists as water.

eyes, as he seized on Nelly's little Testament, he cursed her in the Irish tongue.*

Nelly, frightened and dismayed, lifted her face in meek appeal. "Don't curse me, Father Mick dear," she pleaded; "I am a poor unhappy girl."

"Yes, you vile imp!" cried Father McNavigan in a rage, "you noxious weed in my holy garden! you brier! you stunted, ugly plant, when you ought to be the purtiest flower I have! I curse you, and may God's and his mother's curse be upon you! Betther you die from my curse thin under the blissing of a heritic. Do you know what you have been doing this mornin'? Manufacturin' yourself (you that had such a purty face and such a purty soul) into a lump of a heritic. Go from my sight; go and read this dam—this blast—this heretical, false, lyin' book; go to the heritics; go, and with them go to the lake of fire, 'where the worm dieth not and the fire never goes out.'"

"Father Mick," said Nelly earnestly, "your curse will not fall upon me: I feel it will not; something tells me so. But I will go—not to a heretic, nor to any man living, but to the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, who died for me, and into his hands I will commit my cause."

"Nelly Gray," cried Father Mick greatly astonished, "what does this mean?"

"It means," said Nelly solemnly, "that I am

*See Appendix II.

miserable, and feel that there is no earthly comfort for me, and none to undertake my cause if the blessed Saviour himself does not do it."

"Nelly, Nelly my child," said Father Mick smoothly, "my own purty Nelly, the flower of my garden, the sweetest rosebud that ever grew, with a heart as pure as the lily and a voice as sweet as the nightingale! Nelly my child, you are not yourself at all: your mind is affected, that is all; your heart is in the right place. With God's blessing go in, Nelly dear, and my blessin' on you; and now I'll promise that no one'll hear about this. I'll just keep this little Testament myself; and on conditions that you say your rosary for the next six weeks, and three prayers daily to the mother of God herself, nothing of this will ever be heard of. So, now, don't be angry, Nelly; you're my own daughter, that's what you are, and I'll take care of you."

"I cannot promise to say any number of prayers again, Father Mick," said Nelly honestly.

"Oh ho, young madam!" cried Father Mick, "and why, may I be afther askin'?"

"Because they do me no good," said Nelly; "they come only from my lips, and as I repeat them my mind gets darker and darker."

"Oh, that is it, is it?" said Father Mick. "I thought it was from something else. But pray, my young interpreter, did you ever learn that the

CALCULATIONS

396. The percentage of silicon in the empirical formula of the compound is 1.53 per cent.

Ans. KAlSi_2

397. A certain compound contains Na_2O , SO_3 . The approximate ratio of the weights of the two oxides is 1 to 1.

Ans. Na_2Ca

398. What is the weight of the compound which, according to the analysis, contains 1.53 per cent of silicon?

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})$

399. The compound contains 1.53 per cent of silicon. The empirical formula of the compound is $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})$.

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}$

400. What is the weight of the compound which, according to the analysis, contains 1.53 per cent of silicon?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{M})$

401. A silicate exists as water.

Church knows better what you want and what you ought to do than you do yourself, and that in everything you must bow to her instructions?"

"I did learn it, Father Mick," answered Nelly earnestly, "but I have learned too that there is an aching in my heart the Church of Rome can never heal—that all the prayers I say and all the penances I can do will never satisfy the cravings of my heart."

"Of course they cannot, child; why should they do so? Your brother is better in heaven than here; or, as I said before, if God will make his infant soul powerful to heal the thousands who go to that well of life, that ought to comfort you, and in time, my poor girl, will comfort you."

"Father Mick," pleaded Nelly, "if you love my soul, do not mention this again; it makes my mind more miserable. It is not about my brother that I feel so much; it is about *myself*. My brother is in heaven, not in the well, as every one in the parish thinks. That book you hold tells me that he is; and there too I learned how false to God my heart is, and how wicked and depraved I am altogether in his sight."

"Then, you vile apostate!" cried Father Mc-Navigan in a rage, "this book you will never read again."

"Then I'll procure another," said Nelly firmly.

"You'll what? you say procure another?" cried

Father Mick furiously. "Ha! ha! You will, will you? Then I'll quench the candle on you, ring the bells on you, shut the book of life on you, and give you over to the power of the devil for a vile apostate. I'll curse the ground you walk on, the latch upon your door, the thatch upon your roof, the lock upon your box, that no one will go in to you, so that your china house, your doll's nest yonder, will become a place for owls and bats, a waste, a desolation."

The excitement was too much for Nelly, whose delicate frame had not yet recovered from the fatigue of her penance at Croach Patrick. To her the priest had always seemed enveloped in sacred awe, and this unexpected denouncement from the lips of one whom she had been taught to reverence filled her with fear and horror. With a low cry she swooned at Father McNavigan's feet. How long the swoon lasted she could not tell, but when she opened her eyes she found herself in the arms of her mother, who was bemoaning the terrible fate that threatened her daughter. She had heard all the circumstances, and with all the parish she believed that the priest had wrought a spell against Nelly and that she was completely under his curse.

At first it seemed as if Nelly would be entirely overcome, as if the battle had gone against her, and as if she were about to fall a victim to the system against which she struggled. But she was not left

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399. The co
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Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{M})$

401. A silic
exists as water

Ans.
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comfortless. One who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," was near her; and oh how inexpressibly comforting, in the midst of storm and tempest, was that presence! For several days she was confined to her bed, but in those hours of pain and weakness her thoughts dwelt on the New Jerusalem with its golden streets; on the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits and yielded its fruit every month; on that heaven where there shall be no more curse, but where his servants shall serve him, where they shall see his face and his name shall be in their foreheads.

Her Testament was gone, but she remembered this and more that she had read from its precious pages. Already she had plucked a leaf from the tree of life, for the word had sunk into her heart; she had drunk a drop from the river of the water of life, though her soul yet thirsted for the living God; she had glanced by faith at the New Jerusalem, and longed to be delivered from the scene of cursing; and she began to be persuaded that He who had begun the good work in her would carry it on until the day of redemption.

Persecution now raged against her from several quarters. The priest and the faithful of the flock were all incensed; nor were her parents less harsh in their dealings toward her, as they fully believed that she was lost for ever. This would have been

enough to shake her new-born faith had it not been most firmly grounded; but notwithstanding all that they could do she clung with courageous heart to the word of God. They might curse her if they would; they might curse the Bible if they would; but one thing they could not do: they could not convince her that she was wrong. True, she was no controversialist, and was but partially enlightened on the subject of Bible religion, but she had already formed some acquaintance with the New Testament, and had realized in her soul a blessed experience of its truthfulness. It had brought sunshine into her heart such as she had never before experienced, and a sweet hallowed peace to which she had hitherto been a stranger. From the first moment she had opened its pages she had walked by the green banks of the river of the water of life and gazed with innocent wonder up to the throne of God and the Lamb. As her persecutions heightened her peace of mind deepened, and as it became dark and tempestuous without it became all unclouded sunshine within.

Father McNavigan paid several visits to Nelly, but all were equally unsatisfactory both to himself and to the "faithful" generally. He reasoned with her, stormed at her, cursed her and blessed her, threatened and entreated, alike to no purpose.

Nelly did not dream of forsaking the Church of Rome or of uniting with those whom Father

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exists as water

McNavigan designated as heretics. From her infancy she had been taught the disgrace which hung around that word, and now she shrank with horror from the priest's assertions respecting the ultimate consequences of reading the heretical book. All that she desired was simply the privilege of reading that which afforded her so much peace and consolation. She pleaded with the priest and with her mother and friends; she urged that the New Testament had filled her soul with comfort, had satisfied the cravings which nothing else had ever met and supplied the wants which nothing before could satisfy. In vain she declared to her mother that the Bible told her of an innumerable company of redeemed ones from the earth who stood in white and shining apparel before the throne of God, and that she knew her brother was there. In vain she pleaded with the priest that reading the blessed book increased her love to God and to her Saviour. In vain she urged upon her neighbors the fact that it was a mine of spiritual wealth to enrich and a source of comfort to support them. All, all was vain. Nelly Gray must give up the Bible or must fall under the anathema of Rome.

During this period of perplexity and doubt I myself had passed through an experience of suffering the most bitter. I was first grieved to the heart, then angry, then desperate. I was grieved for the suffering Nelly was called upon to endure,

angry at the bitter spirit of the priest in his denunciations of the heretics from the altar, and I was desperate because of the universal hatred which he aroused against her in the parish. In my desperation I resolved to rescue her from so horrible a position. That was a matter not so easy of accomplishment. Father McNavigan was as puny an advocate of Romanism as ever stood upon a controversial platform, but in business like this he was almost omnipotent. The instruments he wielded were neither small nor trifling. One of the most powerful of his agencies was the confessional, and this he used with no mean effect: how he did it will appear hereafter.

In pursuance of my resolution I obtained several interviews with Nelly for the purpose of persuading her to give up the Bible. All the arguments I used and all the prayers and entreaties I employed were in vain. I could not move her. She was as firm as the Rock on which she rested, and in the midst of the increasing gloom she remained calm and tranquil. I soon found that she could surrender her home with less emotion than she would her Bible, and when I discovered this I ceased to importune her. Then it was that I began to inquire for myself into the truth of the matter. Nelly had a soul for truth, and the purity of her character no one could doubt. The rose-tint was gone from her cheek and the sparkle from her eyes;

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401. A silic
exists as water

the rose had indeed become a lily, and the lily had begun to droop. But oh how the spirit of gentleness and truth shone out from the delicate face! Truth was there, the truth of a divine inspiration, infused by the eternal Spirit himself. It sat upon the marble brow, it smiled from the tender lips, it flashed from the soft eyes and sounded in the musical voice. O blessed Spirit of truth, with what force didst thou speak to me through that artless girl! How dignified and exalted didst thou appear! and in that dignity and exaltation how strangely did my heart contrast with thee, and in its secret recesses crouch before thee and do thee homage!

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CHAPTER V.

"Nature first pointed out my Porteus to me,
And easily taught me by her secret force
To love thy person ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship."

ADDISON.

MY father had a servant whom he called Daniel More, the cognomen "More" being suggested by his gigantic size. He was six feet two inches in stature, and broad in proportion—a sort of Irish giant, decidedly the largest and most powerful man in our parish. Daniel, moreover, was as ugly as he was big; his features were very coarse and he was disfigured by one or two prominent scars received in early life. The one impression made by Daniel's countenance on all critical observers was, that if he had any soul at all it was certainly disproportioned to its habitation. There was about him a vague empty stare. You would think he just saw the daylight, and that was all; his motions, like those of all large bodies, were slow, or rather appeared to be; yet he succeeded in doing things as well as most men do them, and in as short a time. Behind that vacant stare and vague expression there was not, after all, so small

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent, of SiO_2 in the empirical formula of the compound is 1.53 per cent.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain compound contains 20% CaO , 30% SO_3 , and 50% H_2O . Find its approximate molecular weight.

Ans. Na_2CO_3

398. What is the molecular weight of a substance which, according to the analysis, contains 60% Cu and 40% O ?

Ans. Cu_2O

399. The compound contains 38% SiO_2 , 38% CaO , and 24% H_2O . Find its empirical formula.

Ans. $2\text{Si}_2\text{O}_5 \cdot \text{CaO} \cdot 3\text{H}_2\text{O}$

400. What is the molecular weight of a substance which, according to the analysis, contains 60% Cu and 40% O ?

Ans. Cu_2O

401. A silicate mineral contains 60% SiO_2 , 38% CaO , and 24% H_2O . Find its empirical formula.

Ans. $2\text{Si}_2\text{O}_5 \cdot \text{CaO} \cdot 3\text{H}_2\text{O}$

402. A silicate mineral contains 60% SiO_2 , 38% CaO , and 24% H_2O . Find its empirical formula.

Ans. $2\text{Si}_2\text{O}_5 \cdot \text{CaO} \cdot 3\text{H}_2\text{O}$

403. A silicate mineral contains 60% SiO_2 , 38% CaO , and 24% H_2O . Find its empirical formula.

Ans. $2\text{Si}_2\text{O}_5 \cdot \text{CaO} \cdot 3\text{H}_2\text{O}$

a soul as one would have supposed. Under that coarse, hard countenance there was a disposition as gentle as ever dwelt in human heart, and the general remark respecting him was that "he would not hurt a worm." He was also possessed of a deep cunning which accounted for a thousand things he did, though many of his movements appeared to be perfectly artificial. Finally, Daniel More was full of wit and humor. He looked like a fool, but he often spoke like a Solomon. He seldom laughed—a circumstance which took nothing from his ugliness—but few could be long in his presence without having their risible faculties excited. He spoke rapidly and stuttered a little when angry, though this was not often the case. One of his peculiarities was that he would never wear a hat. Nature had furnished him with a profuse head of hair; this he left for kind Nature also to regulate, and consequently it was never disheveled, but thick, close and well matted together. Nor did he much encourage shoe-manufacturing, as Nature had also made some exceptional provision for his feet. In fact, I have seen him many a time trample down fir-bushes barefooted. His shoes were always reserved for Sundays. Such was Daniel More, to me, next to Mount Nephin and Lough Conn, the greatest of natural curiosities.

About three months subsequent to the events of the last chapter I set out on a cold winter's morning

on a walk through a glen called Molina's Pass, and was about to make my way up the side of Nephin, when suddenly Daniel leaped from a deep ravine and stood before me.

"You here, Daniel?" I exclaimed, somewhat startled. "Why are you feeling yourself all over in that sort of way?" For from his head to his feet he was handling and rubbing himself.

"Why, thin, Masther Terry, ye see I'm afther feelin' av the whole av me's in it or av I left any av me inside there; for, sure enough, I thought I'd be turned into a lump av an icicle before you'd come."

"You have been waiting for me, then?" I replied. "What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, nat a thing in the world's the matther wid me, Masther Terry dear," answered Daniel—"nat that I iver heard av, thanks to the Virgin Mary—only sorra wan; but I thought I'd have the shakin' ague before ye'd come."

"What do you want with me?" I inquired, believing that it was no slight business which had brought him thither at such an hour and on such a morning.

"Nat a thing in the world, Masther Terry dear," persisted he, "only to be afther havin' a word or two wid ye about a little bit of business 'at concerns your own blessed self."

"What's the business, Daniel?"

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Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

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Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{NO}_3)_2$

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"Now, jist be aisy, Masther Terry: it's nat worth while mentionin'—jist a little matther; and, sure enough, it's meself 'at's the big *omadthan** 'at troubles meself about it at all, at all."

His big, meaningless face offered me no clue, so I inquired again,

"What is the business?"

"I didn't say there was any business, Masther Terry avie, only jist a little matther, that's all."

"Yes, but what is it?" I said impatiently.

"Well, thin, it's this, Masther Terry, that the purtiest flower that ever grew in our parish 'ill be carried off afore ye can say 'thrap stick' av ye don't mind. Now, there, don't be angry, *mabougal* (my boy). God and his mother defend ye! don't be angry."

I was like one thunderstruck, and for a moment stood speechless.

"Who will do it?" I at last managed to articulate, while passion surged through my breast and almost choked me.

"The boys 'ill do it, Masther Terry, as sure as her name's Nelly, and no human power 'ill prevent them. Father Mick swore them, ivry mother's son av them, and unless they'll have his curse for ever they'll have to do it and no mishtake."

"Are you sure of all this, Daniel?" I inquired eagerly as soon as I recovered a little from the shock

* Fool.

his tidings had given me and could collect my scattered senses.

"'Sure av it'?" he repeated; "to me grief I am, and sure and certain that we have three of the ugliest nights' work before us 'at iver was plotted at the knees of a priest. *Ohone! ohone! urra strua!* (Irish cry), 'twas the black day for me the day I iver joined them."

"What sort of a night's work is this you have before you?" I asked, anxious to obtain every particular.

"Dirty work and no mishtake, Masther Terry, as ever we had a hand in doin'."

"Yes, but, man, what is the work?" I cried in feverish impatience. "Can you answer me?"

"Why, thin, I can; for, though you don't meet wid us now, sure you're one of ourselves still, an' thin I may tell ye everything. Well, first and foremost, Misther Fitzgerald av Rillard House is to be peppered to-night by 'Number Four,' d'ye see, an' sent soul an' body into Abraham's bosom: that's the sentence 'at was pronounced on him, though I am not sure but they meant the gentleman's bosom below. D'ye see, Masther Terry?"

"And how is this to be done, Daniel?" I inquired in profound astonishment.

"Well, ye see, we were in the father of a hobble to find out his movements, and couldn't manage it at all, at all, till Father McNavigan held a station of

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Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{C}$

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Ans. $2\text{Bi}_3\text{C}$

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Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{N}$

401. A silic
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confession at Briney Murthouh's house last night ; and didn't Misther Fitzgerald's own housekeeper come there to confession herself, do you see? An' ye know very well, Masther Terry, how handy some one can get a bit av a sacret out av a body when they're on their knees to him. Faix, he fished it all out of her clane as a new pin an' even as dice—that Misther Fitzgerald was from home, an' has been written to to hurry back, for one av the young ladies is sick ; that he'll be thraveling all night to get home, an' 'ill be passing this way about one in the mornin', when they intend to do his goose for him : that's it, Masther Terry."

"And what is the second important business marked out for you, Daniel?" I asked again.

"To stick a coal av fire in Misther O'Malley's thatch, keep the doors an' windys tight as tuppence in a soldier's pocket till they all be in the ashes, an' so forth : the sintince in this case, though they had several pleaders in their behalf, is to give them a dacent house-warming."

"What were the charges against them?" I inquired.

"Well, you see," said Daniel, "Father Mick discovered that Misther O'Malley was in possession av some statements (these were the words they used) how Jerry Brannigan, who was only agent for his uncle, became master of Garrafeen all in a minute, and something was hinted about his uncle's

sudden death, foul play in the matther, and so forth, ye know; and the boys thought that as the dead tell no tales, they'd settle the matther succer and aisy."

"Then respecting Nelly; what particulars can you give me further about her, Daniel?"

"Well, ye see, Father Mick had been thrivin' to make a good case av her, but couldn't manage it at all, at all; an' between yourself an' me, Masther Terry, Father Mick handled her too rough, so he did. However, now that he can do nothing more with her, on Sathurday night she is to be taken to a nunnery, and God bless the eyes that'll look upon her afther that! So now, Masther Terry, you know everything, an', as they say, there's a wrinkle in your nose more than iver there was, so there is, Masther Terry."

During the time that had elapsed between Nelly's determination to have and to hold the word of God and this revelation of Father McNavigan's plot my mind had undergone a very remarkable change. With Nelly as a teacher I was not long in discovering the truthfulness and beauty of the word of God. I also soon ascertained the ground of Father Mick's dislike to the Bible. Several parts of it bore strong testimony against him or against his Church. My own interviews with him had been brief and unsatisfactory of late, and tended yet more to shake my faith in the system of

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent, of iron in the empirical formula of the compound is 15.53 per cent.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain compound of CaO and SO_3 contains 38 per cent, of oxygen. What is its approximate formula?

Ans. Na_2CO_3

398. What is the formula of the compound which, according to the analysis, contains 38 per cent, of oxygen?

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{CO}_3)_2$

399. The compound contains 38 per cent, of oxygen. What is its approximate formula?

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

400. What is the formula of the compound which, according to the analysis, contains 38 per cent, of oxygen?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2$

401. A silicate mineral contains 38 per cent, of oxygen. What is its approximate formula?

popery, or at least to confirm me in my determination to read the Bible for myself. That which shook my faith most of all was a proceeding of Father Mick's. Taking me privately aside, he whispered with a number of insinuations and suggestions that he did not object at all to the Bible, but that he objected to the *use of it in the vulgar tongue*; consequently, Nelly Gray might have any Bible or any number of Bibles, provided she did not understand them. I straightway resolved to read the Scriptures for myself; this I at once began to do, and with Nelly's assistance, aided by the Holy Spirit, I too soon began to appreciate the precious worth of the word of life.

Now the time had come when the power of that word upon my own heart, as well as upon Nelly's, was to be tested. With this new standard of truth, honor and justice could I view with indifference the execution of these horrible plots? Yet how could I combat them? Father McNavigan, like a skillful general, had encompassed me on all sides. He appointed so many stations of confession all through the parish, and so insisted on this duty of confession from the altar, that he had possessed himself fully of every secret, personal and domestic, so that it was most difficult to contend against him. Could I, then, consent to be silently cognizant of a crime so horrible as the cold-blooded murder of a gentleman of excellent character and reputation—

a landlord too whose property was the most flourishing and whose tenants were among the most prosperous in the county?

I turned from the idea with a sickening sensation, yet what else could I do? I could not give information to the authorities. Within twelve hours after doing so the news would be heralded from parish to parish that an "informer," a "black-leg," a "Judas Iscariot," lived at Mount Nephin and on the banks of Lough Conn. Give information! Better die the death of a dog, for I would only subject myself to death by slow torture. All the police in the county could not save my life. No, I could not help a friend by giving information. I might thereby frustrate the purpose of the conspirators for a time, but I would by so doing seal my own doom, and that speedily. I knew that Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of high integrity, and I do not hesitate now to pronounce Braunnigan a villain, a rebel to his sovereign, and, in point of fact, one of the originators of the plot against this excellent Protestant gentleman. I could perceive, the moment that Daniel revealed the conspiracy, that there was but a step between Mr. Fitzgerald and death unless I accepted the dangerous alternative of saving his life at the risk of my own.

I turned over in my mind all the facts. Mr. Fitzgerald was to return across the mountains, and already the villains were crouching for him like

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent.
1.53 per cent, of
empirical formula

Ans. KAlSi_3

397. A certain
 Na_2O , SO_3 . The
approximate ratio
found?

Ans. Na_2Ca

398. What is
which, according

Ans. Cu_2O

399. The cor
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Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{N})$

401. A silic
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tigers waiting for their prey, and, no matter at what hour he might come or from what point, he must certainly fall. A price was already set upon his head, and the first installment paid down to an agent who would secure the assassin from the consequences of a violated law. Every preparation had been made secretly as death; who, then, could tell how or when, where or by whom, the assassination would be perpetrated?

Mr. O'Malley's house was at the extremity of the Flinty Glen. He was an extensive farmer whose lands were on the Garraheen property, and he was one of the most intelligent and respectable of the tenants of that estate. He had lived in close intimacy with the late proprietor of Garraheen, a gentleman of the name of Nugent, for whom Brannigan acted as land-agent; consequently, O'Malley knew more of Mr. Nugent's private affairs than any other man in Garraheen. There were two or three things, however, which everybody knew respecting Brannigan: that he had been reared in Mr. Nugent's kitchen; had saved a little money, purchased a few mountain "*spadthoags*" (small cattle); studied the art of turning barley into "*poteen*" (whisky), but had never built a distillery nor paid a penny license; dabbled a little in horse-dealing; became bailiff on the Garraheen estate; swore away the life of the agent he was under, and who was then acting for Mr. Nugent; took a very bad cold after this and re-

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solved to die ; made a will and left Mr. Nugent all the property he possessed ; and as soon as Mr. Nugent had time to receive the information through Father McNavigan, and was profuse in his gratitude for such disinterested kindness, Brannigan changed his mind and thought he would not die just then ; made a miraculously rapid recovery, and was at once promoted to the agency of the Garrafeen estate. But just how Brannigan worked his way from being an agent to be the owner nobody could tell except Mr. O'Malley, and he was not likely to have a chance to divulge the secret. Of course Father McNavigan was in full possession of the facts, but, having obtained this information through the confessional, it was inviolable. He might be sworn to testify on the subject in any court in the kingdom, and he would swear he knew nothing of it ; and the oath would be perfectly proper on Romish principles, for, though as a priest he knew everything, as a man he knew nothing ; though spiritually he had all knowledge on all subjects, yet carnally he was innocent as a babe. Likewise, though he might be pointedly and closely interrogated as to his priestly and what he called his "official knowledge," yet he might deny everything for the Church's sake, seeing that her interests must necessarily be greater than any other.

Thus far had Father McNavigan the power to resist a successful investigation, but who ever thought

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Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}$

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analysis:

Ans. Ca(N)

401. A silic
exists as water

of intruding upon the secrets of the confessional in Ireland? Why, it is understood in every court that a priest is not to be interrogated against his will, and while every other subject of Her Majesty may be incarcerated for contempt of court the priests of Rome may pass with impunity. As, therefore, Father Mick's knowledge was safe with him, his action was powerful and effective. In the parish he usurped the prerogatives of God, as having all knowledge and all power. His will was law, his words were divine, his commands were obeyed. He was a god who ruled with a rod of iron; a cursing god, terrible in his anathemas; a passionate god, who knew the full extent of his power and made others feel it; a cunning god, whose jesuitical equivocations blinded the eyes of his Protestant neighbors; and a drunken god, whose bacchanalian face bore testimony against him.

Ans. 40

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are of the same type. Give the general

CHAPTER VI.

"In whom shall I confide—whose counsel find
A balmy med'cine for my troubled mind?"

IF the reader is skeptical as to the truth of my statements in the conclusion of the last chapter, I would call his attention to the subjoined fragment:

"*Question.* What is the seal of sacramental confession?"

"*Answer.* It is the obligation or duty of concealing those things which are learned from sacramental confession.

"*Q.* Can a case be given in which it is lawful to break the sacramental seal?"

"*A.* It cannot, although the life or safety of a man depended thereon, or even the destruction of a kingdom.

"*Q.* What answer ought a confessor to give when questioned concerning a truth which he knows from a sacramental confession only?"

"*A.* He ought to answer that he does not know it, and, if necessary, confirm the same with an oath.*

* *Dens' Theology*, vol. vi. p. 219.

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent,
empirical formula

Ans. KAlSi_3

397. A certain
 K_2O , SO_3 . The
approximate ratio
found?

Ans. Na_2CO_3

398. What is the
which, according to

Ans. Cu_2O

399. The composition
per cent,
empirical formula

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}$

400. What is the
analysis:

Ans. Ca(Mg)

401. A silicate
exists as water

"Q. What if he should be asked without equivocation?

"A. Even in that case he can answer with an oath that he does not know it."*

I will add also that Dens and Liguori are the standard authorities in the college of Maynooth.

"Dens is a work of great merit" (Rev. D. Moriarty, president of All Hallows College of Drumcondra).

"His (Liguori's) moral theology is what I principally refer to" (Rev. Dr. Furlong, professor of theology in Maynooth).

Before any member of the flock could think seriously of plotting an assassination in Ireland he must first seek absolution from his priest, and having received this he would be prepared for all contingencies. Not that an assassin in the Emerald Isle need fear very serious consequences, as every precaution would first be taken for his safety. There are three avenues of escape for the Irish murderer: First, there is a friend somewhere secured to get him out of the country; secondly, a distinct understanding exists between the Irish peasantry which leads them to concert together to screen the assassin from the power of the law; and lastly, should these two fail it is only necessary to have a brother of the confederacy impaneled on the jury which is to try him, and he is bound by an oath more terrible than that

* *Liguori*, vol. vi. p. 646.

administered by the law to starve out the jury rather than to agree to a verdict against the prisoner.

There might be an accident by which the full consummation of the deed would be prevented, or the intended victim might have arms about him and might be able to defend himself; in any case, the assassin is protected, having absolution from the priest.

Daniel More soon brought me word that "Number Four" stood absolved and was ready for his terrible work. It was now time for me to act, though I scarcely knew what course to adopt. To one of my own faith I dared not divulge a syllable; to act by myself would be madness in the extreme. Suddenly a thought flashed like an inspiration through my mind: would Daniel More assist me? He had been in my father's employ from his boyhood, he had been fed in my father's kitchen, had slept in my father's barn. He had professed the warmest attachment to our family, and I believed his professions were sincere. He was especially attached to me, and often protested that he would lay down his life for my sake. I believed in his sincerity, yet I feared to confide in him. He was a servant, a dependant, and a professedly attached friend, but he was a Catholic and a Fenian. I should have felt the same toward my own brother, for nothing could be kept a secret from the searching power of the

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent, of oxygen in the empirical formula of a certain compound is 15.3 per cent.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain compound contains 20.0 per cent, of Na_2O , 40.0 per cent, of SO_3 . The approximate ratio of the number of atoms of sodium to the number of atoms of sulfur is

Ans. Na_2SO_4

398. What is the weight of 1 mole of a substance which, according to the empirical formula, is $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})_2(\text{CO}_3)$?

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})_2(\text{CO}_3)$

399. The compound Bi_2O_3 contains 88.1 per cent, of bismuth. The empirical formula of the compound is

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

400. What is the weight of 1 mole of a substance which, according to the empirical formula, is Bi_2O_3 ?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2$

401. A silicate mineral contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon and 60.0 per cent, of oxygen. The empirical formula of the mineral is

Ans. SiO_2

402. A silicate mineral contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon and 60.0 per cent, of oxygen. The empirical formula of the mineral is

confessional. These were the thoughts that passed to and fro in my mind as Daniel stood at my side on the evening of the day when he had startled me with his intelligence. I looked at him steadily for a moment and turned away, feeling more strongly than I had ever done before the power of the bondage of popery.

Daniel walked slowly after me, and when I noticed this I turned round to meet him.

"Av ye please, Masther Terry," said he slowly and deliberately, "might I be afther speakin' a word wid ye? for sure it's myself that can discern a sod o' turf from a haystack, as the sayin' is. Now, would ye just be afther listenin' to me, though I amn't much more thin a big *oanchough*. What would ye be afther thinkin' av the gintleman (not to be mentionin' names) av Rillard, between yerself and meself, 'd not have the felicity, afther all, av seein' his own brains scattered at the Windy Gap an' of wakin' up straight into Abraham's bosom, as they said?"

I have heard many a cunning speech from Daniel in my time, but never did I listen to anything which sent such an intense feeling of relief through my heart as this. He did indeed look an *oanchough*, but he was none, and, though I could not at once devise a scheme for the rescue of Mr. Fitzgerald, I believed that Daniel was equal to the task; and as the proposition came from himself, there was a

double relief in the knowledge that I might confide in him.

"Daniel," I exclaimed, "I accept your offer."

"Ye do, Masther Terry?" cried Daniel in delight. "Then hurra for Ould Ireland and the sky over it!" and Daniel gave three mighty leaps on the grass away from me, and walked back in his own lazy gait as if he were going to a funeral. "May I never die at all, Masther Terry dear, but it's meself that shook like a *sally* (willow) rod afore I had courage to ax ye; for ye know very well the carpenter might take my measure for a coffin if Father Mick heard it."

It was now time for Daniel to propose his scheme, for, though I could not discover the slightest practicable means of attaining my object, Daniel, as I expected, was not long in suggesting something.

"Ye see, Masther Terry," said he, "two heads, they say, is bigger thin one, an' tho' I amn't certain, Masther Terry, that I iver did anything right in my life, d' ye see, still it might be asier to manage the matther thin to take blood out av a turnip or ate a turf-stack, as the sayin' is. So, now, what I venture to propose is this: We cannot meet him, that's certain, except we'd like the taste of cowld lead every half mile of the road, so that settles that; but what 'ed ye think av we wor to make a confidant of young Misther Hamilton? He's a Protestant, so the confessional cannot touch him.

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent, of iron in the empirical formula $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot \text{SiO}_2$ is 1.53 per cent.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain compound contains 1.53 per cent, of iron in the empirical formula $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot \text{SiO}_2$. What is the approximate ratio of iron to silicon in the compound?

Ans. Na_2SiO_3

398. What is the ratio of iron to silicon in the compound which, according to the empirical formula $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot \text{SiO}_2$, contains 1.53 per cent, of iron?

Ans. Cu_2O

399. The compound $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot \text{SiO}_2$ contains 1.53 per cent, of iron in the empirical formula $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot \text{SiO}_2$. What is the ratio of iron to silicon in the compound?

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

400. What is the ratio of iron to silicon in the compound which, according to the empirical formula $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot \text{SiO}_2$, contains 1.53 per cent, of iron?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2\text{Si}_2\text{O}_7$

401. A silicate mineral contains 1.53 per cent, of iron in the empirical formula $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot \text{SiO}_2$. What is the ratio of iron to silicon in the compound?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2\text{Si}_2\text{O}_7$

402. A silicate mineral contains 1.53 per cent, of iron in the empirical formula $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot \text{SiO}_2$. What is the ratio of iron to silicon in the compound?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2\text{Si}_2\text{O}_7$

Let him meet Mr. Fitzgerald, and both av themselves disguise themselves, and we give them the signs and passwords. *Thig in tua* (do you understand), Masther Terry?" and Daniel gave me a dig in the side and looked as if he had just aroused out of sleep and had hardly recovered consciousness.

The plan appeared practicable enough, but there was one difficulty: how were we to communicate the intelligence to young Hamilton? Moreover, would he keep our secret? This was really a serious question, for the slightest imprudence would involve us all in trouble. After due consideration I determined to write to him: even this was a risk, but I would chance it. I wrote accordingly, asking Hamilton to meet me at once at a certain ford, as I wished him to aid me in landing a salmon or two. I also warned him to destroy my note, but on no account to neglect to come.

Daniel delivered the letter, and in an hour Hamilton was fully in our confidence. We arranged that he should set out immediately to meet Mr. Fitzgerald; that he should take with him two coarse night-shirts and some lampblack; that he and Mr. Fitzgerald should put on these shirts over their clothes, blacken their faces and give the passwords "Slavenamonth" and "Carriekshough." By these means Mr. Fitzgerald was saved.

Mr. O'Malley was not so fortunate, even for a short while, in baffling the designs of the blood-

thirsty Fenians. It was our intention to acquaint him as soon as practicable with the conspiracy, and assist him in effecting his own and his family's escape. The plot against him was to be executed on the night following the assassination of Mr. Fitzgerald, and we thought there was time to warn him. Contrary to our expectations, the villains, foiled of one victim, proceeded directly to the cottage of Mr. O'Malley, and with horrible brutality assassinated him in his bed, cruelly maltreating his wife and family. I cannot dwell longer upon the sickening scene: suffice it to say that the sight of a weeping wife and daughters with broken limbs and bleeding wounds was no uncommon spectacle among us.

It will be remembered that my father intended me for "the Church," and the time was now come when I must make my final decision. For years it had been the dream of my life; six months before I would have been a priest of the Church of Rome in preference to being king of England. For that Church I would have sacrificed everything—my home, my parents, my sisters, and even Nelly Gray. It would have been easier to have sacrificed my life: it would drive the sunshine from my soul, but I would have done it. It would have left an empty, hungry heart within me; henceforth the names of family, of relatives and all the other sacred ties of friendship would be dead to me. But I would have made the sacrifice. Like every other

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent, of oxygen in the empirical formula of the compound is 1.53 per cent, of the empirical formula.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain compound of sodium, oxygen, and sulfur has the approximate ratio of the elements by weight of 1:1:1.

Ans. $\text{Na}_2\text{S}_2\text{O}_3$

398. What is the weight of the compound which, according to the analysis, contains 1.53 per cent, of oxygen?

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})_3$

399. The compound of the elements has the empirical formula of the compound is 1.53 per cent, of the empirical formula.

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

400. What is the weight of the compound which, according to the analysis, contains 1.53 per cent, of oxygen?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2$

401. A silicate of the elements has the empirical formula of the compound is 1.53 per cent, of the empirical formula.

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2$

priest, I expected to wear the gloomy, melancholy fate ordained for me, and I strengthened my heart with the belief that it was for the glory and honor of the Church.

But from that pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick dated a new era in my history. Nelly's firm stand with reference to the Scriptures and her subsequent persecution opened my eyes to a new system of faith. The Church of Rome would have separated me from all the sweet influences of home and all the tender impulses of natural affection; through Nelly my eyes were opened to the existence of a faith which utilized these influences to the formation of a nobler and purer manhood. Through the instrumentality of one from whom an unnatural and inhuman system would have separated me I was led to see Christianity not as an empty ceremonial, but as a living principle in the heart, affecting and regulating the life.

"Terry agra," said Nelly one day, "I always try to remember while reading this sweet word of life that it conveys God's own thoughts to me, though uttered in the words of holy and inspired men; that it is a heavenly spring flowing through an earthly channel; a divine light reflected in a human mirror; and it requires, to understand it, not so much the exercise of my sight as of my heart. My sight looks across the surface of the book—my heart looks right into it; my sight sees the water—my heart drinks

of it. There are some things in it which are too deep for me; but oh, there is a great deal which is milk and honey to my soul. It is my life, my comfort, Terry; all the day long I can hear my God, my blessed Saviour and the Holy Spirit talking to me out of this book, sometimes reproving me, but more frequently speaking in sweet promises to me. I believe all those promises, Terry, and I know it will be well with me and with you, Terry, also."

There was not a word spoken by Nelly but had its weight, not a syllable dropped from her lips which had not the germ of life in it; yet prejudice choked many a precious seed before it had time to bud. But the word of God was able to save my soul had it been a thousand times more enslaved; like the leaven which is put into the meal and ferments the mass, the truth fell at last into my heart and produced its effects.

My resolve not to enter a Romish college was suddenly taken—so suddenly that I was myself startled, and even more startled, perhaps, when I pondered the calmness of that decision. There was neither conflict nor self-denial in that resolution; I felt that I could not enter the priesthood, and, once that idea had taken root in my mind, I determined that all the priests of Rome could not compel me to change my purpose.

Hitherto, Father McNavigan had looked with apparent indifference on my intercourse with Nelly,

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent.
1.53 per cent.
empirical formula
Ans. KAlSi

397. A certain
 Na_2O , SO_3 . The
approximate ratio
found?

Ans. Na_2CO_3

398. What is the
which, according to
Ans. Cu_2O

399. The composition
38 per cent.
empirical formula
Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

400. What is the
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca(NO}_3)_2$

401. A silicate
exists as water

and this fact saved me from the terrible denunciations which were hurled against her. Father Mick hoped for much from my influence over Nelly, and his confidence in me was based on the conviction that there was a medicine in reserve for me—that Maynooth would cure me of any liking I might have for the Scriptures, and effectually root out of my heart my partiality for Nelly by destroying the innocence and purity of that affection.

He often hinted to me that I should be initiated into all the mysteries of human life, and he intimated that my young enthusiasm, as he called it, would vanish after my researches into the labyrinths of human nature. I believed him then, I believe now that such mysteries as would be learned at Maynooth would accomplish all this and more, and I thank God that by his grace I have been preserved from so fearful an experience.

Half an hour after my decision was made known to my own family it had reached the ears of Father Mick, and my doom was sealed. I too before many hours might be placed on trial for my life in some secret meeting of the Fenian gentlemen. Father McNavigan first foamed and raged, and cursed me; then, seeing that all this was of no avail, he descended to entreaties and begged me to reconsider my decision. I promised him I would do so, though I held out but faint encouragement that I would change my mind upon the subject. And I confess

with shame that my object in making this concession was to gain time, so that I might, if possible, effect Nelly's deliverance. I knew that once my decision was declared to be fixed I must become a fugitive from my father's house, for in all probability Fitzgerald's or O'Malley's fate would be mine also. Soon, very soon, I would be an outcast, deprived of the tender comfort of a mother's voice, a mother's counsel; soon I should be driven from the scenes of my childhood and youth, and become a wanderer through the cold world; soon my name would be a byword in the parish as that of an apostate from the faith. Yet all this was nothing compared with my intense longing to rescue Nelly and my despairing conviction that I was helpless in the case. Yesterday I had an ally in Daniel More, who had been full of warm and enthusiastic professions of attachment; but then yesterday he had known nothing of my feelings and plans. Now he appeared to shun me as though I were a viper.

It may seem that I could easily have dissembled my feelings and have concealed for a time my purpose of not entering the college of Maynooth. In the latter case I could not longer mask my intentions. Father Mick suspected all. He knew my attachment to Nelly and my sympathy for her. He had himself planned her abduction, and before its consummation he was anxious to have me out of the way. With regard to Nelly, any one who is inex-

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Ans. Na_2C

398. What i
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Ans. Cu_2C

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Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}$

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analysis:

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exists as water

perienced in the workings of popery in Ireland will probably be fertile in suggestions as to what he himself would have done in similar circumstances. He will possibly intimate that if he were attached to Nelly, as I was, and if she were as pretty and lovable as I have represented her to be, he would have made a straightforward proposition to unite himself to her in marriage, and would then have left the country. This would indeed have been a most interesting solution of our difficulties had it been at all practicable. There were three obstacles in the way, however: First, we were both Roman Catholics, and I very much question whether in the circumstances Father Mick would have been willing to join our hands, while it would have been equally difficult to have procured the professional services of any other functionary for the performance of the ceremony. In the second place, for me to have taken Nelly out of the parish without the consent of the parishioners would have been utterly impossible. And in the third place, to have made either of these propositions to Nelly would have been to bring disgrace upon that blessed Book which we both professed to love, inasmuch as our motives would have been entirely misunderstood, and our earnest desire that the word of God might be circulated and read throughout our parish would have been unrealized.

Finding that the will of the priest was absolute,

Ans.

402



Nelly told of the Plot.

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Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}$

400. What i
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{M}$

401. A silica
exists as water

Ans.

402

and that I could not save Nelly from the nunnery, I went to her and acquainted her with the whole matter.

"Nelly," I said, "that book tells us how the saints suffered for the Lord Jesus' sake, how St. Stephen was stoned to death and St. Paul was offered up on the scaffold, and how the early Christians were driven from place to place for his sake. Nelly, do you think that if you should be called to suffer more than you have suffered, you will be able still to fight the good fight of faith?"

"I hope and trust, with the blessing of God, Terry dear, I will; for indeed I would rather suffer reproach for Christ and have his blessed book than enjoy the uninterrupted quiet I used to have before I went to Croach Patrick."

"Yes, but, Nelly, supposing it should be the will of God to deprive you of that blessed book," I replied, "and that you were imprisoned for the sake of Jesus; what then? Do you think the Lord would give you grace to hold fast your profession?"

"Oh, Terry dear, what does this mean?" cried Nelly, beginning to tremble. "What else is coming upon me? Speak, Terry; I cannot bear suspense; tell me the worst, for my poor heart will not bear much more trouble."

"I will speak, Nelly," I said earnestly, "but first you must be brave for the gospel, and, whatever comes, believe that your Saviour will give you

CALC.

396. The per cent, empirical formula
Ans. KAlS

397. A certain Na_2O , SO_3 . The approximate ratio
Ans. Na_2CO_3

398. What is the high, according to
Ans. Cu_2O

399. The composition, 38 per cent, empirical formula
Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_2$

400. What is the analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

401. A silica exists as water

Ans.

402.

grace to endure. What I have to say is this ;" and, without concealing anything, I told her of the plot against her, of my earnest desire to rescue her, and my inability to do so.

"And, Nelly," I concluded, "I want you for the present to submit to all this trial, and not to dissemble to man or woman, but to be bold for the Lord Jesus, and believe that when the time comes he will work out your deliverance."

For a time Nelly remained silent, moving neither hand nor foot; what little color had tinted her cheeks vanished. She sat so white and still that I was startled. At length, however, she rose and knelt down, and, crossing her hands on her bosom, she looked up to heaven and said,

"Thou who didst die for me, why should I not suffer this for thy sake? Thy will, my Father, be done."

While she knelt thus several men with blackened faces and otherwise disguised entered the cottage and proceeded to pinion her arms. I sprang to her assistance, but was overpowered, and could only look on a helpless spectator while the villains lifted Nelly in their arms, placed her in a vehicle which was in waiting and drove away.

CHAPTER VII.

"This is no heaven ;
And yet they told me that all heaven was here,
This life the foretaste of a life more dear ;
That all beyond this convent-cell
Was but a fairer hell ;
That all was ecstasy and song within ;
That all without was tempest, gloom and sin.
Ah me ! it is not so :
This is no heaven, I know."

MEN frequently err in their interpretations of nature. The general tendency is to look with indifference, and in some measure with contempt, upon whatever is not externally attractive, so that in the vast variety of objects presented by the Creator for the purpose of arousing the attention and admiration of his creatures, as well as for the accomplishment of other ends, the less interesting is often totally neglected or partially despised. For example, the traveler who has once feasted his eyes on the wonderful Falls of Niagara does not feel the same interest afterward in viewing a placid streamlet ; the tourist under the shadows of Mont Blanc afterward sees nothing beautiful in the homely hills of his native land ; and the wanderer by the banks

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396. The per
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Ans. KAlS

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398. What i
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Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O}$

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400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{M}$

401. A silica
exists as water

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402.

of the beautiful Leman, "whose soft murmurings sound sweet as if a sister's voice reproved," would never gaze upon a more commonplace scene with the same feeling of admiration. The still small voice is lost in the alarming thunder-peal, the rippling rill in the mountain-torrent.

True religion, however, teaches us better than to be partial in our admiration of the works of God, because it fringes all forms, magnificent or minute, with the divine, "the unambiguous impress of the God"

"Who gives its lustre to the insect's wing,"

as well as

"Wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds."

In the absence of the sun's effulgence it teaches us to admire the moon's pale halo and the glory of the starry million; to listen to the hum of the insect as well as the roar of the lion; to be charmed with the lowly vale as well as with the jagged Alpine steep; and in holy concert "to ascend with Nature up to Nature's God."

Nay, more: true religion teaches us that every little thing has its use, its place and its interests, no matter how small or trifling. The little feathered warbler on the tiny twig may carol its joyous song into some troubled bosom, may fill it with holy feelings, chase its pangs of sorrow and turn its sadness into

gratitude and praise. The solitary flower in its lowly bed may exhale so pure a fragrance as to awaken in the afflicted heart feelings of ecstasy and thanksgiving. The gentlest murmuring of the quiet brook and the softest breathing of the balmy zephyr instill into our minds their wonderful tones and lessons, as well as the noisy cataract and the convulsive thunderstorm.

He who adapted the wing of the swallow to its ærial region and the fin of the salmon to the turbid flood adapted also the eye of man to behold, the ear of man to hear, the intellect of man to conceive, and the heart of man to appreciate, everything he hath made. The landscape is God's own painting: his pencil sketched it and his brush tinted it. The granite was chiseled out by his hand alone. The universe itself is one vast museum filled with the products of the omnipotent Worker, and intended for our training and our good.

In the opinion of Romanism, however, God's clear sky, green fields, sweet birds and lovely flowers appear to be evil things for souls; a nunnery instead, a prison girt with high walls, gloomy cells and sombre drapery, is preferable. Popery in effect says, This is the grand remedy for Nature's contaminating influence. Light is an evil thing; that vile sun, whose soul-destroying beams and poisonous warmth hinder the uplifting of young hearts to heaven, must be shut out. That landscape, diversified with every

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent, of oxygen in the empirical formula of a compound is 1.53 per cent.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain compound contains 2.53 per cent, of SO_2 . The approximate ratio of the weight of the compound to the weight of the SO_2 is 100 to 1.

Ans. Na_2CO_3

398. What is the weight of a substance which, according to the analysis, contains 10.0 per cent, of oxygen?

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})_2$

399. The compound contains 38 per cent, of oxygen. The empirical formula of the compound is $\text{C}_2\text{H}_4\text{O}_2$.

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_7$

400. What is the weight of a substance which, according to the analysis, contains 10.0 per cent, of oxygen?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2$

401. A silicate of aluminum exists as water.

Ans. $\text{Al}_2(\text{SiO}_3)_3$

402. The compound contains 10.0 per cent, of oxygen. The empirical formula of the compound is $\text{C}_2\text{H}_4\text{O}_2$.

variety of Nature's adorning, is an evil thing ; shut it out, therefore, lest it corrupt by its odious associations the hearts of the youngest and most beautiful women in the Romish faith. A nunnery—that is the remedy for Nature's seductions. The nunnery is also an effectual antidote for the perverting influences of the word of God. The story of a Saviour's love, as it is told in our mother-tongue with all the simplicity and plainness of the inspired Galileans, so that a little child may comprehend it, is repugnant to Rome. That story has no charm for the Church ; therefore it must not be whispered in the ears of mothers, sisters, wives, daughters.

The minds of Nelly's mother and father were not disturbed by any religious scruples, but they had lavished on their only child all their affection. They, indeed, were safe under the protection and patronage of the priest, but this did not take away the sting of her loss nor remove the deeper shame of her apostasy, as they regarded her belief in the Bible. I was a witness to her mother's grief after Nelly's abduction. Mrs. Gray was a tall, comely woman, and I cannot describe my feelings when she threw herself in the abandonment of sorrow prone upon the floor, her long black hair disheveled, her eyes covered, while thus she moaned in despair :

"Nelly, my love!—the light of my eyes, my comfort by day and by night, my only lamb that frisked and sported all day long around me, my joy and

my heart's delight—you are gone, gone from me for ever—broken your mother's heart and your father's heart. Oh, Nelly! Nelly! Nelly! come back to your mother, come back to your father's arms! Oh, 'tis cruel! cruel! cruel! My heart is a wilderness. Sweet Virgin of heaven, look down upon a mother in her woe; bring me back my child or I die. Comfort her father—comfort us, comfort us!"

The translation of this heart-broken cry is but a cold and lifeless thing; only the Irish tongue is adequate to express all the passionate intensity of that mother's sorrow. For a time all else was forgotten, yet as I looked down at the prostrate form my heart was saddened by the knowledge that this mighty grief would be followed by a host of petty evils. In all other seasons of domestic affliction the neighbors were ready to administer comfort and, as far as possible, to lend their aid in any calamity. But under circumstances such as these I knew that Nelly's father and mother would have no friend to whom they might turn. There would be no sympathy for them, no tender consolations, no cheering hopes expressed. The priest had ordered all things as they were, and it must be right; and the only comfort offered was the judgment that they ought to rejoice that they had not upheld her in her apostasy, else not one stone upon another of their cottage would be left standing.

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent, of oxygen in the empirical formula of the compound is 15.3 per cent, of the empirical formula.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8 .

397. A certain compound of Na_2O , SO_3 , and H_2O contains 30.4 per cent, of sodium. What is the approximate ratio of the elements in the compound?

Ans. $\text{Na}_2\text{SO}_4 \cdot \text{H}_2\text{O}$.

398. What is the weight of 1 mole of a compound which, according to the analysis, contains 40.0 per cent, of carbon?

Ans. $\text{C}_2\text{H}_4\text{O}_2$.

399. The compound Bi_2O_3 contains 82.8 per cent, of bismuth. What is the empirical formula of the compound?

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$.

400. What is the weight of 1 mole of a compound which, according to the analysis, contains 40.0 per cent, of carbon?

Ans. $\text{C}_2\text{H}_4\text{O}_2$.

401. A silicate compound contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon. What is the empirical formula of the compound?

Ans. SiO_2 .

402. A silicate compound contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon. What is the empirical formula of the compound?

Ans. SiO_2 .

403. A silicate compound contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon. What is the empirical formula of the compound?

Ans. SiO_2 .

404. A silicate compound contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon. What is the empirical formula of the compound?

Ans. SiO_2 .

405. A silicate compound contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon. What is the empirical formula of the compound?

Ans. SiO_2 .

406. A silicate compound contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon. What is the empirical formula of the compound?

Ans. SiO_2 .

407. A silicate compound contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon. What is the empirical formula of the compound?

Ans. SiO_2 .

408. A silicate compound contains 40.0 per cent, of silicon. What is the empirical formula of the compound?

Ans. SiO_2 .

When the violence of the mother's grief had in a measure subsided, I raised her gently from the floor and placed her in a chair, supporting her with my arm, so that she could lean her head against me. With a miserable attempt to speak hopefully I said gently,

"Nelly will return some day."

"No, no," said the poor woman, her sobs breaking out afresh; "she will never come back again."

"She is not dead," I said soothingly.

"She is dead to us," she replied sadly.

"But you can see her sometimes," I said eagerly.

Nelly's father, who all this time had sat with his head bowed in his hands, now looked up and said earnestly,

"For the sake of God and his mother and all the saints in heaven, and all that ever died belonging to you, tell us where she is gone to!"

"To a nunnery," I replied.

"Yes, but where is the nunnery? where is the place? where is the town? Tell us that; will you not tell us that?"

I was speechless, for a new and unforeseen difficulty loomed up before me. I had calculated on Nelly's escaping from the nunnery—had even with sanguine faith pictured myself as aiding her to escape—but her father's question suddenly recalled to me the truth that I knew no better than they to what place she had been taken.

"Where has she gone?" I exclaimed. "Alas! I do not know, but I will find out."

Snatching my hat, I rushed from the cottage. My idea was to follow the carriage; bitterly I repented my delay, but I thought it still possible, by noticing the track of the wheels, to trace the direction in which Nelly's abductors had gone.

The approach of night soon rendered the further prosecution of my design impracticable, and I stood at the turning of two ways uncertain which way to turn or what to do. Presently I heard footsteps approaching, and a merry whistle which I instantly recognized.

It was Mr. Hamilton, who had assisted Daniel More to effect Mr. Fitzgerald's escape from assassination, and a new ray of hope flashed through my dazed and weary brain.

"Edward!" I called.

"Is it you, Terence O'Dowd?" he cried in astonishment, "here at this hour? Where are you going?"

"For God's sake, Edward, tell me, have you seen a carriage pass this way within the last half hour?" I exclaimed.

"It's more than an hour," he said gently. "I saw it, but suspected nothing then. I fear I know the worst."

"I will follow them to the end," I exclaimed

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empirical formul

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Ans. Na_2Ca

398. What is
high, accordin

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})$

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Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_2$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{M})$

401. A silicat
exists as water c

Ans.

402.

passionately, almost beside myself with grief and rage.

"Are you mad?" cried Edward, catching me by the arm: "you don't know what you are doing. Before you would catch up with them you would get a bullet through your body."

"Tell me what I am to do," I said helplessly.

"I will, but you must follow my instructions, and not go heedlessly on and do harm to yourself instead of benefiting some one else."

"I promise," I answered, "only let us be doing."

"Come, then, with me," said Hamilton quietly.

"I am on my way to Rillard House. Mr. Fitzgerald is at home; he owes you something for past services; we will take him into our counsels, and you may depend upon his rendering you every service in his power, and that may be not a little."

I willingly consented to this, took the arm of my friend, and turned into the bypath which led to Mr. Fitzgerald's house. There was a deep narrow valley through which we were obliged to pass; a noisy brook coursed through its centre, and on either side of this grew a border of willows so closely entwined that the brook itself was scarcely visible. At the side of this glen a footpath wound its way around the numerous crags and shrubs—now over one, now under another, so that at times it was necessary for us almost to grope our way, holding to some solitary bramble or creeping along in the

shadow of the overhanging foliage. We had scarcely arrived at the centre of the glen when we discerned a light a short distance before us close to the margin of the brook. This would have been hardly worthy of notice but for the fact that it was a solitary flash, such as might have been produced by the striking of a match, nothing more. Had it continued I would have understood its purpose, which would have been to "burn the river." Now, I do not mean to insinuate that the rivers of Ireland are ignitable, nor do I mean by burning the river the burning of the thick foliage on either side of the brook, which would have been a work of mercy, as the reader will infer from the sequel. "Burning the river" signifies walking close by the margin and holding a flaming torch down to the water, by which means one can see into it and spear out (or, as we say, "gaff" out) the salmon and trout which lie at the bottom.

We could not, however, explain this sudden, swift-dying flash, which we both saw distinctly, except by supposing that it was used to ignite the universal weed, and as neither had ever heard that the salmon or trout cultivated the polite art of smoking, we inferred that some person who did so was near us. We were right: some person was there, for scarcely had we moved a step farther than another flash was visible, but this time accompanied by a report which awakened a thousand

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent, of oxygen in the empirical formula of a compound is 15.3 per cent.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain compound contains 20% of H_2O , 30% of SO_3 . The approximate ratio of the elements is found?

Ans. $\text{Na}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_4$

398. What is the weight of a substance which, according to the analysis, contains 10% of oxygen?

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})$

399. The compound contains 38 per cent, of oxygen. The empirical formula of the compound is found?

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_7$

400. What is the weight of a substance which, according to the analysis, contains 10% of oxygen?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

401. A silicate compound exists as water.

Ans.

402.

echoes through hill and dale, wood and ravine. I looked at my friend, and to my horror saw that he was wounded; blood streamed profusely from his hand, and his arm hung loosely by his side. With an insane desire to be revenged on the perpetrator of this crime I rushed down to the river, but found no one there; I ran from side to side, but saw nothing; I plunged through the thicket, but my search was in vain; and I was making my way out in another direction when a ball whizzed past me so near that I instinctively dodged. Another whizzed by my side, not so close as the first, but a third, which quickly followed, brought me to the ground.

Hamilton was at my side in an instant. "The assassins have fled, Terry," said he, "but not before they have done their work, I see."

I tried to get up, but found it impossible, and I fell back with a groan.

"Where are you hurt, Terry?" asked Hamilton anxiously.

"In the leg," I answered. "I fear I am badly wounded: can you help me to get up?"

"Ay he can't, here's the boy 'at can," said a familiar voice from another direction. "The devils have kilt ye right out, Masther Terry jewel, bad 'cess to thim! I wish whin they hit you they'd missed you."

It was Daniel More, who, as I had suspected, was among the conspirators; but who, as soon as

he discovered who their victim was, deserted them and hastened to my assistance.

"Come up on me back, Masther Terry," said he tenderly, "and sorra wan but I'll take ye back as nate as ye plase to yer father and mother, acushla (my dear)."

"You shall take him where I shall direct you," said another voice, so unexpectedly as to give us a very unpleasant start, until we found that Mr. Fitzgerald, who had been expecting Hamilton and had been alarmed at the reports of the guns, had come to our assistance. Daniel with very little trouble carried me the rest of the way to Rillard House, where a doctor was soon provided and every accommodation furnished for both Hamilton and myself. After our wounds had been attended to we made known to Mr. Fitzgerald the fact of Nelly's abduction, together with the causes leading to it, and thus were able to aid him in bringing the matter before the public.

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397. A certai
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approximate rat
found?

Ans. Na_2CO_3

398. What is
high, according
Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})_2$

399. The con
38 per cent, B
empirical formul
Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{O}_3$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

401. A silicat
exists as water

CHAPTER VIII.

"But what avail her unexpected stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the *griefs* that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of Nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in the valley reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?"—ADDISON.

THE estate of the honorable house of Fitzgerald is one of the most flourishing in the west of Ireland, and the family itself one of the most ancient of the Irish aristocracy; but from the amount of mystery which surrounds the early history of the country itself it would be difficult to furnish any authentic ancestral record. Many of the best and oldest Irish families cannot give a correct genealogical history of their ancestors. It is to be regretted that we have not yet a good history of Ireland: it must therefore suffice here to state that the name of Fitzgerald has been contemporaneous with the earliest dates of Ireland's civilization and with some of her greatest enterprises. The estate itself, as I have already intimated, contrasted strikingly with the neighboring property, which had come into the possession of Mr. Jerry

Brannigan. It was singularly free from those aspects of misery too numerous in several parts of the country, but especially in Garrafeen.

On one side of Rillard was a ridge of bold declivities fringed with verdure; on the other side were a rich pasturage and highly cultivated fields where all the appliances of modern agriculture were introduced. The steam-engine abolished the manual labor of former times, and all that could add to the comfort of the tenants was provided. The tenants themselves were well-to-do and happy; there was no murmuring, no dissatisfaction, no crime, but with the characteristic intelligence and morality of one portion of the Irish people there were also contentment and industry.

Mr. Fitzgerald was the right sort of landlord for Ireland. He was in advance of many of his contemporaries, and decidedly in advance of the laws of Ireland on the land question. He *leased* to his tenants—a thing seldom done by landlords in the west of Ireland—and that was the principal cause of their prosperity. Their lands, for a time at least, were their own; no man could deprive them of possession, and this gave them energy and an impulse toward industry.

For a time, of course, Hamilton and myself were the enforced but by no means unwilling guests of Mr. Fitzgerald, and Daniel hung on his hands also. The faithful fellow begged for permission to remain

CALCU

396. The per
1.53 per cent, 4
empirical formul

Ans. KAlSi_2

397. A certain
 As_2O_3 , SO_3 . Th
approximate rat
found?

Ans. $\text{Na}_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_4$

398. What is
high, according

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{OH})$

399. The con
38 per cent, B
empirical formul

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_2\text{C}_4$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

401. A silicat
exists as water

with me, nor was his sincere desire to be of service lessened by a knowledge that his own safety perhaps depended on his keeping away from home for a time. He knew that I dare not return except at the risk of my life, but he was equally certain that by assisting me he had committed himself with the Fenians, and consequently he thought it best not to return either.

Hamilton, whose wound was very slight, walked daily to my father's house, and gave me all the information respecting my family which I so earnestly desired. No friend of mine was permitted to visit me, for the priest had threatened to lay under a curse any who might attempt to do so. In fact, I was *boycotted*, and, though I had never contemplated abandoning the Church of Rome, I was reckoned among the heretics and "an apostate from the true faith."

Why Father McNavigan counted me a heretic I could not tell at that time: I had never thought of leaving the Church of Rome. All that I had done was to read the word of God, but that was quite sufficient for the priest. True, I had sympathized with Nelly Gray, and this was an offence; I had refused to enter Maynooth, and that was a disappointment; but I had certainly no thought of becoming a heretic.

I understand it all now. The Bible! Ah, it is the death of Romanism! Father McNavigan knew

this, and would not tolerate it; now that I had just missed death at the hand of an assassin, he forbade me a mother's sympathy and a father's blessing. This was all he could do, for the hand of the Lord was on me for good, and he preserved my life.

The first thing Mr. Fitzgerald did with respect to Nelly was to submit the whole matter to the authorities. The receipt of the communication was politely acknowledged; *that was all*. Next, we made local efforts to obtain redress. A communication was forwarded to the Protestant Liberal paper. This called forth a score of other letters detailing similar facts, but no suggestions for a practical remedy were offered. At last we received information that a gentleman who was connected with the detective force was instructed to call on Mr. Fitzgerald, as the matter had been put into his hands for investigation. It was about eight o'clock one evening when this person rode up to Rillard House and called for a servant to take his horse to the stable. Daniel More, who was at hand, stepped forward and took charge of the horse, but as soon as he had led the animal to its quarters he hastened back to the house and came into my room.

"Now, what, in the name of our Blessed Lady, brings Barney Kelly here in the style av a gentleman?" he exclaimed. "The ill-lookin' beggar comes like the ravens and vultures of Clough Moor

CALCU

396. The per
1.53 per cent,
empirical formu

Ans. KAlSi_3

397. A certai
 CaO , SO_2 . Th
approximate rat
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Ans. Na_2Ca

398. What is
high, according

Ans. $\text{Cu}_2(\text{O})$

399. The con
38 per cent, E
empirical formu

Ans. $2\text{Bi}_3\text{Ca}$

400. What is
analysis:

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

401. A silica
exists as water

that picks the eyes out av the dead carrion. The breath av the spalpeen isn't sweet, an' luck an' grace don't follow in his thrail."

"Do you know this man, Daniel?" I inquired, not less surprised than startled.

"Know him? av coorse I know him, an' ivry man av us 'at iver raped the harvest up the counthry to our grafe and sorrow know him. Oughone! it's meself 'at knows him."

"Who is he, Daniel?" I cried, interrupting another flow of Daniel's Irish. "Who is he?" I repeated impatiently.

"Be the stick, Masther Terry jewel, he'd be a wise fellow 'at 'ed tell that an' no mishtake," said Daniel gravely. "Who is he? *meela murther!* I wish I knew. I might soon be a landowner afther that, Masther Terry, for I'd have the wisdom of Goliath or Sampson, or King David himself. Who is he? Oughone! tell me, and thin I'll tell you afther that, Masther Terry."

"Yes, but, Daniel, what do you know about him?" I asked again.

"Ay, now, that's a common-sense question. Why, thin, that ye ought to put yer hand behind ye, Masther Terry avic, an' thin before ye, an' make the sign av the blissed cross, an' pray to be kept from temptation an' harm's way ivry time ye meet him."

"Where did he come from?" I asked, endeavor-

ing to conceal the chagrin I felt at the fellow's obtuseness and cunning.

"From the Devil's Gap in the Knockshegowney Mountains of Tipperary, or the Lord knows where else," answered Daniel promptly.

"Then that letter was a forgery, "I said anxiously. "But what is the fellow?"

"Oh, thin, it's meself 'at can tell ye, Masther Terry dear. He's half hound, half other dog, the tarem breed—av the gang av the mummers the gatherium-ups. That's what he is, an' his seed, breed an' generation; an', sure, that's what ivry one belonging to him was, an' is, an' must be."

Notwithstanding this mysterious language, I guessed what Daniel meant, and decided to see Mr. Fitzgerald and put him on his guard. Fortunately, no time was lost, for while I considered these things Mr. Fitzgerald entered to inform me that the visitor wished to see me in order to consult with me as to the steps to be taken in rescuing Nelly. I at once communicated to my kind host the substance of Daniel's insinuations, and then called upon Daniel himself to explain more fully. His reply was characteristic, not only of himself, but of the system under which he had been raised:

"Av yer honor 'ed jist tell me 'at I'd niver see the face av the priest agin, an' I'd not go into a worse place thin purgatory, I'd be afther tellin' yer honor ivrything in two twos; but while a priest marks the

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401. A silicat
exists as water

ground I tread on I cannot tell. The only thing I can say in the matter is this—at Barney Kelly is not a friend; he won't keep your throat from bein' cut, an' shure, that isn't sayin' he'd cut it. He won't keep the windys down av you give him a night's lodgin', an', shure, that isn't sayin' he's come to lift them up and let certain gintlemin in this very night. He won't keep the house from bein' burnt, an', shure, that isn't sayin' he's come to help in the business. He won't act as a friend, but I amn't sayin' he's an inimy. No, yer honor, there is a powerful oath on me to keep sacred who and what this gintleman is."

"Are you obliged to conceal where he came from, Daniel?" said Mr. Fitzgerald.

"That's the very thing I'm bound to do, yer honor," said Daniel regretfully: "he's a stranger in these parts, an' I met him when I went up the country to rape the oats and barley."

"I wonder if he recognized you?" said Mr. Fitzgerald thoughtfully.

"An', shure, that's the very thing I'm proud av," returned Daniel with great relish. "Didn't I put the ugliest stoop on myself, put me hand to me bob to him, *spaugged* (stepped) lame before him, shut one eye and pulled me mouth to one side av me, an' caught the bridle with me *kithogue* (left hand), an' purtind it was yer honor's Crutchey 'at was in it, an' not meself, because, as ye persave, he's got the very

picture av ivry sowl in the house before he came, an' old Nick himself would not be up to Barney for sharpness."

"His name is Barney, then?" said Mr. Fitzgerald.

"Faix, sir, 'at's as himself plases. I am doubtful he would call himself Barney now; that's his name when he carries socks an' stockings an' them sort of things to fairs an' markets, ye persave."

"Then he is not an officer in the queen's service?" suggested Mr. Fitzgerald.

"Oh, thin, it's himself 'at is an offisher, an' a leadin' one, an' no mishtake. But, faix, not in Her Majesty's service, an' that's a fact. He is an offisher in the service of owld Horney, an' in high rank, sir, without a single word of a lie; an', what's more thin that, faix, he seldom wears the same rigimentals twice; for sorra wan but the blessed bush at the Windy Gap, where they all ties their owld rags as an offerin' to St. Kullim Kill, isn't in more colors thin Barney Kelly's rigimentals is in the short space av a fortnight."

Mr. Fitzgerald and myself were now thoroughly convinced that the visitor was no detective, but a conspirator in league with the Fenians, who had come with a forged letter, pretending to be an officer of the Irish government, and who was an outlaw only waiting for a chance to murder us all.

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In this strait two things were needful for us—coolness and courage. Our best policy seemed to be that of dissimulation. We resolved to be patient and to reconnoitre. Mr. Fitzgerald remarked that he could muster about half a dozen subordinates who were faithful and would not forsake him in this danger. He had supported them for years, he had educated some of them, he had taken many of them from a state of pauperism and placed them in a position of comparative independence. Now that the time of his necessity had come he not unnaturally expected the fruits of his kindness. He had, however, counted too much on the faithfulness of his servants. We had concluded the plan of our operations when Hamilton entered. He was of course informed of the whole matter, and cordially united with us.

"I suppose I may calculate on your co-operation, my friends?" said Mr. Fitzgerald playfully as he rose to leave the room.

"Most assuredly," we replied; "already we are your debtors and owe you our gratitude and services."

"Then I think we can meet the emergency," said our host cheerfully; "and now I must prepare my daughter for any events that may occur."

Scarcely had he spoken when his eldest child, a young girl of twelve, came running in and informed him that the nurse and every servant in the house,

except Crutchey, had left, and he had told her that those who had left had prayed that he might have a warm corner before they returned.

It was evident that the wretches intended to burn the house. We had not a moment to lose; Daniel More was again called into consultation.

"Av ye plase, sir," said he, "might I be afther offerin' a word of advice in this business? an' that's this: jist ye go in to him, supposin', and I'll go to the stables an' get a good lump av a chain 'at I saw there with a swivel on it, an' before I give owld Barney time to cross himself I'll pin him wid it around the arms, an' thin bid him the time o' day."

We consented to this, and while Mr. Fitzgerald was deep in consultation with the supposed detective Daniel slipped in and pinioned him before the astonished Barney had time to attempt any defence.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, Misther Barney Kelly, the stockin'-daler!" said Daniel with a grin, stepping in front of his captive. "It's not the first time the darbies were on yer dirty hands afore."

"Who and what scoundrel are you?" replied Kelly with a terrible oath.

"Ough! but that's not like yerself, Misther Barney!" said Daniel. "Shure, an' ye might as well be afther talkin' to us without the Tipperary brogue.

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Bedad, Barney, I'd like to have heard ye talk like a gentleman a while ago."

As Daniel kept up his flow of sarcasm Kelly continued to pour out the most horrible oaths. Our time was too precious, however, to be further wasted with him, and we ordered Daniel to desist.

"May I never sin, sir," said the irrepressible Daniel, "but av some one 'ed go for Father McNavigan, an' purtind 'at he wanted him to come an' anoint some one 'at was dyin', an' whin the dirty divils surround us, jist inform thim that Father Mick was keepin' Kelly company, an' at the first sign of a match His Riverince 'ed get cowld lead in him,—the Lord betwane us an' harm! may I niver close my eyesight till I see a coal in yer house afther that! an' if I don't I'll be buried with my eyes open."

Daniel's suggestion was excellent. That very night Father McNavigan had made it convenient to pass through Rillard, and was to spend the night with one of Mr. Fitzgerald's tenants, so Crutchey informed us. In fact, whenever a night's incendiarism was to be consummated Father Mick always made it a point to be away from home, and consequently able to prove an alibi. Fortune favored us. Daniel made up the message: "An owld friend of his, Mr. Fitzgerald's housekeeper (or better known in the family as nurse), wanted to see him." Crutchey carried the message, and Father

Mick was trapped. He had full confidence in the woman, and, fearing that something had gone wrong with his plans, he hastened to Rillard House, where he was captured and held a prisoner.

It was now past twelve o'clock, and about the time when "the boys" might be expected; we waited for them in some trepidation, suffering more from the suspense than from any fear of personal danger. At length the signal was heard outside. Daniel and myself knew it; Mr. Fitzgerald and Hamilton did not. The signal was a long, low whistle, accompanied by a rapid tapping of both cheeks with the tips of the fingers, the motion producing a variation of sounds in perfect imitation of the plover.

Mr. Fitzgerald had furnished us with firearms, so that in case of emergency we might be able to defend ourselves: there was, however, this difficulty in the way: that we could not guard the house at all points, which for perfect safety would be necessary. The conspirators, having received no answer from the villain within, repeated the whistle, then hesitated, evidently doubting whether they should make the attempt. During this pause Mr. Fitzgerald threw open an upper window, and, calling to them, addressed them in a few clear ringing words; he informed them, also, that Father Mick and Mr. Kelly were in our hands and would be held as hostages, and that if any attempt was made to injure him or

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Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})$

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exists as water

his property the reverend father would suffer for it. In the circumstances the crowd outside came to terms and agreed to disperse, with the promise that the priest and their associate should not be hurt and should be set free the next morning. Thus by Daniel's clever stratagem our lives were saved and Mr. Fitzgerald's property, for time at least, preserved. The remaining part of the night was perfectly quiet, and the following morning the "stockin'-daler" and the discomfited Father Mick were released.

CHAPTER IX.

"If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught
Of fairy elves by moonlight shadow seen,
The silver token and the circled green."—POPE.

"**N**OW, that's fhwat ye call, fhwat ye may call, fhwat I'd call, fhwat Father McNavigan himself 'ed call, or fhwat anybody else 'ed call, nate an' complete!" exclaimed Daniel More when the priest and Kelly had left the house, but before they were out of hearing.

There was a considerable amount of mock modesty about the leavetaking of Father Mick and Kelly on this occasion. Their "Good-morning, gentlemen," was emphasized beyond the usual custom, while Mr. Fitzgerald's "Very good-morning" indicated his appreciation of the compliment.

"May I never die at all, an' nobody kill me, so that I may have a comfortable time av it at my ind an' finish my life snug an' aisy," said Daniel again, "but butther wouldn't melt in Kelly's mouth, he's so ginteel this mornin'; an' as for Father Mick, Masther Terry jewel machree (my heart), he isn't so moighty powerful, afther all, as he pretinded.

CALCULATIONS

396. The per cent, of oxygen in the empirical formula is 15.3 per cent.

Ans. KAlSi_3O_8

397. A certain compound contains 50% CaO , 30% SO_3 . The approximate ratio of the elements is 1:1:1.

Ans. Ca_2SO_4

398. What is the weight of 1 mole of Cu_2O ?

Ans. Cu_2O

399. The compound contains 38 per cent, of oxygen in the empirical formula is 38 per cent.

Ans. 2BiCl_3

400. What is the weight of 1 mole of $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2$?

Ans. $\text{Ca}(\text{Mg})_2$

401. A silicate exists as water.

Shure, didn't I often hear him say an' profess 'at he could convert a poor boy into a big Swedish or Aberdeen *lumper* or *peeler* (the names given to turnips and potatoes in Ireland) jist as he took a notion, but that he would give himself the option of choosing which he'd prefer—do you undtherstand?—between the turnip an' a potaty,—or that he could convert a *jumper* (convert to Protestantism) or a *sooper* (a person supposed to change his religion for soup) into a hare, a cow, or even a pig, only the animal would be a little onnatural, as he said? An' wirrasthrue! (Mary dear), didn't I run a moighty risk with him last night? Shure, all he had to do in this earthly world was to say, 'Aisy, Daniel boy, aisy!' an' jist stick me clane and clever to the mortal spot I was standin' on (that is, betwane yerself an' meself, av he was able), *a thig in thu* (do you understand?), an', without 'Be yer lave' or 'Beg your pardin,' make thracks back to Owén Calligan's, where Crutchey found him. An' thin, again, fhwat harm would it do' Father Mick, Masther Terry, av we did make a cock-shot av him for the fun av the thing? Didn't Father Murphey catch the bullets that the Orangemin shot at the Ribbonmin in '98? An' shure, Father Mick ought to be able to do the same. An' didn't I know Father Mick to do two moighty powerful things himself? Ye remimber yerself, Masther Terry, 'at the Widdy McCarty had a troublesome lodger in

her house at one time, an' 'Torney Davis tried his hand at getting him out av her house. Well, behold ye, Masther Terry! the 'torney came off second best in the shindy an' Brine Gallagher came home with flyin' colors. 'Well, fhwat 'ill ye have it?' says Father Mick, ses he. 'I'll take the boy in hand meself,' ses he, 'an' I'm greatly mish-taken,' ses he, 'if he'll iver darken the widdy's door agin,' ses he. So down he went to Widdy McCarty's, an', ses he, 'Ye dirty, mane spalpeen in there! come out here this very minute, an' don't wait to bless yerself,' ses he, 'or, be this an' that' (an' Father Mick prayed a prayer I cannot pray), 'av ye iver cross this threshol' agin but I'll convert ye into a sod av turf, an' the widdy 'ill rake ye behind the *greesehoague* (hot ashes), an' the ashes av ye 'ill niver be found,' ses he. An' with that out comes the intruder as if he was pulled by the nose with a pair of hot tongs, an' took leg-bail for his honesty. An' didn't I know Father Mick another time to go down to the ould bleach-mill, an' take his black-thorn with him, an' ses he to ould Cas-sity, 'Jack,' ses he, 'this is the rod o' Moses 'at he struck the river with an' caught a whale for the children's dinner when they had nothin' to eat. An', Jack,' ses he, 'if ye don't pay me the four-and-sixpence ye owe me since my Easter dues I'll lay it on ye an' work a miracle! an' the minnit ye are touched with it yer hair 'ill become feathers an' yer

nails claws, an' ye'll be like Nebuchadnezzar the king of the Jews; ye'll be turned into a scawlcrow,' ses he; an' with that he began to pray, but before he had time to say 'Amen' to it the four-and-sixpence was paid down. Still an' withal—God be betwane me an' harm, an' forgive me av it's a sin!—I amn't shure, Masther Terry dear, but Father Mick's credit 'ill go down a peg henceforth an' for evermore with me afther last night; an', betwane yerself an' me, it 'ill be very awkward av the gintlemin av the parish 'd take it into their heads to ask him why he didn't thry his hand on us an' work a miracle or two when we had him in durance last night."

It was evident that Daniel's faith in Father McNavigan's omnipotence was considerably shaken, and that he guessed that there was something wrong somewhere, though he could not say what nor where the wrong was. Daniel's moral instincts, as well as my own, recoiled from the scenes of bloodshed and other crimes into which the peasantry were led, and he was not sorry for the opportunity of embracing a cause so opposite, and of extricating himself from the bloodthirsty and infuriated rabble. In this connection it may be mentioned that while it is possible that Daniel's memory of Father Mick's biblical quotations were at fault, it is quite certain that many Irish priests are grossly ignorant of the Holy Scriptures.

After the midnight visit of the conspirators Mr. Fitzgerald thought it best to abandon his home for a time, and he proposed that Hamilton, Daniel and I should accompany him. This was not the first time that a landlord who not only professed to study the interests of his tenants, but who really did make their happiness his care, had been compelled to forsake his country and to seek for himself and his family safety from outlaws who had been taught that he is an usurper, and consequently that it was no crime to kill him and to seize his property. Here is the solution of the land question in a word—"Murder!" It is not safe for landlords to live at home while their own tenants are incited by their priests, as well as by their passions and prejudices, to exterminate them. Let any man listen to the sentiments uttered at mass-meetings, tenant-rights gatherings, national demonstrations and other political assemblages, where sacerdotal stump-orators and their creatures spout against the English government, and let him deny, if he can, the fact that the worst feelings of a discontented and excitable populace are there aroused and armed against not only the government of the country, but also against the landlords and employers of labor.

Mr. Fitzgerald with his family, Hamilton, Daniel More and myself, set out from Rillard House within a few hours after the priest and his com-

panion had taken their departure. We proposed spending the first night in Sligo, but soon discovered that this would be impracticable, as information of what was termed "Father McNavigan's imprisonment by Daniel More" had been carried from parish to parish by special delegates, and the most fearful maledictions were called down upon our heads by men, women and children in every village and hamlet through which we passed. We found it necessary, therefore, to change our course, and proceed through a different part of the country with fewer inhabitants, and on that account safer for us. Accordingly, we set out toward Galway.

Daniel More, notwithstanding the annoyance we occasionally received, was in high spirits, and entertained Mr. Fitzgerald with specimens of the literature which he had studied, and which is acquired by every peasant, even in the most uncultivated districts of the country, and believed in most devoutly.

"To lift our droopin' spirits, yer honor," said Daniel, "might I be after tellin' a bit av a story 'at I learned long ago?"

Mr. Fitzgerald good-naturedly assented, and Daniel began to relate the following legend:

"There was a time—

An' a very good time it was—

When potaties made lime—
An' very good lime it was.

"Swallows built their nests in ould min's beards an' pigs danced hornpipes to crickets' fiddles. There lived a poor widdy woman who had one son an' one daughter, a garden, a pig, two goats an' a sheep, an' plinty of hins an' ducks an' geese an' ganders. Herself minded the ducks an' geese an' cocks an' hins, her daughter minded the goats an' sheep, an' her son dug the garden. This widdy woman was poor, an' her son Thady—for that was his name—was without coat or hat, shoe or stockin', an' the garden was very bad, an' could hardly support the three av thim; so the widdy was always strugglin' an' Thady was always complainin'. One fine mornin' Thady was out in the garden diggin' away, whin a robin redbreast lit down before him an' began hoppin' at the very nose av the *loy* (spade).

"'Poor fella!' ses Thady, 'yer hungry;' an' with that he threw him up a *collaugh* (large worm). 'There!' ses he, 'ate it, an' it'll cure ye av the toothache, if ye have got one.'

"But the robin wouldn't even smell to it.

"'Ye dirty, mane, contemptible fella!' ses Thady; 'it's too good for the likes of ye;' an' there an' thin didn't the robin turn himself into a little gentleman an' stand on the ridge before him?

“‘Wy, thin,’ ses Thady, ‘I like the looks av ye,’ ses he, ‘an’, bedad!’ ses he, ‘but thim yelly breeches ye have got on becomes ye mighty well,’ ses he. ‘Is it any harm to be askin’ who took yer measure, av it’s not too impertinent a question?’ ses he.

“‘Oh, thin,’ ses the little gintleman—he was only about the length av yer foot, twelve inches or so, yer honor—an’ he wore knee-breeches an’ a scarlet huntin’-coat, with a cap an’ gloves an’ shoes an’ silver buckles,—‘Oh, thin,’ ses he—an’ his voice appeared loud as thunder, an’ made the widdy’s cabin shake from top to bottom,—‘Oh, thin,’ ses he, ‘I amn’t goin’ to revale sacrets on first acquaintance,’ ses he, ‘but the tailor ’at fitted me could soon take your measure,’ ses he.

“‘Maybe ye’d be afther spakin’ aisier, yer honor,’ ses Thady, ‘for me ould mother moight be frightened out av a year or two av her growth av ye thunder so mighty loud; an’ besides,’ ses he, ‘I amn’t deaf meself.’

“‘Oh,’ ses the little gintleman, ses he, ‘nayther yer mother nor nobody but yerself can hear me,’ ses he.

“‘In the name of St. Patrick, is that throe?’ ses Thady; but with that the little gintleman vanished clane an’ clever, an’ Thady was altogether dumfounded an’ didn’t know what to do, at all, at all. So he threw down the loy an’ wint up an’ down, up

an' down, backward an' forward, searchin' for the gintleman, an' couldn't find him. So at last he wint home an' towld his mother everything 'at happened to him.

"'Ough, Thady jewel,' ses his mother, 'but yer the lucky son,' ses she, 'that isn't now in the inside av a big stone somewhere,' ses she. 'But give me yer ould waistcoat,' ses she, 'till I mind it for ye,' ses she.

"An' the widdy minded the coat, an' Thady was three long months without seein' the little gintleman agin, an' things went from worse to worse with him.

"At long an' at last, one fine mornin' Thady was leapin' over a hazel-bush, an' his waistcoat caught in a branch av it, which tore a big hole in the waistcoat, an' out fell a whole lot av salt.

"'Wy, thin,' ses he, 'what put the whole lot av salt in me waistcoat?'

"'Yer mother did,' ses a voice as loud as thunder agin.

"So he turned round an' looked on ivry side av him, but saw nothin'.

"'May I niver commit sin,' ses he to himself, 'but that's him, wherever he is.'

"'Ye must lave that spot,' ses the voice, 'or else ye cannot see me, for where salt is I cannot be seen.'

"So he left the place he was in an' wint to another

part av the field, for he remimbered that it was to keep the gintleman from bein' seen that his mother put salt in his waistcoat; an' before Thady had time to reach the other side there was the gintleman waitin' for him.

"'The top av the mornin' to ye!' ses Thady.

"'The same to yerself,' ses the gintleman.

"'Yer jacket is wearin' beautiful,' ses Thady.

"'This is a new one,' ses the gintleman.

"'Where do you buy your cloth?' ses Thady.

"'It's homemade,' ses the gintleman.

"'I wish I had such a one,' ses Thady.

"'So ye may,' ses the gintleman.

"'Do ye tell me that?' ses Thady.

"'Yes, I do,' ses the gintleman.

"'Where 'ill I get the money?' ses Thady.

"'In yer own garden,' ses the gintleman.

"'Whereabouts?' ses Thady.

"'Twelve inches under the surface,' ses the gintleman.

"'Thin, in the name of St. Patrick, I'll have it,' ses Thady.

"'At that name I must vanish,' ses the gintleman.

"So Thady remimbered that it was when he named St. Patrick afore 'at the gintleman left him, an' the little gintleman was gone in a minnit.

"So Thady set to work to dig for the goold, an' he dug the garden twice over, but found nothin'.

He dug it ever so deep an' broke it ever so fine, but he found no goold, an' thin he set his potaties.

"'May I niver sin,' ses he, 'but the dirty fella bethrayed me! An' it's meself as won't pay a haporth av attention to him agin.'

"Harvest came on, however, an' Thady's garden made a fine show; the stalks was a small plantation, an' whin Garlic Sunday came Thady said to his mother,

"'I'll go out an' thry thim.' So out he wint, an', behould ye! the ridges was burstin' with thim, an' Thady turned every one av thim out the size av a skillet an' filled his basket wid one stalk.

"'Now, thin,' ses a voice like thunder, 'haven't ye got somethin' that'll get ye a jacket? Ye wanted goold, an' av ye had dug yer garden well ye'd find goold sooner in the shape av big potaties.'

"So Thady an' his mother an' sister put on the kettle an' drank tay, an' av they didn't live happy, that we may."

I have given the reader an Irish legend as told by Daniel himself; it is as absurd as any other Irish legend, but is perhaps one of the least objectionable of its kind. It bears, nevertheless, the impress of that system which victimizes the Irish mind—the power of the name of St. Patrick to keep off all supernatural visitors, and of salt to effect the same purpose; secures a power over them through their superstition, while the pleasing and

ingenious sequel gives it an interest among the peasantry as well as a claim to their credence. One thing was certain: Daniel told it with as much credulity as though it had been the very gospel itself. It was all true, argued Daniel, and in confirmation of this he himself knew the man who knew the renowned Robin the blacksmith, who, when another blacksmith blew a great shower of wheat out of the fire with his bellows, blew a great flock of pigeons out of the red-hot fire also, which devoured the wheat in a moment; and when the other blacksmith blew a fine trout out of the fire, and the trout jumped into a river, Robin blew out a large otter, and the otter leaped into the river after it and caught it. Daniel knew the man who knew Robin the blacksmith, or else he knew the man who knew the man who knew the blacksmith: there was not a doubt of it; and if this was so, why should there be a doubt about the little gentleman and the widow's son finding "goold in the shape av big potaties"?

It may seem strange to the reader that to the cunning Daniel all this should appear to be anything but foolish nonsense. Yet was not the system under which he was trained the cause of this blind credulity? And what is there more melancholy in his ignorance than in the amount of credulity required from all the devotees of that system? The Church of Rome binds men and women with cords

of superstition, and requires them not only to believe doctrines subversive of truth, but also theories of the most foolish and wicked nature. From beginning to end, what is there in popery but that which excites the imagination and passions of its victims? From the incantations and genuflections practiced at the baptism of infants to the last act and scene in the religious farce of praying souls out of purgatory, it is all an entertainment which holds its audience spellbound. Popery plays with the idiosyncrasy of the Irish mind, else how could it have succeeded in producing the extravagancies that have been manifest in its history? What else could have influenced thousands of Romanists to turn to hill and mountain, lake and river, for spiritual consolation? What else could influence them to believe in the virtue of a thousand valueless trinkets to afford protection against supernatural visitants? What could induce them to regard their spiritual teachers as but a little inferior to the almighty Being himself, and move them to render those teachers a homage which is almost divine? Nothing could do this except a system the object of which is to keep men from thinking seriously—a system which refuses to give them the only true source of light and knowledge by professing to transact the great business of their salvation for them—which blasphemously dares to pronounce the forgiveness of sins and to mete out pardons with unlimited

bounty. And while the Romish Church is thus professedly benevolent in the bestowment of grace, it is terribly exacting in the demand of gratitude, for the price demanded is not alone the sacrifice of money, but also of that whose price is far above rubies—namely, knowledge. Not one Bible truth may an Irish Romanist learn, but he may revel in the foolish and corrupting legends of men until fiction appears to be sterling truth and fables realities.

CHAPTER X.

"On the one hand, the great incomes and exactions of the Romish priests and their curates, the plunder obtained by friars and priests, miracle-workers—the exactions for seditious purposes, the indolence of the people and the expense attending their vice and shocking depravity,—these various levies take much money from the poor."—REV. JAMES R. PAGE, A. B., *of the Diocese of Tucum.*

MACAULAY never quoted Latin phrases, neither did Charles Dickens, neither does John Bright nor C. H. Spurgeon. But then neither of them ever wrote an Irish story, nor ever encountered anything like the following description of Galway, the Rome of Connaught:

"Septem ornant montes Romam, septem ostia Nilum.
Tot rutillis stellis splendet in axe Polus;
Galvia Polo Niloque bis æquas Roma Conachtre
Bis septem illustres has colit illa tribus,
Bis urbis septem defendunt mœnia turrets,
Intus et in duro est marmore quæque domus,
Bis septem portæ sunt castra et culmina circum
Per totidem pontum permeat unda vias.
Principe bis septem fulgent altaria templo,
Quævis patronæ est ara dicata suo.
Et septem sacrata Deo cœnobîa patrum
Fœmini et sextus tot pia tecta tenet."

The translation is as follows:

"Seven hills has Rome, seven mouths has Nilus' stream,
Around the Pole seven burning planets gleam.
Twice equal these is Galway, Connaught's Rome:
Twice seven illustrious tribes find here their home;
Twice seven fair towers the city's ramparts guard:
Each house within is built with marble hard;
With lofty turrets flank'd, twice seven the gates;
Through twice seven bridges the water permeates;
In the high church are twice seven altars raised!
At each a holy saint and patron's praised;
Twice seven the convents dedicate to heaven—
Seven for the female sex, for the goodly Fathers seven."

Thackeray says: "When it is stated that throughout the town of Galway you cannot get a cigar that costs more than twopence, Londoners may imagine the strangeness and remoteness of the place. A man who sells gunpowder, fishing-tackle and brass and iron ware has a few books on his counter; and a lady in a by-street, who carries on the profession of a milliner, ekes out her stock in a similar way; but there were no regular book-shops."

Galway is the capital of the county of the same name, situated on one of the best salmon rivers in the country, connecting Lough Corrib with the sea. There are some fine buildings in the city; the Queen's University and the College Church are there; three nunneries, three friaries or monasteries, an exchange and a massive jail are pointed out among the sights of the city. Galway has also

one of the finest harbors in the world, and with its population of fifteen thousand souls a stranger would naturally expect to find Galway the centre of literature and learning. On the contrary, we are told that a few books on the counters of a man who sold hunting-whips and odds and ends of hardware and a few in a milliner's shop were the only specimens of literature with which the city was supplied. Nor was the collection varied or extensive: the Bible, Rouse's version of the Psalms, the English Episcopal Prayer-book and John Wesley's Hymns supplied the religious needs of the Protestants, and the wants of the Catholics were yet more easily supplied, as they invested nothing in reading matter. Even to-day the situation is not greatly improved, and you can ride the best saddle-horse you can find for a week through the length and breadth of the county and find hardly any other selection than that which so disgusted the novelist.

Thackeray continues his description of the town, as follows: "You see all sorts of strange figures washing all sorts of strange rags, with red petticoats, and still redder shanks, standing in the stream. Pigs are in every street; the whole town shrieks with them. There are numbers of idlers on the bridges, thousands in the streets, humming and swarming in and out of old ruinous houses ('built of marble hard'), congregated around numberless apple-stalls, pig's-foot stalls, in queer old

shops that look to be two centuries old, loitering about old warehouses, ruined or not."

Our party halted for rest and refreshment at Galway, and I went for a half hour's stroll with Daniel for my companion. Daniel walked for some time in silence, apparently deeply interested in the different "sights."

"Bedad, Masther Terry!" he exclaimed at last, "this is a moighty fine town intirely; but does it sthrike yer attention that the spires of all the Catholic chapels we pass through in Galway, as well as at home in Mayo, are unfinished? Now, that's a matther I have been puzzlin' my brains over this half hour, an' maybe I amn't a hundred miles out in the conclusion I've come to."

"What is that, Daniel?" said I, rather indifferently.

"Well, thin, ye see, if they was all finished an' done the gintlemin in black couldn't always be makin' collections for thim. But do you persave how grand the convints is, an' what foine gardins is to thim? Ough, now! but how the priests get hold av English ladies an' their money (an' they say out av the Protestant churches too) is wonderful intirely. Shure, we Irish haven't the money to build such palaces as these; it must come out av England, so it must."

"Daniel," I said gravely, "now that we have passed through the dangers which threatened us,

let us be silent. This is no time for aspersions on that Church of which we both have been members, and which is the religion of our fathers and of our country."

"Thunder an' turf, Masther Terry!" exclaimed Daniel again. "It 'ed be the last stone in my bades to say a word against the Church; it's the clargy I amn't satisfied with. The midnight meetin's was all fine fun for us till it came to our turn to have cowl'd lead run hot in the grisset in our own name."

"Yes, but, Daniel," I said, "the clergy are the Church."

"They are, ye say?" answered Daniel. "Thin I'm as safe as the knocker av Newgate. For, ye see, I was in a *doldhrum* (dreamy or puzzled) av a state this hour or more. My heart was heavy an' my breast was sore. I was thinkin' what a loss the Church would have av I was to lave her fold, as they say, but now I am as quiet in my mind afther hearin' that as ye plase. Sorra a bit av Lough Corrib over there was ever quieter thin I am now."

"Daniel," I exclaimed in genuine surprise, "what does this mean?"

"That I amn't one av the clargy," said Daniel, "an' that I mane to become a lump av a Protestant the minnit I get a chance, an' the Church 'll lose nothin', for ye persave I amn't none av the clargy,

an' the clargy is the Church. So now ye know it all, an' before ye say a word wait till I tell ye why I am goin' to become a Protestant. Well, in the first place, because the Protestants is a dacerter people thin the Catholics. Did ye iver see one av them goin' without a good pair av shoes an' stock-in's, while half av us is barefooted ivry day in the week? An' thin what comfortable houses they have, while ours is bare an' naked! Thin, they all learn to read an' write, while we are all ignorant as dumb creatures; thin they all have a little money, while we have nothin' but rags an' poverty. Now, Masther Terry, I niver got no schoolin', but you did, an' if ye 'll count up I'll give ye a sum; * an', my life for it, I'll explain why the Romanists is poor an' the Protestants is rich an' comfortable. First an' foremost, thin, how many families has Father McNavigan in his parish?"

"About eight hundred," I replied.

"The yearly charges av 2s. 6d. on each family: how much does that come to?" he inquired.

"One hundred pounds."

"Collections av corn, oats an' barley from ivry home, 1s. 6d.: how much?"

"Sixty pounds."

"Collections on Christmas Day from ivry house at 6d. each for four; an' that's a very small average?"

* See Appendix I.

"Eighty pounds."

"The same at Easter?"

"Eighty pounds."

"Confessions av young people, 6d. each: how much?"

"Sixty pounds."

"Confessions av others at different times?"

"Ten pounds."

"The charge for weddin's, three pound apiece, average twenty: how much?"

"Sixty pounds."

"Baptisms, 3s. 6d. each, average one hundred and fifty: how much?"

"Twenty-six pounds five shillings."

"Legacies, average forty, 10s. each, for masses for the dead in purgatory: how much?"

"Twenty pounds."

"Anointing two hundred and fifty, at 1s. 6d. each?" *

"Eighteen pounds and fifteen shillings."

"Offices for sick cattle, average two hundred, at 1s. 6d. each: how much?"

"Fifteen pounds."

"Private masses for private intintions?"

"Twenty pounds."

"Dinners at stations av confessions, an' presents made there av fowls, mate an' potatoes?"

"Twenty pounds."

* Only a small percentage of those anointed die.

"Now, Masther Terry," said Daniel, "would ye be afther obliging me wid the total av it all?"

"Why, Daniel," I said after making my calculations, "I had no idea it would amount to so much. The total is five hundred and seventy pounds."

"Deed, an' it wouldn't hurt ye a single bit av ye made it a round six hundred pounds a year; then add to that the pilgrimages to Croach Patrick, Lough Kerawn an' other stations, an' pilgrimages which takes thim away altogether for weeks at a time, an' ye may add another two hundred pounds to the figger; an' thin the collections that's made for 'special objects,' as the prastes say, an' that comes to another hundred pounds; an' thin the money that's paid to bless the crops an' other small property; so that at the very smallest calculations from one thousan' to two thousan' is picked out av the people's pockets for the Church in our own parish. What d'ye think av that, now?"

I was very much astonished indeed, for I had never before made any calculation as to the cost of my religion, and had only vaguely speculated as to the causes of my people's poverty. Here at last I had found one at least of the reasons why the Irish people should be so poverty-stricken and so ignorant. A thousand pounds at least picked out of the Lower Inn parish, and, with the exception of a very small sum, all appropriated to the priests! I

thought it best, however, that I should not appear to concur in censurable remarks, and I therefore inquired carelessly,

"If the priest does not make collections, Daniel, how is he to live?"

"Arrah, shure," retorted Daniel, "I didn't think av that; *milla murther*, what a fool I am to be thryin' to find fault wit' their riverinces! You were to be a *sogarth* (priest) yerself, Masther Terry, an' but it's meself 'ill wait till yer in orders before I confess agin to any man. But whin ye're a *sogarth* thry to live on the extra charge that's made for the man an' horse that I didn't count in the five hundred pounds, an' jest get the parish to spind one thousan' pound a year in makin' the people an' their houses clane an' comfortable; an' av that don't alter the face o' nature among us, I was niver christened Daniel. Besides, av religion is such a good thing, why should it be made such a dear commodity? It's an owld sayin', 'Religion is for the poor,' but undther Father Mick an' other priests few can pay the price for it. For it not only costs prayers an' penances, but money an' corn. An' ye know yerself, Masther Terry, as well as I do, that many a man in the Lower Inn parish has had to sell his little pig, sheep or heifer to pay for the dinner he gave the priest when it pleased His Riverince to give out from the alther 'at he'd have a station at his house; an' many a poor farmer,

when the priest looked at him in the chapel an' gave out 'at he'd have a station next week in his kitchen, has turned pale an' white when he heard it, knowin' what the expense would be. Puttin' all this together, it's my own opinion 'at in towns, where the population is large, the priests coin money an' the people are poverty-stricken. On what other grounds can ye account for the squalor av Galway? Jest look where it is situated, in the cinther av a valley betwane the finest bay in Ireland an' one av the finest loughs!"

"Daniel," I asked suddenly, "what put all this into your head?"

"Well, ye see, Masther Terry," he answered, "I niver had a thought on the subject until now; an' for this reason: av I did think anything hard about the Church, ye know, I would have to tell the priests, an' that 'ed be the worst to get over in the confessional; so av I iver began to think on the subject, the next thought 'ed be Father Mick's frownin' an' cursin' av me, an' thin Croach Patrick or Lough Derag an' the penances. So when I looked at the effects, I thried to think av *Hudden an' Dudden an' Daniel O'Narcy* (title of an Irish legend) an' forget all about the matther; so, comin' along, I resolved to remain out av confessions till you'd come out of Maynooth an' hear me, an' thin my mind became as free as air, an' all that an' more ran through it since."

"But, Daniel," I exclaimed, "you do not mean to insinuate that you intend leaving off your confessions?"

"Well, there now is for ye, Masther Terry. Would ye be afther tellin' me what I've been takin' all this trouble for? Why, I see the whole thing as plain as daylight, but av ye want more information on the point I'll give it to ye, though I thought not to mention it for a day or two; but the murther 'ill out: *I'm a Protestant* already!"

"Daniel!" I exclaimed in utter astonishment.

"I purfessed the faith about three hours ago," he said. "I'll tell ye how it was. As we war thravelin' along Misther Hamilton an' meself war together, an' I got a little *druthy* (thirsty) on the way, an' watched the cabins for the stone that they put out for a sign to druthy thravelers; so at last I saw it jist over the door on the thatch of one of thim. It was a long black stone, about the size av yer shoe an' the same shape nearly; so in I goes. 'God save all here!' ses I.—'God save ye kindly!' ses an owld woman in the corner.—'How do ye sell the wather, ma'am?' ses I.—'We don't sell no wather,' ses she. (There was only two owld women in the house.)—'Don't ye, thin? Indade, maybe ye'll be afther thratin' a poor boy for nothin', for,' ses I, 'my throat is as dhry as thim *kippeens* (dry sticks) that's crackin' on the fire there.'—'Judy,' ses one av the owld women to the other, 'get up an' give the poor

boy a dhrink av wather.'—'An', ses I, 'I'll pay ye av ye'll put a sthick in it for me.'—'We don't keep no sthicks,' ses she.—'Well, av ye did, it 'ed be no sin nor shame, but a great accommodation to respectable thravelers like meself.'—'Well,' ses the owld woman, 'are ye shure yer not a *gauger*?' (an excise officer).—'Arra thin, ma'am, what sort av an animal is that, may I be afther askin'?'—'Oh, he's all right,' ses Judy. An' out comes the kag; an' from where, d' ye think, Masther Terry? From the cinther av the block av bogdale that owld Judy had for a *creepy* to sit on. 'Well!' ses I, 'if that doesn't bate anything I iver saw in my life my name's not Daniel.'—Howiver, as soon as I had dhrunk the hard dhrop, ses the owld woman, 'Tell the thruth, now, an' shame the father av liars: did ye niver hear av a *gauger*?'—'Not the first letther av his name, ma'am,' ses I.—'Ye can read an' write, thin, I suppose?' ses she as soon as I mintoned anything about letthers, beginnin' at the same time to be fidgety.—'When did ye iver hear av a Protestune 'at couldn't read an' write?' ses I.—'Ye are a Protestune, thin?' ses she.—'An' yer humble sarvent to command, ma'am,' ses I.—'I command ye, thin, to lave my house,' ses she.—'An' why so, av it's plasin' to ye to tell?' ses I.—'Because I hate a Protestune as I hate the divil; an' my father was a Protestune,' ses she, 'but I got the thrue Catholic suck from my dacent mother, God rest her soul!

Amen, blessed Virgin,' ses she.—'Well, now, owld woman,' ses I, 'that's more thin I could belave about ye,' ses I; 'an', av it wouldn't be too much trouble to yez, I'd soon show ye that yer bark is worse nor yer bite,' ses I.—'Not a bit av it,' ses the owld *collaugh*, 'an' the sooner ye cut yer sthick the betther,' ses she.—'Well, but,' ses I, 'I want to be afther axin' ye a bit av a question.'—'Thin that's the very question I amn't goin' to answer,' ses the owld woman.—'But ye don't know what it is,' ses I.—'Nor I don't care,' ses she.—'Did ye iver hear that the divil has got a wooden leg?' ses I.—'Av coorse I did,' ses she. (This is believed by many of the Irish peasantry.)—'Well, supposin' ye saw Owld Horney comin' in to ye—' ses I.—'But I'll not suppose anything av the sort,' ses she. 'Maybe ye are him yerself.—Judy, get me a dhrop av holy wather an' a grain av salt, an', honest man or divil, lave my house this instant, or else sign yerself with the sign av the cross, or I'll scald ye,' ses she, 'with the boilin' wather 'at's on the fire.'—'Arrah, be aisy now, honest woman,' ses I. 'I'm not the divil, an' but that I'm a Protestune I'd cross meself for ye. But here is what I was goin' to ax ye: Av the divil was to get a fall an' break his wooden leg, wouldn't ye pray that the next fall he'd have he might break his neck?'—'I would,' ses she, 'an' that he may break his neck, an' that the divil may break his own neck. Amen, blessed Virgin.'—

'Well, thin,' ses I, 'av I was to cut my finger an' come in to ye an' say, I want a bit av something to tie it up with, wouldn't ye freely give me a piece av a rag an' tie it up yerself?' ses I.—'Musha! it's mesilf 'at would do that same,' ses the owld woman.—'I have ye now, as the rat-thrap said to the rat,' ses I. 'Ye'd pray that the devil might break his own neck, an' ye'd tie up the bladin' finger of a Protestune, an' ye hate a Protestune as ye hate the devil. Now, d'ye see, Mrs. What's-yer-name, yer heart is betther thin yer faith,' ses I; an' I left her dumfoundtherd, Masther Terry. An', do ye know, I'm thinkin' I might turn out a great champion in larnin' on yer hands; but, at any rate, I'll be a Protestune till ye become a priest, Masther Terry.'"

CHAPTER XI.

“He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God;
And he will save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood !”

DANIEL'S remarks made a deep impression on my mind, and enlightened me respecting several characteristics of the Church of Rome which I had never considered before. He appealed to my experience, and my experience, to my own surprise, corroborated his testimony. My silence confirmed him in his opinion, yet what could I say ? His calculations were accurate, and the facts from which he had argued were well known. Still, I could not, or rather would not, concede everything at once. Is not all this the abuse of what in itself is holy, just and good ? I argued, and may not the same abuses exist in other creeds and systems ? Although I had read, and was even then reading, the word of God, and was beginning to appreciate its beauty and to feel its power, I had never heard either of the two great systems, Protestantism and popery, sustained by sound argument or scriptural authority. I had indeed often desired to hear the *pros* and *cons.* of

both, but the infallible Church of which I was a member forbade all questioning upon the subject; and now, though my faith in the Church of Rome was shaken, prejudice or pride or ignorance or shame prevented me from yielding to my convictions and at once abandoning her. One other thing I wanted: though my conscience told me the truth was not in Romanism, I did not know where else to find it. I had never heard an advocate of Protestantism advance a single argument in favor of his creed. What was I, then, to do? To whom could I look for help and information? My thoughts turned to the creature rather than to the Creator. Oh, popery! popery! this is thy teaching, this the result of thy influence, that a soul full of fear and anxiety should be ignorant of the only true Source of comfort. I thought at once of Nelly Gray. If I could find her and hear from her lips her views of Romanism now, I would be confirmed in the truth. Then the thought struck me, How came she to be so far advanced in spiritual knowledge? What was she more than others? Who had made us to differ? The answer was formed within my own mind. Surely, that Bible which she had read with such a child-like faith was the secret of her knowledge: why could I not go to the same storehouse? The same book was for me, the same God was mine; not a priest, not a system, but God himself. Nelly had sought him, had loved him and had spoken of him; especially

had she spoken of the blessed Saviour and of her faith in him and in his word.

This was, then, the effect of Daniel's words. I resolved prayerfully to read the Bible for myself. I would read it as a little child, as Nelly had done, that I too might grow strong and bold in Christian knowledge. I did not delay: as soon, therefore, as I was alone I took from my pocket the little Testament I had procured, and opened it, not thinking or knowing where to commence. Before I began to read I prayed for light and also prayed that I might have understanding. My soul was moved by a deep feeling, such as I never before experienced. Was it by chance that I opened on a subject which had been in my thoughts, but of the existence of which in the New Testament I had no knowledge whatever. The leaves opened at this passage: "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Then I understood why Nelly had become wiser than the oldest sage at Nephtin, and more confirmed in her principles than the priest himself—why nothing could shake her confidence in God or her love for his word. Here was the secret; her wisdom was from heaven and her feelings were of a corresponding character. O glorious, unspeakably

glorious revelation ! Whether Romanism be false or true, whether Protestantism be false or true, thou art not false, but true—thou art true.

We did not remain long in Galway. "The Rome of Connaught" was scarcely a safe refuge for fugitives from priestly tyranny. Providence had provided a safer and a more congenial retreat. Our journey ended at the village of Annaghgreen in the county of Galway, not a hundred miles from the celebrated Aughrim, where William III. by an undoubted victory over the Irish troops of James II. secured that which was now so dear to myself and my fellow-travelers—civil and religious liberty.

Annaghgreen is not exclusively a Protestant village, though principally so, presenting quite a Protestant aspect with regard to comfort and wealth. It is situated between two ridges or green hills which afford a fine pasturage for sheep and cattle, and which contrast in a marked degree with many other parts of the rocky and impoverished county of Galway. The village itself is beautifully neat and clean, and not only basks in the sunshine of temporal prosperity, but rejoices in religious freedom, which is no doubt one of the secrets of its wealth. Several Protestant places of worship, proportioned in their size to the population, are there ; several day-schools and Sabbath-schools are also there ; while there too is a fine reading-room and lecture-hall, with its library

and all other facilities for social and intellectual progress.

Our party proceeded at once to the residence of a gentleman living at Annaghgreen, a friend of Mr. Fitzgerald. It was arranged that Daniel should find accommodations in the village, that Hamilton should proceed at once to Dublin to prosecute the search for Nelly, and that I should remain with Mr. Fitzgerald at the hospitable home of his friend.

Daniel was delighted with the change from the poverty-stricken Lower Inn parish to this neat and prosperous village, while I was not less pleased at the opportunity of becoming the inmate of a pious Protestant home. I found my situation most pleasant; there was no effort to dissuade me from any form of faith or creed, no allusion was made to the errors of popery or the evils of Fenianism, no sentiments were uttered that were offensive to any sect of professing Christians. Once I alluded to the manifest improvement in the aspect of the country and the habits of the people.

My host assented, adding in a tone of deep earnestness, "If social and intellectual progress were the goal of human triumphs and the only achievements to be desired, we should even then have cause for congratulation. A few of us have found, however, that there are some cords of sympathy binding us heart and heart together, insomuch that a spirit of self-denial is abroad among us and

operating for good. So far as growth of mind, freedom of thought, thirst for knowledge, intellectual culture and temporal prosperity are concerned, we have all these here. But that is not enough. Man wants something higher, nobler. There are depths in his being not yet sounded, there are feelings not touched, wants not supplied, longings not satisfied. For the greater part his agitations are internal; not like the commotion of the heavens, which is but vapor moved, while the far-off blue is still; nor like the troubled ocean, whose turmoil is but on the surface, while the mighty deep is still. His is another kind of agitation: down deep in the very centre of his being he is restless and unhappy. It may be all calm without, but unless a great spiritual regeneration has been wrought within him the sepulchre is but whitened. Here we have, indeed, a social resurrection, yet even here the old miserable heart may be beating under the fresh garniture and sending decay and death to the remotest members of the entire system. Legislation has done much, landlord influence has done a little; Protestantism has done a great deal; but, after all, these but touch the surface, and something better is needed—namely, a change of heart in the individual man."

I silently resolved to study the subject yet more earnestly, and when I went up to the chamber assigned me I again opened the forbidden book and

read : " I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." To me this was the opening of a fountain that had been shut for years. I read, and as I read my thirsty soul drank of it, and I was refreshed and strengthened. My next desire was to discover what things are revealed to babes, for I felt myself to be as weak and ignorant and helpless as a child.

I continued the reading : " All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." Then I found the great truth : God revealed in us by Jesus Christ. Falling on my knees, I prayed, " Lord, reveal thyself in me and to me." Again and again I offered the same petition, and my prayer was heard. While I yet knelt an answer was sent down into my heart. The darkness and bitterness which had surrounded it and filled it disappeared : joy and peace flooded my soul. Oh how I then loved the word that led me to my God ! " O precious gospel !" I exclaimed aloud in the fullness of my happiness, " now do I know what this regeneration means, this inward spiritual life of which Nelly spoke so much ; now do I comprehend what she meant when she declared

that her sight but looked across the surface of the book, while her faith looked right into it, for now *my* heart reads its meaning also, and I am happy."

My new friends were pleased and deeply touched when I made known the change in my feelings, and my host gave me an account of his own religious experience.

"For years, though a Protestant," said he, "I rested only in the outward form; in other words, I regularly attended my church and conformed to all her rites and requirements. Few were more conscientious in the discharge of their religious duties than I; few were more complacent in the exercise of those duties; but it was the form without the power, the letter without the spirit. The way in which I finally became conscious of my true condition was this: A religious awakening took place in several parts of this county, and the Protestants became alive to the necessity of a great change—not in their church polity, but in their hearts. Prayer was made to God without ceasing, and many hundreds of souls experienced that wonderful change of which you speak; among others, many of the ministers of the Church of Ireland, as well as of the Presbyterian and other dissenting churches, were brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. I and many other gentlemen of the same social position as myself have been

brought out of our darkness into light. I do not mean that we have been brought from theoretical darkness to theoretical light, but from spiritual darkness to spiritual light and peace. Well may I say with the poet—

‘Faded my virtuous show,
My form without the power;
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower.

‘My mouth was stopped, and shame
Covered my guilty face;
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace!’”

The frank, unaffected account of my host greatly interested me, and I afterward heard from other sources the following additional facts about him: Having experienced the most pungent convictions about himself as a sinner, he hastened to the residence of a well-known gentleman in the town of M——, and in the most abrupt manner put to him the question of the Philippian jailer, “What must I do to be saved?” Mr. H—— at once pointed him to the Saviour, and after a long and earnest struggle he too entered the kingdom of heaven as a little child. He at once returned home, having realized peace and joy in believing; on his arrival he issued cards to all his friends inviting them to his house; then he knelt down by a front window,

from whence he could see the broad avenue which led to his house, and as each invited guest approached he lifted up his heart in earnest prayer for him. When all the guests were assembled he addressed them in the most touching manner, giving them the simple facts of his conversion and making known the blessed, blessed peace he then experienced and the earnest desire he had for their salvation. The effect of his testimony was wonderful; the entire company were moved to tears, and many of them asked him to pray for them. The meeting continued all night, and for several weeks anxious inquirers for salvation came daily to him earnestly desiring his prayers. This revival extended to all classes; meetings were held in various homes; little chapels were thrown open every evening and were crowded with anxious worshipers. One of the most remarkable cases of conversion was that of Captain L——, who lived in an elegant mansion not far distant from Mr. H——.

Late one night the captain was roused from his slumbers by the loud knocking of one of his game-keepers. He hastily rose and inquired what the matter was, and was informed by the man that he had found Jesus and wanted "to tell him all about it." The captain told him to wait; he then awoke his wife, assembled the household and invited the new convert to give his experience. The game-keeper had very little to say, except that he had

attended one of the meetings in progress in the village, that he had trusted Jesus and that he had found peace. He said that he hoped the captain would forgive him for disturbing the family, but that he felt as though he must tell him about it before he slept. When the man had gone the captain and his wife retired, somewhat put out at having been disturbed for so trifling a cause, as he deemed it; but the first news he heard the next morning was that the gamekeeper was dead. Then the man's simple testimony the night before came back with redoubled force upon the conscience of the captain, and he could not delay seeking his own salvation, and was joyfully converted.

Another instance of spontaneous conviction and conversion took place in one of the small chapels of the valley. A young minister had been preaching, when suddenly a servant-maid, Margaret Black by name, burst into tears, and finally went into hysterics. This so disturbed the congregation that many left the little church and returned to their homes. The minister and a few others remained with the poor girl, endeavoring to soothe and comfort her. While so engaged the constable of the place, who was passing at the time, discovered that something unusual was going on within, and entered the building. He took in the situation at once, deliberately unbuckled his belt, knelt in the pew next the excited girl, and, heaving a deep sigh, said :

"Pray for me too, my friends." In a moment two or three others were on their knees in equally deep distress. The constable found the Saviour, and, as he afterward told his friends, he retired to a wood where he could praise God without interruption.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power" is one of the promises for the fulfillment of which the Church can confidently look, and this awakening and "revival," as it is called in Annagh-green, is only a foretaste of the universal blessing promised to the Church in that good time when a nation shall be born in a day.

CHAPTER XII.

"Before me lay the sacred text—

The help, the guide, the balm of souls perplexed."

THE morning after that eventful day in my history Mr. Fitzgerald received a communication from Hamilton, who was in Dublin, requesting him to join him at that place, as he thought he was on the track of Nelly Gray. It was deemed advisable that I should accompany him. We arrived at the metropolis that night, and at the request of one or two friends I attended a meeting held in — street, the results of which deeply impressed my mind. The question for discussion was the "Anti-national Tendency of the Church of Rome." The charges preferred against popery by some leading clergymen of Dublin, and which, to my mind, were sustained at that meeting, were perfectly appalling. Nevertheless, it was my conviction that such preaching as the landlord's of Annaghgreen would do more to effect the evangelization of Ireland than all the controversial meetings ever held in Dublin could do. The doctrines of human depravity and human helplessness, and of the all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus

Christ to save, would, if preached to the poor guilty conscience of the Irish Romanist, work out for him a great salvation. I mentioned my conviction to several friends who accompanied us.

"You are perfectly right," said a gentleman to whom I had just been introduced, "could we but obtain the ear of the Irish Roman Catholic. But this we cannot do; the priest will not permit us. Romanism is a stupendous organization; it holds not only the conscience of the peasant, but in defiance of all law, both human and divine, it has controlled the conscience of nearly every monarch and state of Europe, and by its ramifications it has, during the last half century, almost wrested Ireland from under the throne which governs it. Popery is a conspiracy with which the law must deal; it may be counterplotted or crushed by a more liberal age, which begins to dawn upon us, but no missionary of peace can move the heart of a system which for ages has been proof against the wails of her own victims. Go, if you please, where I have gone—to the prison-houses, falsely called nunneries, where in heartless durance the young and pure women of the Romish faith are kept. Listen to their tale of grief—how cunning priests, skilled in capturing young and virtuous women, succeeded in effecting their imprisonment, and are now proof against their tears. Popery has even debarred them from a father's love and a brother's protection—from

those who could avenge their wrongs did they but know of their suffering."

The speaker was a converted priest; he had graduated at Maynooth, but had been rescued from the delusion of Romanism. He knew to what place Nelly had been taken, but he knew not how to gain admission to her place of confinement. She was not in a regular nunnery, for she had no fortune; a dowry would have qualified her for a convent—nothing else. Nevertheless, she was as truly a prisoner, and no law could touch her without her father's sanction. None of us doubted but that priestly craft had already closed the father's heart against his daughter's rescue.

Despite these discouragements, we were fully determined to rescue her, though we were in great doubt as to how this was to be done. Some thought that if she knew friends were at hand she would escape of herself, but I did not believe this. It is true that it was nothing unusual for a nun to escape. One well-known case was mentioned where a "Sister of Mercy" had climbed from her bedroom window to a tree that grew near, and thence to the ground, and had effected her escape. A gentleman who witnessed the consternation of the priests and nuns the following morning, said that before an hour had elapsed after the discovery of the nun's flight and the means of her escape he saw that tree cut down with terrible strokes, and as-

sured us that although not a singer, that morning he sat and sang with all his soul,

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough."

With this example before them the gentlemen who were interesting themselves in Nelly's behalf thought it very likely that she might adopt some such plan, but I, knowing her character, felt sure she would not follow any such course.

My companions, with the exception of the converted priest, were members of an organization recognized in the Presbyterian north of Ireland as a grand bulwark of Protestantism, and in the west and south as the great and formidable barrier to popish aggression—namely, the Orange Association. It was agreed between us that several true friends within the bounds of this society should be employed for the purpose of helping us in the search after Nelly.

The next day I asked Mr. Fitzgerald concerning the nature and workings of Orangeism.

"Orangeism," he replied, "is one of those institutions which in Ireland is perhaps more misrepresented by its enemies, and less understood by many who would be its friends if they took the trouble to examine into its principles, than any other system in existence. It is not an institution antagonistic to any government, but is especially loyal to

the British constitution. Nor is it an organization that has for its object the overthrow of national liberty and privilege. Liberty, civil and religious, is its watchword, both for itself, its friends and its enemies. It is an organization for the protection and maintenance of the Protestant religion. The history of Protestantism in Ireland might be written with blood ; this was instanced by the massacres of Wexford, Enniscorthy and Scullabogue, and a hundred other places throughout the country. This fact would be scarcely worth notice now but that the Church of Rome herself glories in this—that she is the same *unchanged* and *unreformed* system she ever was, being *always* infallible. There are, it is true, in connection with the struggles of Protestantism against the galling slavery of the Church of Rome more than one or two dark chapters which she now reads with tears. But Protestantism, having once emerged out of that terrible gloom, looks back with sorrow on those days and mourns with repentant tears that she ever persecuted. In the history of popery no such compunction is felt, no such weakness acknowledged ; no tears have ever fallen from her eyes, and no prayer for pardon for crimes has ever ascended from her lips. Not even, like the stolid culprit under the sentence of a violated and insulted law, does she sit refusing to confess her crime ; but like the reckless outlaw she boasts and glories in her sin and shame ;

nor does she ever promise an amendment. This is popery; this is popery in Ireland; this the system that surrounds us everywhere.

"And how is the Church of Rome affected toward the English government of to-day?" continued Mr. Fitzgerald. "Is not everything English obnoxious to her? Do not the priests themselves evade the laws of our country and encourage the infatuated people who are under their influence to do the same? Let me read you a few brief extracts from the report of Her Majesty's commissioners who professed to investigate the inward workings of Maynooth College on some of these points. In reply to a question of the commissioners the Rev. Dr. Russell, professor of Ecclesiastical History, says that 'a vote by a Romanist against Catholic emancipation would be to maintain a system of laws devised for the prosecution of the true religion, would involve grave moral guilt and would disqualify him (the voter) for absolution.' The laws of England, therefore, are looked upon as laws of persecution. The Rev. Daniel Leahy, who entered Maynooth in 1832 and left it in 1837, was an officiating priest for fifteen years and a half, but finally abandoned popery altogether, and declared on oath before the commissioners the following facts: 'The impression is constantly kept up in the minds of the students that if the reigning monarch were at any time a heretic and out of the pale of sal-

vation, they could not conscientiously render what they call allegiance to him, so as to keep him on the throne to the exclusion of a Roman Catholic.'

"The general opinion was that the pope had direct power over kings, inasmuch as their souls and the souls of their subjects were more valuable than any worldly possessions, and that everything should come to the utility of the Church finally to forward that end—to wit, the salvation of their souls." Now, these are the very men who hold the minds and the consciences of the Irish people under absolute control. Rebels in heart themselves, the fruits of their disloyalty are manifest to the world. Here, too, is the secret of Ireland's discontent, which has fostered more crime and entailed more suffering upon the unfortunate Irish Catholics than upon any other nation on the earth.

Mr. Fitzgerald had proceeded thus far in his remarks when my acquaintance of the night before was ushered into the room, and we immediately appealed to him for his experience of Maynooth loyalty.

"The taking of the oath of allegiance in Maynooth is a farce and an imposition on Protestant credulity," said he. "I will give you my experience. I remember that the senior dean came to the freshmen late in the evening prior to our taking the oath of allegiance. I had never in my life before witnessed such consternation among

the students as they exhibited that evening at the idea of swearing allegiance to a Protestant sovereign. The dean saw the gathering storm, and endeavored to appease their minds. In calling over the list the following morning there were about one-third of the students on the sick list, and it was distinctly understood by us that they feigned sickness in order to avoid taking the oath. The two deans walked us to the court-house, and I was not a little astonished at the scenes I witnessed. The senior dean had ordered us to bring all the Bibles and Testaments in our possession; to the best of my recollection, there were *five* or *six* found among several hundred students. When we were ushered into the grand and petit jury-boxes there was a disgraceful struggle, each person endeavoring to push forward his fellow to the front of the rails, hoping thereby to avoid laying his hand on these Testaments. At the taking of the oath the officer of the court told us to repeat distinctly the words after him, and when he gave out the words of the oath I heard two young men standing near me repeat the words in a negative sense, so that when the officer said, 'I do swear,' they said, 'I do not swear.' We were next ushered into the grand-jury room and signed a register. After this we returned to the college, when those who had feigned sickness taunted us with taking the oath of allegiance under the fear of expulsion, for the dean

deemed it necessary to tell us that it was the feeling that the statutes of the house required each student to take the oath of allegiance, under pain of expulsion. Wherefore the pretended sick men taunted those who had really taken the oath with having done so under pressure of fear. Many of the young men boasted that they had not repeated the words of the oath, while others said that they had not laid their hands on the Testaments on which they were supposed to have been sworn.

"I never heard that the young men whose names appeared on the sick list were afterward called upon to take the oath," continued my friend. "I do not think that my experience of the taking of the oath of allegiance to a Protestant monarch differs from that of any other priest who, like myself, has abandoned popery ; what you have just heard from me has been corroborated by several of them, who, when before Her Majesty's commissioners in 1853-54, declared on oath the same things ; the whole of which was presented to Parliament in March, 1855."

"Where Romanists predominate in numbers," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "they are intolerant persecutors of their Protestant countrymen, as is the case in the south and west ; where the Protestants are in the majority, there the Romanists are intolerably insolent. The murder of Williams, the missionary of Whitegate, in the south, and the ever-recurring riots in the north, prove the truth of these state-

ments. At the instigation of their priest (a Maynooth man) they fell upon the Protestant missionary (Williams), broke all his fingers first, then mutilated his body until his life was almost gone. He lived only a few days after this brutal assault, and expired in great agony; nevertheless, a Popish jury acquitted the priest who was charged with inciting his flock to commit the murder. What, then, is Orangeism? Why, it is the only safeguard the Irish Protestant has to fall back upon in time of need. Nor is it a source of slight gratification to me to know that there are in this country several thousands of young men bound together by a solemn oath to protect our homes and churches and be loyal and good subjects to the queen of England. Nay, more, these men are bound by oath never to marry a papist. Now, I would not have you to believe that all papists are thoroughly corrupt; the Roman Catholic women are as virtuous, as pure and as true as the Protestant women. There is much truth in these old lines:

'Here many find hearts warm and kind,
Maids beautiful, lithe and sweet;
You might envy the favored grass they press
In the tread of their naked feet;
A flood of melody swells the voice
And stealeth the soul away;
'Tis beauty supreme
Fulfilling the dream
That told of a brighter day.'"

"But," said I, in some perplexity, "I cannot see the necessity of this latter oath."

"Can you not?" said my friend earnestly. "This is the necessity: Because the Church of Rome teaches that all such marriages are invalid should the offspring be educated in heresy (*educationem prolis in hæresi invalidum foret matrimonium*—Dens' *Theology*, vol. vii. page 144). Still, it is well known that Irish priests sometimes try by every means in their power to bring about such unions, because through the confessional the following instructions are afforded:

"'Is it lawful to dissemble what is the truth or to cover the truth with words or other ambiguous or doubtful signs for a just cause, and when there is not a necessity of confessing? . . . Not only is it lawful, but often more conducive to the glory of God and the utility of your neighbors, to cover the faith than to confess it; for example, if concealed among heretics you may accomplish a greater good.'

"The moment a Protestant unites himself in marriage to a Romanist she may deny her own faith, and, having done so, she is instructed as follows in the confessional:

"'An adulteress may deny adultery to her husband. She is able to assert equivocally that she did not break the bond of matrimony, which truly remains; and if sacramentally she confessed adultery,

she can answer, "I am innocent of the crime," because by confession it was taken away. . . . She can deny with an oath and say, "I did not commit the crime," in the same way that the accused can say to his judge, "I did not commit the crime," understanding that he did not so commit it that he is bound to manifest it to him.'

"Having thus persuaded the young wife that domestic virtue is not virtue and sin is not sin, she is next initiated into the mysteries of disposing of her husband's property without the consent of the said husband or even in direct disregard of his command :

" 'A wife can give alms and gifts in accordance with the custom of other women of that place and condition, although her husband may prohibit her from giving any alms, because custom hath appointed this right to her, of which her husband cannot deprive her.' "

"All this is new to me," I said.

"These quotations," said my friend, "are from the standard authorities, in which the Irish priest is instructed (Liguori and Dens' *Theologies*); the former of whom was canonized at Rome, May 6, 1829, and his works by a decree pronounced *sound* and *orthodox*; while the works of the latter, Peter Dens, in 1832 were reprinted in eight volumes and sold in Ireland with the approbation of the archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray, who, in recommend-

ing it to his clergy, said: 'I have no hesitation in recommending it as a useful summary to your attentive perusal.' Now, then, if all this be true, is there no necessity, think you, for an organization to protect ourselves, our liberties and our property? Is there no necessity for us to be on guard against a system the extension of which would be fatal to our very existence, in this country at least?"

"There is, indeed," I replied warmly; "but is it not strange that Orangeism is so little understood by Protestants themselves?"

"That is because they will not take the trouble of examining it for themselves," said Mr. Fitzgerald. "Not one out of every hundred of these political semi-papists know that the Orange lodges are opened and closed with the reading of the word of God and with prayer, and not one out of every hundred of these cold-hearted friends knows that in many of these lodges hymns of praise to God are sung, sermons preached or religious addresses delivered; nor do they know that numbers of ministers of the gospel, both Episcopalian and dissenting ministers of undoubted reputation, are united with them and control and govern them."

"One other question I must ask you, sir," I said: "from what do those riots in the north of Ireland proceed?"

"Not from the Orange party," he replied.

"What! were they not mixed up with the riots?"

"No, assuredly not. Mobs of Belfast are not Orangemen; they consist for the most part of boys, women and girls. The stone-throwing, believe me, is too ignoble a war for Orange reputation, and no body of men could be more disgusted with those brutal scenes than were the Orangemen themselves."

This was, of course, food for reflection. I had never heard of these facts before, nevertheless, I learned later from personal observation and experience that they were true.

CHAPTER XIII.

"But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome and an open face;
In all they did you might discern with ease
A willing mind and a desire to please."—DRYDEN.

IN order to give my readers a more perfect view of the Irish character it will be necessary for me to resume my narrative at the place where I began; that is, in the vicinity of my old home. Of course after all that had taken place I could not return thither, but my heart was still true to the memories of that dear home. Many a time in imagination did I again tread the familiar paths: the *aharluch Glohn agus thinagh rohn brightal'-tha* (the tidy hearth and the pleasant bright fire) of home were things of the past, but the charm of boyhood's days clung round those mental pictures. I saw the clean white-ashed peat and the large block of bogdeal flashing their phantom-like lights and flickering shadows upon the smooth whitewashed walls; I saw the well-furnished "dresser" with its shining pewter and its snow-white shelves; I saw the smooth mortar floor upon which we had danced many a merry jig and reel; and, dearest

picture of all, I saw that stately figure whose fingers were never idle and in whose bright blue eyes the mother-love shone true and steadfast.

Many a time my heart sank within me and my eyes filled with tears when I recollected that now there was a deep gulf between these dearly-loved objects and myself; but when my heart was most cast down the words of the Saviour gave me new strength and hope: "Every one that hath forsaken houses or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

After consultation as to the best course to pursue in prosecuting the search for Nelly, Daniel More suggested that we should secure the aid of a certain person living in a district of the county of Mayo, who, he thought, might be able to help us in accomplishing our purpose. On the day following, therefore, a friend of ours set out for the town of Balloughaboareen in the wild West on a mission to the person. The friend who was so kind as to undertake this mission was a clergyman, whose adventures will be best narrated in his own words, and which are as follows:

"The town of Balloughaboareen is the great-grandmother of all the towns of that name. It is situated in the county of Mayo, and is embosomed in hills perpetually green and watered by a creek

which is fed by rivulets from the hills, and which empties itself into the bay just one mile from the town.

"In the suburbs of this little town the writer of these adventures spent some years of his boyhood, during which time he became familiar with every nook and corner in mountain and meadow, sea, lake and river in the entire region. Many a rich story could he relate of Irish weddings, wakes, fairs, races, fox-hunts, hare-hunts, and even whisky-still hunts. Many a time has he been out with the gaugers (revenue officers) on the latter raids, and many a long race has he kept up with in order to be in at the death, or, in other words, to witness the capture of a moonshiner. The present report, however, is not a reminiscence of early associations, but a record of incidents and adventures in connection with a special mission to the west of Ireland.

"In the town of Balloughaboareen lives Randal Dimpsey, an Irish 'boy' fifty years of age, five feet ten inches in height, with hair black as a raven and curled like that of a negro, and with a complexion corresponding to that of an Indian. His arms are long and strong, having, however, but one hand between them, though this hand is a very useful and very skillful one. In lieu of the other hand an iron hook is substituted, and the owner seems to be very well satisfied with this makeshift.

Randal Dimpsey lives in a small cabin at the quay of Balloughaboareen, and keeps a sailing boat with fishing-tackle and guns for hire. The hiring of guns, however, since the 'Arms Act' went into operation, is an absolutely private transaction between Randal and his old favorite customers, and the object for which they are hired is seal and wild-fowl shooting. Randal and myself are old acquaintances, and indeed I may add fast friends. He it was who first taught me to shoot and to row and gave me my first lesson in fly-fishing. Having wisely kept aloof from politics, treason and all dissensions, Randal has succeeded in gaining and maintaining the most friendly relations with the Protestants who reside in the neighborhood and with those who visit the place.

"For the sake of 'auld lang syne' and other reasons which shall be duly stated, I 'engaged' Randal, his boat, fishing-tackle, guns and his son John for a cruise in Clew Bay.

"'Call him Johnny, sir, av ye please, for shortness; set him up wid bein' called John!' This is Randal's first modest request and significant comment on the claims of his heir to a proper name.

"Randal has but one of a crew, the ubiquitous Johnny, who performs the duties of second officer, cook, quartermaster and man before the mast; 'he is just fifteen years of age to-day, Yer River-

ince,' says Randal; at which remark I suddenly recollect a note in a diary of a cruise in Clew Bay, entered five years and a half ago, which reads thus: 'Made young John Dimpsey a birthday present, he being just thirteen years old to-day.' Johnny, however, in obedience to orders, passes with the agility of a monkey from stem to stern and from the cabin to the masthead. His mission to the latter position from time to time is to look out for the seals which bask along the sides of the numerous islands. Of course no sooner does he discover the game than he announces the fact to his father. Such a communication he has just made with the strongest emphasis, and the addition, 'She's blowin', father—blowin' like a blacksmith's bellows.'

"'It might as well be a *he*, Johnny me son o' brass,' returns the father; 'but what are ye waitin' up there for? Down wid the sails, man alive!—down wid the sails, or we'll be in on her! *Oagh murther!* d' ye hear the way the young *plubinoother* is lettin' that jib rattle? Aisy now, aisly, *succor* an' aisly; don't let it make a splash, Johnny *mabroughal* (my boy).—Ye see, Yer Riverince, that sale is in deep wather, an' in two hours 'twill be nib tide, an' thin he'll go ashore.'

"'An' where'll he go, father?' asks Johnny with a look of innocent curiosity.

"'Oh, thin, Yer Riverince, isn't it an aggravatin' thing for a man to have a son that 'ed never larn

anything? Now, that gossoor has been on the Croagan Rock a hundred times, an' he's niver yet found out that that big sale over there has built himself an illegant residence, feshtooned wid tapes-thry made out of the *dillisk* (seaweed). Throught he has a drawin'-room in there as fine as the one in Lord Sligo's castle;—ye'll see the pictures on the walls whin ye go ashore, Johnny. Now, thin, steer for the weather side av the island, without givin' him the wind, for he'd smell us three miles off; an' let us git out av his sight an' hearin'. An' now, Johnny *alana*, take yer time an' do it well, an' do a good dale av it.'

"All this had passed in whispers, without the moving of a muscle of Randal's face and with the most solemn gravity. Having reached the point for which we steered and gained the top of the highest ridge of the island, an elevation of several hundred feet, we waited for the seal to come ashore. While we waited in silence I had one more chance to take in the glories of this favored region. The island itself is situated between the two bays already mentioned. Clew Bay extends but twelve miles from east to west and seven miles from north to south. Some of the islands are quite extensive and densely populated; others are small, flat and stony; while yet others are long, with snowy lines of sand and gravel; some of these lines are perfectly straight, others curve gracefully, and others, again,

are fantastically curved by the action of strong currents.

"The conical Croach Patrick forms part of the background of this beautiful landscape. The rugged declivities slope down to the water's edge; on the south side is a steep precipice called *Lug na Nar-rick*, on the edge of which, as tradition relates, St. Patrick stood, bell in hand, and every time he rang it he flung it from him, and instead of flying down the Lug it was brought back to his hands by ministering spirits, and every time it was rung thousands of toads, adders and noisome things crawled out of their holes and went tumbling neck and heels one after the other. What Croach Patrick is to Clew Bay, Nephin Beg is to Newport Bay, which is also a magnificent sheet of water, gemmed with green islands and guarded with loving care by lofty mountain-ranges.

"Having secured our seal, which measured nearly five feet in length, we steered for another part of the bay, which we had no sooner reached than we found ourselves in a dense fog, which effectually put a stop to all further sport for the present, and, after waiting until nightfall in the hope of the fog lifting, we again took to the small boat and made for an adjacent island. The name of this island is Innish Dhu: there was one solitary house upon it, occupied by a family named Hanlon, and we felt assured that if we could reach the island we would

be hospitably entertained by the Hanlons. Notwithstanding our familiarity with the bay, it was nearly midnight before we made out the island for which we were steering. The Hanlons had long since retired, but the dogs were wide awake, and in answer to our halloo set up a barking which soon aroused the inmates of the cottage; so that before we reached the door the eldest son, Pat, came out, and, without expressing any surprise or asking who we were or what we wanted, exclaimed, 'Yer heartily welcome, gintlemin.' This was my first introduction to Pat Hanlon. A cordial invitation was at once extended to enter the house, which was a one-story thatched dwelling with three rooms. The middle room was the kitchen; Pat and his brother Michael occupied the room on the right; the three daughters of the family had the room on the left, while in the *collaugh*, an outlet from the kitchen just large enough to hold a bed, slept the old father and mother.

"The house was perfectly dark, but as we entered a friendly voice from the *collaugh* exclaimed,

"God save ye kindly, gintlemin!"

"God save ye, ma'am!" replied Randal.

"Arrah, now, and who is it, shure?" said the voice, which seemed to come out of the wall. Our names and errand having been announced, old Mrs. Hanlon called out in loud and earnest tones to her eldest daughter,

“‘*Honor*, Honor! whisper me this: aren’t ye gettin’ up? Don’t ye hear there’s company come?”

“A clear ringing laugh was borne to our ears as a sweet voice answered,

“‘That’s a loud whisper, mother; I’ll be down directly.’

“By this time the good mother herself, a round, plump country matron, was on the floor. How she dressed herself in the dark I know not, but dressed she was, and calling out to Pat to bring her the ‘grisset’ and praying ‘bad luck to the cat that ate me tallow candle on me last night!’ The grisset having been brought, some grease was melted in it, and by the addition of a flaxen wick a light was soon produced. Then for the first time I saw Honor Hanlon, a tall, slender girl whose every movement was full of gentle grace and animation. Her complexion was pure and clear, her hair dark as the raven’s plumage, her eyes a brilliant black, her mouth beautiful and her smile enchanting. Evidently she had donned her Sunday gown in honor of our visit, and the simple dress, buttoned close up to her chin, though certainly it might have fitted her graceful form better, did not at all detract from the natural grace and beauty of her person. But that which most excited my admiration was the air of simple refinement and good-breeding which hung about her. While she moved with ease and conversed with wit, there was again and again the

blush of the modest maiden, called out by the circumstances under which we met.

"By this time Pat had made a fire and every one was up, dressed and in the full flow of conversation. The kettle was put on, tea provided, stories told, and fun and frolic went on for hours.

CHAPTER XIV.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This is a man."

SHAKESPEARE.

"**I**NNISH DHU (Black Island) is in the bay of Newport. The town itself is about twelve miles from the island, but the nearest landing on the mainland is only three miles distant. For this landing I steered the next morning, and there parted with Randal Dimpsey and the irrepressible Johnny, instructing them to await my return. My journey this day lay straight up the Teerina Mountains to a small village with a long name, Balloughadherrin. During the first two miles the road ran through a valley fertilized by the waters of a babbling brook which was fed by mountain-tributaries, and we were therefore gladdened by the sight of brushwood and a few stunted objects which we are constrained to call trees. Parting with these mountain-streams and their embryo forests, I began to ascend, but, however quick my pace, Nature beats me in the race. She is ever in advance, still above and still playing fantastic tricks around me; gigantic swells

of solid earth spring up as if by magic everywhere and startle me, and high heathery walls, five hundred feet or more, invite me to yet loftier altitudes. Not a tree is visible now, not a stone or pebble, not a shrub nor a bush—nothing but downy heather to the very summit. The one thought that impresses the traveler is, How awful is the silence!

‘It is not quiet, is not ease,
But something deeper far than these.
The separation that is here
Is of the grave, and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead.’

“Having arrived at Balloughadherrin, which lies at an altitude of one thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, I had a full view of bay and mountains. It was the leafy month of June, or, as it might be called in the Teerina Mountains, the heathery month of June, for leaves there were none save a few offshoots of a certain homely household vegetable not recognized in poetry, which, nevertheless, that there may be no ambiguity, I will mention—namely cabbage-leaves. The season was exceptionally fine; though the sun everywhere else was powerful, at Balloughadherrin, not at the ‘witching hour of night,’ but at noon, the great coat was buttoned up, and a friend wrapped me in a heavy Irish frieze as an additional protection against the chill mountain-air.

"And as we stood there on that sublime elevation what a scene presented itself to our vision! How grand and yet how sad! for while it would require the pen of a Scott to describe the grandeur of the scenery, it would require a tongue touched with the fire both of eloquence and of pathos to convey an accurate idea of the ignorance and squalor of the mountain-peasants of Balloughadherrin. Their homes were small black mud-walled hovels, with a dunghill and a cesspool before each door, some of these within three feet of the threshold. Ducks, geese, pigs, cows, goats and human beings, grimed and ragged, huddled together under the same roof and often in the same apartment. Not a man or a woman, boy or girl, would you meet with shoes and stockings. The only whitewashed house in the village was that of the priest, and he was the only comfortably dressed person in the community; but he was as well and as fashionably dressed as his brethren in Dublin or Cork or any other city in Ireland. Indeed, one of the singular and apparently incongruous contrasts to be met with in the Celtic provinces of Ireland is the fashionable garb of the priest and the ragged attire of the peasantry.

"In the town of Balloughadherrin, Father Mc-Navigan at one time resided; the chapel in which he had officiated, however, was at Burrowsool. It was his custom and that of his curate to stand in the entrance to the sacred building with a plate before

him and a heavy blackthorn stick in his hand, and refuse the parishioners admission except on payment of their dues : no one could enter without putting at least a copper on the plate. To do the priest justice, he pronounced a blessing on the head of each contributor, though it was equally true that he proportioned his blessings according to the measure of the gifts. Thus to those who put copper coins on the plate he said, 'God bless you !' to those who put silver he said, 'God Almighty bless you !' while to those who put a gold-piece on the plate, or even a large piece of silver, he added, 'God and his blessed mother bless you !'

"It happened that on one occasion a larger number than usual of his parishioners came to the Burrowsool chapel, but the poor souls had nothing to put on the plate, or if they had they determined to resist the demands of the priest. Accordingly, they gathered about the door and began to press forward. The priest, supposing that they would not resist his authority, felled one or two of them with his stick. The rest of the crowd, however, undeterred, pressed in on those who were nearest the entrance, and so great was the pressure and determination of the people that in their impetuosity they carried the door, framework, posts, lintels and priest, with them into the building. Father Mick accepted his defeat with a good grace, ascended the altar and informed them that he would never again stand at the door

of the church to keep man, woman or child out of the house of God, and then and there took up a collection to repair the injury which had been done.

"Among those who had felt the weight of Father Mick's blackthorn was a man named Jemmie Brownie, a tall, wiry, muscular farmer, who had unquestionably led the attack upon the priest, but who would never admit the charge, claiming that it was the door, not the holy Father, they had attacked. Jemmie, however, had suffered from Father McNavigan an injury greater than the wound inflicted by the priest's blackthorn stick. His domestic happiness had been completely wrecked, and a great and bitter sorrow had come into his life. Yet in the face of disgrace and shame he clung to the Church at whose altars officiated the very priest who had done him so grievous a wrong. The anointing of Father Mick's *shillalah* on the head of Jemmie Brownie was, however, the last metaphorical but significant straw that broke the camel's back; the breach between priest and parishioner could not now be healed. Brownie ceased to go to mass, though he sought no other place of worship. For a time the antagonism between the two men was mutual, but finally Father Mick was removed to another parish, and, the irritating cause of his resentment being absent, the anger of the good-hearted Irishman died away.

"From this brief sketch the reader will begin to

understand a part of my mission to this parish. It was to see Jemmie Brownie I had come to Ballyloughderrin. He was a Catholic, it is true, and I was a Protestant clergyman, but we had been boys together; many a hare had we hunted, I doing execution with my muzzle-loader, he carrying the game. To reach Jemmie in safety, however, it was necessary for me to take a cruise through Clew Bay and Newport Bay, and it would be equally if not more necessary to return by a similar circuitous route.

"I wish I could paint a life-likeness of my old friend Jemmie. In his boyhood he could speak very little English, and what he did speak was the very worst English that I have ever heard. On one occasion he came to our house at a late hour as the bearer of a message from Colonel Banes to my father. He knocked at the door, and upon the inquiry, 'Who is there?' he replied, 'Tis me, Shamus Brownie, Curleton Banes's gossoor; open the door an' *lig me stoch* (let me in).'

"On another occasion, when sent to mail a letter, he knocked at the post-office window and called out, 'Arrah, Misther Post, would ye open the door an' let in the posth-office?'

"Jemmie had made progress in the years that had passed since I had seen him—progress at least in the use of the English tongue; indeed, his fluency was his special fault. After the usual salutation, which on the part of Jemmie was all that even an

Irish welcome could be expected to be, he introduced me to his son Patsey, the exact image of himself in his boyhood days, adding to the few words of introduction,

“‘A fine boy, sir, a very fine boy; shy, sir, shy, very shy, but smart; would Yer Riverince examine him? He’s learned, sir, thought he’s learned—more thin his father ever was, God be good to us all! Examine him, sir—plase examine him.’

“Having been so strongly urged to examine Patsey, and knowing that to refuse would hurt my old friend, I ventured to ask the question:

“‘Patsey, how many Gods are there?’

“Poor Patsey made no reply, and once more Jemmie broke in:

“‘Shy, sir, very shy; shy, but smart;—answer His Riverince, Patsey—answer, sir. How many Gods?’ Then in a whisper loud enough for all to hear, Jemmie leaned over to assist Patsey by saying, ‘*Anything over three ye’re wrong;*’ adding as an apology for the prompting that ‘Patsey is a very shy boy, but smart.’

“In addition to the fact that Jemmie Brownie is the open enemy of Father McNavigan, we had a claim on his assistance inasmuch as he was the uncle of Nelly Gray on her mother’s side. It chanced that while we were considering, during our stay in Dublin, what could be done for the fair young girl so cruelly imprisoned, Daniel More had given his

knee a significant slap and in his peculiar way exclaimed,

"'I've caught 'ed as shure as gun's iron !"

"'Caught what, Daniel?" asked Terence O'Dowd, who sat brooding moodily over his trouble.

"'Faith, only a little fancy that was flittin' like a moth before a candle,' said Daniel—'jist a bit av an idea, that's all ;' and we could get nothing more out of him just then.

"The next morning, when only a few select friends were together, Daniel suggested that some one of us should visit Balloughadherrin and secure the co-operation of Nelly's uncle, Jemmie Brownie, who could do more to bring Father McNavigan to his senses than any other man living. We gladly adopted the suggestion, and I was chosen as the man best fitted for the mission.

"Having arrived at Balloughadherrin, and having received my welcome from Brownie as described, I soon won for myself my old place in the affections of my boyhood's friend. All that Jemmie could do to interest or amuse me was cheerfully done, and thus it happened that a day or two after my arrival I was duly informed of a wake which was to be held over the body of a certain Martin Tondra of Balloughadherrin. I knew the dead man well : no member of the Church of Rome put more faith in holy water than Martin had done. His wife Molly was of great repute in the town, as

she cured or professed to cure certain diseases by a charm. I have often seen her operate on children, and she herself had unbounded faith in her own powers, but Martin held steadfastly to the virtues of holy water. Morning, noon and night he crossed himself with it: it was his panacea for all the ills of soul and body. Poor Martin was dead and was pronounced a 'beautiful corpse.' Biddy Brady and Sally McHale had laid him out—two of the best 'hands' in the village. Biddy, in fact, was famous for closing the eyes of a corpse beautifully; it was her forte, and a family would no more have thought of allowing any member to die without having Biddy Brady present to close his eyes than without the priest's presence to anoint him. Besides, Biddy was one of the best *keeners* in the parish; her voice in an Irish cry was beautiful; she would always in her keening do justice to the corpse whose eyes she had closed. Of course, there was a slight fee for each service, but then that service was exceptionally well rendered.

"The body of Martin Tondra was laid out on the front door, which had been taken off the hinges and placed on two stools. His soul, in the opinion of the entire community, was evidently in purgatory; this was inferred from the prayers which Biddy, the widow and the company of friends offered with frantic importunity for its repose. Some of the *voteens*, or members of sacred orders,

such as the Carmelites, Lay Sisters and others, urged petitions for the release of the imprisoned spirit. At times these would thump violently on their chests, and again, raising their hands to heaven, they would implore the saints, angels and the Virgin Mary to have mercy upon his poor soul and be pleased to pacify the angry God.

"After every good Catholic had prayed for the soul of the dead man the next proper thing was for each 'boy' and 'girl' to go to the wake. Six 'mould' candles, a plate of snuff and another of tobacco were laid on the corpse, a large number of new clay pipes were provided, and after the first cry, which was led by Biddy Brady and twenty others all standing together and rocking to and fro as if they were on board ship and rolling on a rough sea, the fun began. Up to this point the proceedings were in accordance with universal custom and the programme was literally carried out.

"Afterward an extempore entertainment was held. The beginning of the night was made hideous with all manner of singing; love songs, comic songs, weird songs, rang out in strange discordance. Then followed the games and tricks—'Horth the Broag,' 'Watch the Candle,' 'Hunt the Slipper' and many others. In some of these games only the young men take part, as the exercise is severe and painful, often violent and brutal."

CHAPTER XV.

"This, this has thrown a serpent to my heart
While it o'erflowed with tenderness and joy,
With all the sweetness of exulting love:
Now naught but gall is there and burning poison."

'Twas midnight, and the lake was still;
The moon had reached the highest hill;
The placid sky with sparkling light
Bestowed enchantments on the night.
No sound was heard, not e'en a breeze
Produced a rustle in the trees
Which skirt the mount and fringe the lake;
Nor did an echo once awake.
So soft the night-bird dipped its wing
To touch the cool perennial spring
Which glided from its flinty bed
And followed where its windings led.

"THESE words would about describe my surroundings. I found myself not at Martin Tondra's wake, but at the upper lake of Burrowsool, at midnight, under a certain rock and within a few yards of the water's edge. I was alone, and yet not exactly alone, for Jemmie Brownie sat not far off at another turn of the lake. I had scarcely taken my seat, however, when a spectre stood out in the moonlight before me, and,

although I had been prepared by Brownie for the appearance of the apparition, I was startled for the moment. The midnight visitor was a gaunt, grim woman in rags; instinctively, I suppose, or else by a sort of cunning, she discovered my momentary trepidation, and immediately addressed me in a voice which was calm yet had a wonderful thrill of pathos in it:

“‘A woman I was once, good sir—nay, start not, I am a woman still, though a spectre too; for of a truth it is demon spectres only who would fulfill my mission—demons that do what I shall do, expose a holy priest and bring the anathemas of the Holy Church upon me. But then I shall be avenged—avenged!’ She paused for a moment and glanced wildly around; her teeth began to chatter; her form bent almost to the ground, her hands were clasped together, and as she swayed her body from right to left, and then backward and forward, every part of it became convulsed as if groups of demons had seized upon her. The paroxysm, however, was soon over, and with the assistance of Jemie Brownie, who came to her aid, for she was his sister Maggie, the poor demented creature was soothed and restored, at least for a time, to her right mind.

“Maggie Brownie at the age of fifteen was a most beautiful girl, growing day by day, as the lilies grow, purer, sweeter, more meet for tender treatment and for true affection. One day a lady

named McAlpine drove through the streets of the village in which Maggie lived, and was so impressed with the girl's beautiful face and graceful figure, as well as with her musical voice and quick Irish wit, that she took her into her family and educated her with her own daughters.

"In due time Maggie Brownie married an officer of the Inland revenue force: I shall withhold his name for obvious reasons. He was a devout Catholic, of good education, and a man who conscientiously discharged the duties of his station. Unhappily, he was much older than the beautiful and accomplished girl whom he had married, and yet their union should have been happy, for they loved each other with all their hearts. For a year or two their home was unmarred by a cloud; the first shadow that dimmed the sunshine was the death of Maggie's friend and benefactress, Mrs. McAlpine; the next was the visits of a young priest, Father Mick McNavigan. Irish hospitality is proverbial, and Father Mick's reception by his two parishioners was not less kind than that usually accorded to the parish priest. Maggie's husband was the descendant of an old Irish family whose door was ever open and whose table was always spread for friend and stranger; with inflexible rectitude and traditional benevolence were blended a cheerful disposition and that considerate familiarity which won the liking of all who came in contact with him. Father Mick

was soon under the charm of his host's manners, and for a long time his daily calls and lengthened visits were attributed solely to that influence; but

Spots and shadows sometimes blend with light.

"So it was with Maggie's husband. A haughty temper now and then rendered his fine qualities a source of danger to himself and to his wife, and too often threw Maggie and the priest together. It was not long before the wily Father Mick began to play the rôle of sympathizer; had it been any other than a holy priest who assumed that character, she would have scorned his consolations; but he was her confessor, her spiritual adviser and the companion of her husband. He claimed the privilege—nay, the right—to console her. Moreover, the holy priest knew nearly everything about them, and what he did not yet know he would ultimately find out. Nor was it necessary for him to resort to any harsh measures to do this; the confessional would soon reveal the traces of human weaknesses and petty frailties lying unsuspected in the heart.

"For two years Father Mick paid his daily visits, and by and by Maggie's husband began to suspect that his position in his own house and his relations with his wife were not exactly the same as at first. His wife seemed in some way *insulated*: her person was as graceful as ever; she was even more beautiful, if that were possible; but there was less energy

in her movements, her dark languid blue eyes had lost their tenderness, and a soft melancholy overshadowed her countenance. Gradually the conviction forced itself upon his mind that his wife's affections were from some cause or other being alienated from him. At times he noticed that her eyes were weighed down with heavy thoughts, and if they caught his gaze fixed upon her the soft bloom of her countenance deepened into a burning glow or faded into a deathly pallor. At times, too, she was very capricious, sometimes sinking into the deepest melancholy and again breaking out into the most violent excitement, so that in four years from the date of her marriage Maggie Brownie had ceased to wear even the semblance of a devoted wife.

"It has been said that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking, and the change that took place in the feelings of Maggie's husband on the discovery of his wife's indifference would seem to prove this. In the bitterness of his heart he sought occasions to humiliate and degrade her, and daily he hurled at her reproaches which threw her into fits of hysterical laughter or moved her to tears. Well was it for him that the latter effect was sometimes produced, or else before his death he would have had the terrible calamity to endure of seeing her a raving maniac; but her tears sometimes allayed the scorching fever which day and night consumed her brain and heart.

"One night, maddened by suspicion, Maggie's husband left his couch and pretended to leave his home; next morning his body was found, a disfigured mass retaining scarcely a resemblance to its former self. The ground around was trampled and red with the blood which had flowed from a hundred wounds inflicted by knife or dagger.

"Before the corpse could be moved, or even covered, the unfortunate Maggie came suddenly upon the scene. At sight of the ghastly body she gave one wild shriek, her eyes started from their sockets and the blood rushed like a torrent to her brain; she staggered back, but when some one held out his hands to catch her, she turned and fled from the place, a poor maniac. After wandering from place to place for a year or more in wild unrest, Maggie, a wreck of her former self, returned to the neighborhood of her own village. She was dressed in beggar's rags and lived in holes and caves, shunning contact with every one, hiding herself in the day and only venturing out at night, when she would roam for hours along the banks of Burrowsool Lake.

"The murderer of her husband has never been discovered; Jemmie Brownie claims to be in possession of facts which would convict the guilty party, but the influence of the Church, together with the power of an influential family, has so far kept his lips sealed. After Maggie had subsided into a sort

of calm her brother led the way to a small dilapidated cabin, which served her for a refuge in bad weather, and now while I write the concluding lines of her story the poor creature, seated on the ground, stretches out her bare feet to the feeble warmth of a smouldering fire and mutters to herself these meaningless words:

'Hurley-burley, limber-lock,
Five miles from seven oclock;
I sat and sung
Till daylight sprung.
Out came Tod
With his long rod,
And beat us as you would a clod.
Belles, my dear,
Lend a spear
Till I go to the wood and kill a fat deer.
Write down hickeldy-pickeldy pie.'

"My heart bleeds for poor Maggie sitting there crooning her nonsense, but every now and then looking over her shoulder in abject terror.

"'Maggie,' I say kindly, 'can't you give me some better poetry than that?'

"In a moment she rose, and taking from a cupboard a roll of stained and faded papers, handed me the following lines:

"'What mean these rising tempests in my soul?
What mean these surging billows of despair—
These waves which in such desperate fury roll,
Casting wild discord over scenes so fair—

A discord which I never felt till now,
A tempest under which my soul must bow ?

“And yet that such a storm from such a source
Should rise to agitate the human breast
Is not in harmony with Nature's course :
From such a cause this heart should be at rest.
Not thus with me ; I do not feel it so :
The source is bright, but dark the streams that flow.

“Yet love itself is something God has fixed
Within the universal breast of man ;
A stream from out the throne, it flows unmixed
And pure e'en here as where its flow began.
Though tainted be the cisterns which it fills,
Itself is God-like 'mid all human ills.’

“There were two other stanzas, but the paper was so faded and smeared that they were illegible with the exception of the last couplet :

‘Come to my help, remove this load of gall ;
Take from my heart the fears that on it fall.’

CHAPTER XVI.

"That talking knave
Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,
And sows sedition up and down the city,
Picking up discontented fools."—OTWAY.

"I WILL not divulge the result of the conference between Jemmie Brownie, his sister Maggie and myself, as to do so would be to inflict a wound on more than one individual. The morning following that sad interview on the borders of the lake, I took an affecting farewell of them both. Poor Maggie especially seemed to regret my departure, and looked at me in so wistful a manner that I had some trouble to keep back the tears that filled my eyes. Some faint glimmering of reason asserted itself for a time: she called me by my name, and even recalled to my recollection certain events in the history of our earlier days which I myself had forgotten; but these rational moments were but transient, like the gleaming of the sun through the mountain-mists.

"As I descended into the valley through a region where only the 'dry bones' of the earth were visible, I could not divert my thoughts from the mel-

ancholy scene I had witnessed : I thought of Maggie Brownie as of another Eve cast out of Paradise, and my heart was very heavy. Soon, however, I was recalled very unpleasantly to a recollection of my surroundings. A soft rain began to fall and soon penetrated my garments ; then a heavy mist settled down upon my path and obscured the mountains, sea and islands from my eyes. The rain began to pour faster and the wind increased to a hurricane ; as I continued my way in the face of the storm, foaming cascades burst from every cleft and crevice of rock and threatened to stop my progress. What was yet more serious, I knew that Randal Dimsey, who was waiting for my return, would not be able to bring his boat ashore for me, nor would he be able to remain at anchor where he was. My thoughts kept pace with the weather, both becoming more gloomy ; the rain was now coming down in sheets ; every brook and creek was filled to overflowing, and the wind seemed to hiss in mockery at my dismal plight. Fortunately, I remembered that the village of Cloonagesh lay not far off to my right, and thither I directed my steps. Cloonagesh is but a small cluster of huts in the middle of a bog, without tree or bush, field or garden, except a few black hillocks on which the wretched inhabitants cultivated a small crop of Irish potatoes. Any shelter from the tempest was acceptable just then, and I thankfully took refuge among the humble in-

habitants of the wretched little village. The entire community was unable to provide a decent couch for me to lie on; therefore when the storm moderated somewhat I sought the inn of Newport, and there I invite your company, good reader, as there are sights to see and things to hear which will astonish those not familiar with Romish ceremonies.

"During the week which had just elapsed wonderful things had happened in the small village of Glangarravy, but a short distance from the town. All the young people from twelve to twenty years of age had partaken of 'the second sacrament'—namely, confirmation. Now, if it be asked, What is included in taking the second sacrament? I answer, first, the subject prepares himself for it by fastings, prayers, penances and absolutions. Secondly, he performs 'an act of faith,' 'an act of hope,' 'an act of charity,' 'an act of desire,' 'an act of thanksgiving,' 'an act of fear,' 'an act of humility,' 'a prayer for receiving,' 'another prayer for receiving,' 'an act of praise and adoration,' 'an obligation,' and 'a conclusion.' Thirdly, having accomplished all these acts by repeating so many words, each young person from twelve to twenty receives a *character*—viz. 'a supernatural mark in his or her soul which can never be blotted out.' But how? By being anointed by the holy bishop with oil and balm, and by having his hands laid on him and each one re-

ceiving simultaneously a slap in the face and the sign of the cross.

"The young people of Glangarravy had not only received the supernatural mark, but with it, by the imposition of the bishop's hands, the oil, the balm, the sign of the cross and the slap in the face, they received also the Holy Ghost, and now, having completed the necessary acts, together with no small number of penances, concluded by partaking of the holy Eucharist.

"And yet this was not the conclusion. There was yet to come the *soirée* in the boys' school-room, when the venerable and very reverend bishop presided, and six holy Fathers of the Church and shepherds of those lambs of the fold with the supernatural mark upon them and the Holy Ghost in them surrounded him on the platform. It was a heavenly sight to see so many guilty ones, just made innocent, coming together with those wonderfully powerful and holy priests who pardoned all their sins, healed their souls, sanctified their hearts and put the Holy Ghost within them. Especially is this an affecting sight when we remember how they were instructed to conduct themselves after communion—namely, 'to say their prayers and to spend the rest of the day in reading, prayer, recreation of mind, pious and charitable offices and good works.' This would not be necessary, however, until all was over and until each young person with the supernatural mark had

retired to his own privacy. But here is the overwhelming thought: So much innocence and perfection in one place, priests and people, how will they conduct their social meeting? No doubt they will emulate the innocent and pure, who

‘In heaven above, the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spend.’

Led on by holy priests from strain to strain of loftiest sentiment and song, it will be sublime beyond description—‘What mortals scarce could comprehend, or human tongue declare.’

“Nevertheless, mortal though I am, I shall venture to give the programme of the evening, reminding the reader at the same time that it was the climax of the holy services conducted by the venerable and very reverend bishop and six of his clergy in the village of Glangarravy.

“The bishop having taken his chair and the holy Fathers having surrounded him on the platform, two of them stood up face to face and played *on their violins a very beautiful duet* entitled ‘The Shaking o’ the Barley.’ This of course must have been to imitate the sweep of the seraph’s harp in the *upward* scene of innocence. How easy it was to reconcile the next performance by one of the absolvers with the heavenly songs as he played upon his cremona ‘The Flittin’ o’ the Cow,’ ‘Paddy O’Raferty’ and several other tunes of the same class! Nor was any

excuse necessary for the fact that the reverend fiddlers were followed by six of those who had just received the holy supernatural mark upon them and the Holy Ghost within them, who came to the platform and struck up, for the general edification, several other comic songs and pieces, which so elevated the venerable and very reverend bishop that he expressed how much pleasure it gave him to preside at such a meeting, and the difficulty he felt in complying with the request to make a speech. The venerable and very reverend gentleman then called upon the schoolmaster of Glangarravy for another comic song, and he was followed by one of the holy priests with the following oration :

“He had come there, he said, to exhibit himself as an example of obedience. The parish priest of Glangarravy was well up in drilling, and, he should fancy, would drill Garibaldi himself. He had nothing to say to them, but they had Mr. — with his cremona, and also the Rev. Mr. —, who, since His Reverence had added farming to his holy profession, had become a poet, and he did not believe there was a calf on the premises to which he had not written an ode. The Rev. Mr. — had lots of original pieces for their delectation. There was scarcely a turf on all Cloonagesh about which he had not written a poem. The only instrument he himself could play was a barrel-organ, which instrument was not at hand, else he would have been

very glad to have done what he could at the Glangarravy soirée.

"Part Second ended with another programme of fiddling and singing by their Reverences, after which the Rev. Mr. — delivered the following speech :

" 'The parish priest of Glangarravy has requested me to come to-night, but he quite forgot that the "ladder" was in the way, and it was not, like Jacob's ladder, a mere vision of a thing, but a stern reality. The parish priest of Glangarravy had no mercy on pedestrians. He was not formed to be a bishop at all. He keeps a most disinterested Protestant pony ; it never gets the chance of going on its knees for a friend. It is not a Catholic or universal pony, because its services are confined to the master that gives it corn. Its soul can never rise above that. It is not at all like the bishop's pony, "Biddy," which is at anybody's bidding. He would propose that when Biddy dies her bones be transformed into snuff-pens, that all the clergymen whom she serves may have a memorial of her.' One day Biddy went down upon her knees for him and raised him up toward heaven, but his sinful gravitation brought him down again. He would propose the following mottoes for the two ponies ; for the bishop's : ' Here lies the pious pony, poor Biddy, who was always on her knees for everybody.' For the pony of the parish priest he would give : ' Here lies a poor condemned Protestant horse ; like his

master, he lived at his ease and died on a fill of clover.'

"The Rev. Mr. ——'s speech wound up with the song, 'Nancy Till,' and three cheers were given for the venerable and very reverend bishop, who returned thanks in feeling terms; and with the usual exhortation for all to say their prayers fifteen minutes and to spend the rest of their time in spiritual reading, prayer, pious and charitable offices, etc. etc., the week's holy service at Glangarravy ended.

"The confirmation at Glangarravy concluded, our attention was next directed to a pilgrimage which was being made to Lough Keeran, a muddy bog-pond, the name of which signifies 'the lake of the clod,' and which was situated in the parish of Turlough. At this lough the inhabitants of all the parishes for fifty miles around were congregated. They came in solemn procession with many of their clergy. Unlike the pilgrimage to Croach Patrick, they rode on horses, donkeys and mules or were drawn in wagons; only the very poorest of the crowd were on foot, and for an obvious reason: Lough Keeran is not water for the soul, but for the body, and it is designed rather for cattle than for human beings. Croach Patrick, Killgiver, Lough Dereg and all the blessed wells and loughs are for the men, women and children of the 'Isle of Saints;' Lough Keeran is for the beasts. To Lough Keeran,

however, like John Gilpin, only not so fast, came thousands of pilgrims, bringing with them their credentials. These were numerous and varied—hair* from the dog, hair from the pig, hair from the cat, hair from the horse, mule, ass, bullock or goat; feathers from the fowl; a spancel or tether from the calf; a drop of milk from the cow or a print of her butter; a bit of wool from the sheep; a few straws from the thatch; a clod from the field, a bit of grass, a bit of green corn, a bit of potato-stalk,—all manner of bits, all manner of fragments from field and farm, hub and hay-yard, bird and beasts. They brought these and deposited them, with a certain number of *Ave Marias*, *salvos* and *credos* first 'said' on each, in the blessed Lough Keeran for the good of said cattle, thereby preventing madness, disease, decline, blight, blast, storm, fire and death. In order to make the matter more assured, each pilgrim brought back from Lough Keeran a bottle—some, two or three bottles—of water, for which they had to *pay* the priest; this water they administered to all sick persons and cattle and sprinkled in all manner of places in their houses and fields. This was the manner of the pilgrimage, and as I was near the lough, I approached for a closer view. Some thousands of persons were gathered there, and with them were their parish priests. The week after the pilgrimage you might

* See Appendix J.

meet some one of these worthies going on another pilgrimage to Ballinasloe fair, where they would make several large investments in horseflesh and cattle, and, as Daniel would say, 'Faix, there can't be a doubt about it, Masther Terry, but it's because the Keeran wather is so good that Father Dimmity's cattle thrives an' multiplies so fast with him.'

"Of course the necessary number of fiddles were there, and all the other associations of the pilgrimage, but as most of these have been described elsewhere, I shall only glance at one scene. This was an entertainment by the schoolmasters of several parishes; which gentlemen, let me say, were identified with the National Board of Education, who received their stipends from the English government, and were consequently patronized by the Romish priests. This entertainment consisted in an enormous amount of stump oratory on politics and religion. I listened for a short while to one of the speakers, whose theme was 'Religious Liberty.' I was soon convinced that he was neither orator nor theologian, and that he did not understand what he was talking about. The spouter was not worth listening to, and I was turning away in disgust when my attention was arrested by a few words.

"'Yes, Irishmen,' said he, 'this is not my opinion. I shall read for you from a true Catholic paper, and then you can judge for yourselves. It is difficult to judge which is the greater foolery—the

rights of *civil* liberty or the rights of *religious* liberty ; both are lies—always in the mouths of Protestants, and sometimes mentioned by false-hearted Catholics, and containing as much good sense as the right to commit suicide. How can a true son of that Church which has ever avowed the deepest hostility to the principles of religious liberty be justified in desiring it for heretics ? It is intolerable to see among us this miserable device for deceiving Protestants. Away with the delusion ! It is not Catholicism ; it is heresy—one of the foulest heresies ever foisted upon this age by the father of all deceit. No man has a right to choose for himself. God Almighty never gave us any such permission, and therefore we who are Catholics are justified in refusing it. *We must compel men to accept our faith if they will not.*

“Such were the principles inculcated at the station of Lough Keeran. These teachings have had their effect, as many Protestant families in the south and west of Ireland can testify—effects which have stained and blackened the pages of Ireland’s history.

“Formerly rifles, revolvers, blunderbusses and shot-guns were the instruments used for the destruction of their fellow-men by dastardly fanatics, but of late years a new and more terrible factor has been introduced into these infamous movements—namely, dynamite—by which not only public and private

buildings have been seriously damaged, but the wholesale destruction of human life attempted. Among these outrages is that of the attack on the residence of a Mr. Hussey of Ellenburn, the account of which is before me as I write. The fact to which I especially call your attention, however, is the following testimony, which was borne as to the character and worth of both Mr. Hussey and his wife:

"To the Editor of the Cork Examiner:

"DEAR SIR: Authoritative statements having been made in the press and elsewhere that some persons living in Mr. Hussey's immediate neighborhood must have been the perpetrators of the above horrible outrage, or at least must have given active and guilty assistance to the principal parties concerned in it, now we, the undersigned tenants on the property and living in closest proximity to Ellenburn House and demesne, take this opportunity of declaring in the most public and solemn manner that neither directly nor indirectly, by word or deed, by counsel or approval, had we any participation in the tragic disaster of November 28th.

"The relations hitherto existing between Mr. Hussey and us have been ever of the most friendly character. As a landlord his dealings with us were such as gave unqualified satisfaction, and were marked by justice, impartiality and very great indulgence. As a neighbor he was extremely kind

and obliging, ready whenever applied to to aid us as far as he was able in every difficulty or trial in which we might be placed. The bare suspicion, therefore, of being ever so remotely connected with the recent explosion is to us a source of deepest pain—a suspicion we repudiate with honest indignation.

“Furthermore, the singular charity, benevolence and amiability of Mrs. Hussey are long and intimately known to us. We witness almost daily her bountiful treatment of the poor and tender care of the sick and infirm. Her ears never refuse to listen with sympathy to every tale of distress, nor will she hesitate with her own hands to wash and dress the festering wounds and sores of those who flock to her from all the surrounding parishes.

“With such knowledge as this we should indeed be worse than fiends did we raise a hand against the Hussey family or engage in any enterprise that would necessitate their departure from among us.”

“This letter is signed by twenty of Mr. Hussey’s tenants; their declaration may be true or it may not be: the men who would try to murder Mr. Hussey would not scruple to lie about it. Two things are true, however, first, that the murderous attempt was made; second, that the priests knew by whom it was made. Mr. Hussey was a good landlord, yet, as in the case of Mr. Fitzgerald, he and his good

wife, who had been 'a ministering angel to the sick and poor around them,' were obliged to leave their home, to forsake their country, because so long as the doctrine preached at Lough Keeran, that 'religious liberty is heresy,' is held, the life of no Protestant is safe in the south or west of Ireland."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Nor sharp revenge, nor hell itself, can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind,
Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse—
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews."

DRYDEN.

SOME of my readers may imagine that the last four chapters are a digression from the thread of my narrative; this they will soon see is not the case, and it is still necessary to introduce one chapter more at this place in order to unite the broken links of my story.

A few days after the return of our good friend from the Teerina Mountains, where he had gone in our interest, Jemmie Brownie paid a visit to Father McNavigan. The priest was at home—at home in more senses than one. It was Sunday, Father Mick had said the first and second masses, and, having discharged those sacred duties on an empty stomach, he was now seated close to a comfortable peat-fire and before a dining-table upon which were a handsome salmon trout hot from the clear peat; a leg of mountain-mutton equally inviting; a dish of Irish potatoes, crisp and clean from the white ashes of

the peat; and last, though not least in his estimation, a bottle of whisky. Two other clerical gentlemen who had assisted the priest with the early and mid-day masses were dining with him. Father Mick was therefore at home, as were his companions.

"You don't love salmon, Father Luke? You had better thry our mountain-venison," suggested Father Mick to the elder of his guests, with a sly wink at the younger of his companions.

"Make the sign of the cross upon the victuals and don't begin telling lies so soon after mass," was Father Luke's curt reply.

"It's His Riverince here, Father Tom, that don't like salmon," said the host blandly.

"Thru for ye—always before there's a blessing asked upon it," answered Father Tom, assuming a most sanctimonious expression of countenance.

"For meself," said Father Mick, "I never care for it afther me dinner, but as both Yer Riverinces are very abstemious men when good victuals are scarce, I expect we shall have an abundance; but ye know, Father Tom, there's an old saying, 'Fish will swim, whether alive or dead,' and therefore first oblige me by passing the bottle."

"Of course I will, with the greatest pleasure in life," said Father Tom; "but don't you know that a bottle of whisky, like a bad messenger, sometimes stops on the way?" Saying this, he first poured

out half a glass for himself, then passed the bottle to Father Luke, who, adding that bad messengers often make several stops on the way, demonstrated that fact as far as it applied to the bottle.

Dinner having been disposed of, a pack of cards was produced, and without any compunction the reverend gentlemen sat down to while away several hours of the sacred day with cards and whisky.

The reader must not suppose that this was an exceptional case. In all Catholic countries where the Sabbath is at all observed, after mass has been said and the priests have eaten the sacredness of the day is over.

It was while the three priests were earnestly engaged with their game of cards and leisurely sipping their whisky punch that the announcement of the name of Jemmie Brownie fell upon the ears of Father McNavigan with the startling effect of a thunder-peal.

His companions, observing his terror, looked significantly at each other, and Father Luke jocularly suggested,

"I am very much afraid Father Mick has not confessed all his sins; His Riverince looks somewhat startled. You know the old adage: 'A guilty conscience needs no accuser.'"

The younger priest, who was, in fact, the most sober of the three, made no reply, for he saw at once that Father Mick was seriously distressed

by this inopportune visit in the presence of witnesses.

Brownie was, however, admitted without delay, and acknowledged the presence of the two visiting clergymen with a respectful bow. Toward Father Mick, however, he maintained an attitude of defiance, while the priest was almost abject in his efforts to conciliate his unbending foe.

His first question was what he himself would call "a feeler," and was intended to find out for what purpose this visit was made.

"How did ye lave them all in Teerina?" he asked smoothly.

Brownie understood instantly the drift of the question, and answered without a moment's hesitation:

"Don't ax me that question, Father Mick: I came to see ye about me eldest sisther's daughter, Nelly Gray."

"Why," said Father Mick with an attempt to speak easily, "don't ye know that she is gone to one of our religious houses, where her religion will be fostered and her education will be finished? Didn't ye hear she had almost become a heretic before we knew what was going on?"

"Ye mane ye sint her to a nunnery?" suggested Jemmie; and Father Mick nodded.

"What nunnery?" questioned Brownie shortly, but to this Father Mick returned no reply.

"It's dhry talkin' without a dhrop to wet your lips, Jemmie," interrupted Father Luke, anxious to smooth matters between the two, "and His Riverince" (referring to Father Mick) "forgets his good manners;" and, having poured out a glass of whisky, he handed it to Brownie.

"Long life to Yer Riverince!" said Jemmie with a bow, "but I signed the pledge under Father Mathew when I was a *gossoor*, and, with the blessing of the Almighty, have stuck to it ever since. It's about me sisther's daughter I am axin', Father Luke."

"To be shure, to be shure, Jemmie," replied Father Luke hastily, "but ye mustn't press His Riverince too closely, because ye'd be breakin' down the authority of the Church."

To do Father Luke justice, though this objection, accompanied by numerous coughs, winks and hic-coughs, served in no way to relieve Father Mick's embarrassment, it was intended to do so, and was the result of the kindest feelings. The youngest of the three priests, who until the arrival of Brownie had toned down Father Mick's hilarity had been the most sober, now interposed with the remark that he saw no need of secrecy as to Nelly's whereabouts, and announced that she was in the convent of Castlebar, and that her being there was a great honor conferred upon the family.

This statement also failed of its aim, which was

to help the reverend Father out of his scrape, for Jemmie Brownie, looking into the face of Father Mick, saw there only contradiction and confusion. Not, indeed, that this clerical concoction excited much surprise in his mind, for he was too well acquainted with the fact that a lie for the Church was allowable.

Father Mick felt instinctively that Jemmie had read the contradiction in his face, and knew that there was nothing to be done but to grant him a private interview. He therefore requested the two priests to withdraw and leave him alone with Brownie. The request was cheerfully complied with, the more cheerfully for the fact that the cards and whisky were also surreptitiously withdrawn.

As soon as his two guests were out of the room Father Mick rose and locked the door, and after silently pacing up and down the room for some time, suddenly turned to Brownie with the question,

"What is your object in seeking for this information?"

"To protect my niece from the fate of my sister," said Brownie steadily. "I did not intend to mention her name in your presence, but as you insist on knowing my reason, that is it."

"It is labor in vain; you cannot protect her," said the priest resolutely: "she is now in better hands than—" he was about to say "yours," but

he caught the glance of indignant wrath on the face of his antagonist, and hesitated.

Brownie was quick to perceive his advantage, and, using the Irish tongue, he addressed the priest with stern, burning words:

"It is now twenty years since you and I, Father Mick, exchanged as many words as have passed between us to-day. Never did I expect to stand within the hearing of your voice again, but I am here and so are you, and it's weighty business which brings me here. You have blighted the reason and happiness of my *colleen bawn* (pretty, fair girl), and the happiness and reason of my niece, *alanna dhass* (the purty child), are withering in your hands. I am no murderer, or you, priest as you are, would die, but I leave you to the just judgment of a higher Power. I want to know where you have put my niece, and I want your authority to get her out of where she is if it is her own free choice to leave. If you deny me either of these demands, I will expose you to the world and the story of the past will yet be told."

Father McNavigan was no coward; he had headed many a midnight raid when bullets hissed on every side; yet in Brownie's presence he sat silent, mute and submissive as a child. It was not that he feared the exposure of his conduct; whatever might have been his crime, the Church of which he was a priest would throw about him her protec-

tion; she had sheltered greater transgressors in every age of her history, and would not forsake him now. He who could forgive the sins of others might count with certainty upon the forgiveness of the Church.

But Father McNavigan was human, and a deep wound had been inflicted upon his heart in the terrible calamity which had overtaken Maggie Brownie. The memory of her girlish innocence and beauty, and of the awful contrast of her present pitiable condition, added fuel to the fires of remorse which seemed about to consume him.

The priest felt a vague wonder, amounting almost to superstition, whether there was not some fatality attaching to the Brownie family whereby he was doomed to be a continual source of trouble to them. When he first became involved with Nelly it had never occurred to him that he was involving himself further with the family whom he had already so cruelly wronged. Doubtless, he knew of the relationship of Nelly to the Brownies, but Father Mick when dealing with the Bible, like a good many other Catholic clergymen, lost his temper, and thereby impaired his judgment; and it was not until Jemie Brownie stood before him that he fully realized how he had blundered in his treatment of Nelly Gray.

The Psalmist says: "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit, who

can bear it?" So Father Mick would have fought the entire assembly of Protestants in his parish, would have fought the government, police detectives, and all other officers of the law, on the subject of Nelly's incarceration, and would have defeated them and held her a prisoner as Rome holds thousands of women prisoners to-day. But Father Mick could not fight against the terrors and tortures of his own conscience, and against the memory of the poor human wreck who wandered by the lake of Burrowsol; that poor shadow indeed had more terror for him than the most hostile army.

As he sat there in the presence of Maggie Brownie's brother a pallor overspread his face, his breathing became audible and hurried, and he sobbed and groaned piteously. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard; he had sowed the wind, he was reaping the whirlwind.

When Jemmie saw the effect of his presence and words upon the priest he felt some regrets, but he adhered with stern determination to his purpose, having, indeed, a half suspicion that all this apparent grief was intended to deceive and mislead him. It never occurred to him that the whole matter was now perhaps out of the priest's hands, and that, once under the jurisdiction of a mother superior, Nelly was beyond the reach or control of even the person who placed her there, whether priest or parent. Father Mick had a better understanding of the toils

into which he had snared himself, and with many expressions of sorrow, of which a part at least were sincere, he explained the matter to Brownie, and promised to do all in his power to procure Nelly's release. Having partially persuaded Brownie into a half-hearted trust of his words, he dismissed him for the night, and, like Swift on the anniversary of his birth, the priest, distracted with doubts and fears withdrew to his own chamber, there to pour out with sobs of self-application the bitter curse of Job upon the day in which he was born.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Priest, spare thy words; I add not to my sins
That old presumption in pretending now
To offer up to Heaven the forced repentance
Of some short moments for a life of crime."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

AFTER the interview with Jemmie Brownie, the Reverend Father Mick McNavigan felt himself thoroughly disqualified for a time for the society of his clerical friends. This, however, was not at all embarrassing to him, as they also were disqualified for his society, having both retired, and, what is rather singular, they had forgotten to undress, and their boots as well as themselves were comfortably disposed between the sheets.

Father Mick was therefore left to his own reflections. To do him justice, he did not touch the bottle again that night. Seated in an easy-chair, he leaned back overwhelmed with agitation; his cheeks wore a deeper flush than usual, his eyes burned like fire, and his chest heaved slowly but heavily as he sat hour after hour and mused, the gloom of his thoughts heightened by the oppressive stillness around him. The entire night he maintained the same position; that is to say, his body

was there, but his thoughts had gone on a long and troubled journey before the dawn of day. For the first time in his life this man looked into his past history with clear, unflinching eyes.

Father McNavigan had come of poor parentage ; his father was a tailor, and for many years a journeyman, until, ultimately securing a business for himself, he had saved enough to enable him to send his son to college and have him educated for the priesthood. The young man's college-life at Maynooth was exemplary, and not until he had taken upon himself the vows and office of a priest of Rome and had come into that fatal association with the Brownies, had there been aught to cause him shame. This knowledge, however, only added bitterness to his recollections. The endearments of childhood, a father's pride and a mother's love were sunbeams in his memory ; but these, like meteoric flashes, only served to make darker by contrast the vision of his later history.

It has been said that the life is indeed depraved in which sin is the rule, not the exception. But, alas ! the better qualities are too often the shadings to the darker pictures. Father Mick endeavored to comfort himself with the thought that the Church had fully absolved him, and that he had again and again confessed his sins to God and man ; but this gave him no real peace, for still would the spectre of Burrowsool pass and repass before his

mental vision until the memory of that episode in his life was like a branded scar on his brain and conscience. So vividly was his poor victim present to his fevered imagination this night that at times he would glance furtively around, almost expecting that she would step from some dark recess to confront him.

It was now several years since he had caught sight of Maggie Brownie, but the spectacle she then presented in her poverty, with that vacant stare and her wasted form, was indelibly impressed upon his memory. He would have been glad to have relieved her necessities and to have mitigated her misfortunes, if possible, but every overture on his part was rejected with scorn and rage, and the only act of reparation possible for him was to withdraw entirely from the parish and thus relieve her of his presence. This he had done, and now it seemed as though a crisis in her life and in his own was approaching. To meet this difficulty he now applied himself.

The task was no easy one, but Father Mick was not deficient in courage. He had been greatly agitated at the announcement of Jemmie Brownie's arrival; now he felt somewhat thankful that he had come. Once more the thought came to him that a way was opening whereby he might be able to assist the unfortunate Maggie and conciliate her mother and brother.

At an early hour the next morning Father Mick went up to the bed-chamber in which the two priests were sleeping off the effects of their—let us say, supper,—and aroused the eldest of them, Father Luke. The reverend Father, after several efforts, with some difficulty succeeded in securing and maintaining his equilibrium, and after the usual ablutions, a cup of strong tea, and, as he himself expressed it, “the proverbial hair from the dog that bit him,” was able to take a moderately clear view of surrounding circumstances. He was startled and really concerned when he noticed the change that had come over Father Mick’s countenance, but he waited for his host to offer explanations or request assistance. This was not long in coming, Father Mick prefacing his remarks with a sigh as he said mournfully,

“You see before you, Father Luke, a very miserable man.”

Father Luke nodded gravely, but said nothing.

“And yet,” continued Father Mick, “I have nothing to charge my conscience with except the consciousness of indiscretion.”

“Be dad!” broke in Father Luke, “that’s all that any of us need trouble himself about.”

“You do not understand me,” said Father Mick. “A man may break an arm or lose an eye in wrongdoing; his sin may be forgiven, but that will not

set the arm or restore the eye. I have confessed my sins to my bishop, and the Church absolves me; but the arm is broken and the eye gone, and the flesh is scraped from the bone and the brain is addled and the heart is dead, and"—

"For the love of God, stop there!" broke in Father Luke again, his arm raised, and a look of blank astonishment on his face, at the same time having his mouth full of bread, which in his astonishment he tried to swallow without masticating; he coughed and choked at an alarming rate. After some difficulty he was restored to his normal condition, and resumed:

"That last mouthful nearly choked me; it all went the wrong way, and was therefore suggestive of Your Reverence's confession, for you too—and, I am sorry to add, my sinful self—have gone the wrong way too often."

Father Mick again attempted to explain by referring to Brownie's visit, when the good-natured Father Luke interposed once more by asking if there was any way in which he could assist him, stating that indeed his head was somewhat "addled," as he must have taken too much cold last night, and he was not at all in any cue for hearing confessions, as now he had broken his fast; but he was ready at a moment's notice to take any message to Brownie or to any one else if that would accommodate His Reverence Father Mick.

Father Luke was an Irishman, with all the originality, good nature and warm sympathies of his countrymen. His friendship for Father Mick was one of long standing; they had been boys together in the same town, students together in the same seminary, and now they were priests of the same Church, though of different parishes. Under the seal of confession Father Luke knew the entire history of poor Maggie Brownie, but so trained were those men to secrecy on matters divulged in the confessional that while they would one hour freely confess their sins to each other, the next they would greet one another as simple acquaintances, and, no matter how private their position might be, they would neither of them betray the fact of their familiarity with each other's inner life. Father Luke's interruptions were therefore understood by his companion, who immediately replied that he supposed any further explanations would be unnecessary, and then added,

"There is a message I want you to take for me to the convent of —: it is this," holding up in his hand a small square package. "It is a book, a token of friendship and reconciliation between one of the children of my parish and myself. It's true she has not yet submitted to the authority of the Church, but I am in hopes she will; and if you will take her this it will relieve me both of a burden and a fear, and it will conciliate her uncle."

Father Mick did not say what the book was which he was sending, neither did Father Luke inquire. The priests understood each other. So long as Father Luke was ignorant on the subject, he was not responsible to the Church, and Father Mick knew equally well that his friend would neither question him about the matter nor would he open the package to examine it for himself.

Father Mick then gave his companion some minute instructions, together with a letter of introduction to the lady superior of the convent, and concluded:

"I need not suggest to you how to proceed when you obtain admission to Nelly's dormitory. Hold no discussion with the child,—which may be the wisest course for yourself."

Father Luke's face reddened, and Father Mick recovered himself by adding:

"You'll find her obstinate. What I want to guard you against especially are the ears which will be open outside the doors to catch every word you utter. Say, therefore, as little as possible, and manage to convey the package without even referring to it, if you can. By this time Nelly will have learned the value of silence in a nunnery."

"Never fear," said Father Luke warmly as he took the package. "I'll see that she gets the package, and no trouble about it."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Artificer of fraud, he was the first,
And practiced falsehood under saintly show."

MILTON.

EVERY important town in Ireland has its convent, the inmates of which are women, many of them of English birth who were once Protestants. It is not difficult to account for the success of the Church of Rome in ensnaring so many victims, and in effectually using this wonderful army for the propagation of its faith. The following example will help us to understand something of the spell which the Romish priests cast over the imaginations of young and romantic girls.

In the year 1849 the nun St. Veronica was canonized, and, taking advantage of that event, the late Cardinal Wiseman put the following production into the hands of thousands of Protestant young ladies :

"With certain devout souls God has been pleased to make manifest to them by more sensible signs, accompanied by formalities like those used in ordinary marriages. On the 27th of March our Lord comforted Veronica by showing her with what de-

light he looked upon a beautiful jewel fixed in the wound of his sacred side, and telling her that *it had been formed of all the sufferings which she had undergone for his sake.* She offered herself anew to be crucified with him, and he seemed to stoop down and *embrace her soul with a kiss of love.* Two days previous our Blessed Lady, the Virgin Mary, was pleased to prepare her for her espousals. This was an intellectual vision : she beheld the great queen of angels upon a magnificent throne, accompanied by St. Catharine of Sienna and St. Rose of Lima ; in the Virgin's hands Veronica saw a beautiful ring, intended, as she was told, for her. On Holy Saturday our Lord appeared to her, and, showing the nuptial ring, invited her to his marriage on the following day. As she approached the altar she heard the angels singing in sweetest melody *Veni, sponsa Christi.* Then, being rapt out of her senses, she beheld two magnificent thrones ; that on the right was of gold decorated with most splendid jewels, upon which was seated our Blessed Lord, with his wounds shining brighter than the sun. The second throne was formed of alabaster of purest whiteness and brilliant with gems, and upon it was seated our Blessed Lady in a mantle of surpassing richness, who herself besought her Son to hasten his marriage.

"Innumerable were the multitudes of the heavenly court, in the midst of which were the holy virgins St. Catherine and St. Rose, the former of whom

instructed Veronica what she was to do in the most august solemnity. They conducted her slowly to the thrones, and at the foot thereof they put upon her, *over her religious habit*, various robes, each one surpassing the other in splendor. As she approached the throne of Christ, whose garments she knew not, she said, how to describe, she beheld in each of his wounds a beautiful gem, but from the open wound in his side rays more bright than those of the sun darted on every side: in it she seemed to perceive the nuptial ring. As he raised his hands to bless her he intoned the words '*Veni, spousa Christi*,' and Our Lady, with the whole court, taking them up, continued: '*Accipe coronam quam tibi dominus præparavit in æternum.*' St. Catherine then took off her rich attire, leaving only her religious habit, to show her its value in the eyes of God, he having allowed it to appear in that glorious assembly. After remaining in that dress a short time our Lord made a sign to his blessed mother to clothe her with the nuptial garment. This was a magnificent mantle covered with gems and apparently of different colors. Our Lady gave the mantle to St. Catherine to put upon Veronica, and then placed her between the two thrones. Feeling more pierced with love, Veronica saw our Lord take the ring out of his side and give it to his mother. 'This ring,' she writes, 'shone with splendor; it appeared to be made of gold, but all wrought in

enamel which formed the name of good Jesus.' The heavenly queen then commanded her to stretch out her hand to St. Catherine, which Jesus took, 'and at that moment,' she writes, 'I felt myself more than ever united to him. Together with Mary ever blessed he put the ring upon my finger and blessed it.' At that instant heaven again resounded with the songs of the angel choristers, after which her divine Spouse gave her *new rules*.

"Thus ended the mystic marriage of her espousals. She adds that the same marriage was renewed at every communion, and affirms that the ring remained *on her finger*. Sister Mary Spacina attests that she *saw it once distinctly with her own eyes*."

Such is the egregious nonsense which a cardinal of the pope tried to palm off on young and credulous Englishwomen. It was a bold stroke of Wiseman, but he knew that he was hitting the mark. It was just the kind of reading to inflame the minds of sentimental young girls, and the old cardinal knew that he had touched the right chord when he talked of love and dress.

To feel certain touches in the heart—to be prepared for her espousals—shown the nuptial ring—receive the kiss of love—see the bridegroom brilliant with gems—give him looks of love—have the ring placed upon her finger and be told he would be entirely hers,—these are the colors with which the

bachelor cardinal paints the picture for romantic eyes; this is the Paradise which Rome prepares for its women.

Whatever the result of the cardinal's tactics in England, there can be no doubt as to its success with the Catholic women of Ireland. For Ireland is the land of legends, which are believed, no matter how fabulous they may be. Take, for example, the following as a set-off against the legend of St. Veronica:

"O'Donaghue was the powerful chieftain of a powerful clan, which inhabited a great and opulent city which stood where the lakes of Killarney now roll their waters. It had everything in abundance except water, and the only spring which supplied its needs was the gift of a mighty sorceress, who called it up at the prayer of a holy and beautiful virgin. The sorceress, however, stipulated that the mouth of the spring should always be covered with a silver cover, which she left for that purpose. The strange forms and ornaments engraved on the cover seemed to enforce the peculiar command, and the custom was never neglected.

"O'Donaghue, the mighty and dauntless warrior, only laughed at this story, and one day, when he was very warm and thirsty, he terrified all the bystanders by commanding the silver cover to be carried into his house, where, as he said, it would make him an excellent bath.

"All remonstrances were vain : O'Donaghue was accustomed to be obeyed, and with groans and laments his frightened vassals dragged the ponderous cover to his house, he cheering their way by exclaiming,

"'Never fear ; the cool night-air will do the water good, and in the morning you will find it fresher than ever.'

"Those who were nearest the silver cover as it was being carried away shuddered, for it seemed as though the strange intricate characters upon it moved and writhed like a knot of twisted snakes, and a mournful sound proceeded from it. Fearful and anxious, they retired to rest ; one man alone left the city and spent the night in the mountains that surrounded the city. When morning broke this man looked down upon what was once a populous city : he rubbed his eyes, doubting the evidence of his senses. City and populace had disappeared ; the rich meadows were no longer to be seen ; the little spring had burst forth from the clefts of the earth and had swelled and widened into a fathomless lake. That which O'Donaghue had prophesied had come to pass ; the water had become cooler for them all, and the silver vessel had prepared for him his last bath."

Even now, we are assured, in very clear bright weather can be seen at the lowest bottom of the lake palaces and towers gleaming like crystal, and when-

ever a storm arises O'Donaghue's giant figure is seen riding over the foam-curled waves on a snorting white horse, or gliding along, swift as the lightning, in his phantom boat.

The vision of The O'Donaghue has been vouchsafed to many of the Killarney boatmen, but especially to Paddy Henley, who, unlike St. Veronica, is very unwilling to tell his visions. Paddy is a grim, taciturn man, having little to say at any time, but more reticent on the subject of the supernatural than on any other. This very reticence gives him an air of mystery in the eyes of his companions, who refer to his encounters with spiritual beings in undertones. Few can gain his confidence sufficiently to obtain from him a full narrative of his remarkable intercourse with The O'Donaghue. We were among the fortunate few, however, and here is the story as related by himself:

"You will believe me, Yer Honor, I'm shure, whin I swear by the Blessed Virgin and St. Patrick himself, me own namesake, that what I'm going to tell ye is thrue.

"One night just about twilight I was sitting on the bare sod under the fruitful yew—and, shure, ye know it is the biggest tree in the world—and thought what I was doing the same day was making a *suggan* (a boss) for the stern of me boat. It was a mighty cowl'd day intirely, and be the same token I saw twelve rainbows in half an hour.

Shure, I knew something was coming thin, and without 'Be your lave' or 'axing your pardon,' one of the biggest storms got up ye ever laid your two living eyes upon; besides this, it became so cowl'd that but for a dhrop I had in me top-coat pocket I couldn't stand it at all, at all. Of course the high wind drove every living sowl off the lake in a hurry, and sorra thing was to be seen but the white foam breaking over Coleman's Leap out there (two rocks standing upright in one of the lakes). I was sitting all by meself, when, quick as winking, O'Donaghue himself—God be good to him!—sailed down toward me. He came in a gilded barge, with a beautiful lady in the bow for a figure-head. There were no rowers, but the oars plied like lightning itself, flashing and gleaming like sunbeams, and every dhrop of water they threw up sparkled like diamonds in the sun. Me eyes were almost blinded with their brightness, but there in the stern of the boat sat O'Donaghue himself. He was as big as a giant; his clothes were scarlet and gowld, and a three-cornered hat was on his head; his breast was covered with stars and crosses, and every one of them sent out such a wonderful light that me eyes were dazzled. But what sthruck me most was his two big black eyes glaring out at me like a fire, and the very hate of them seemed to scorch me face itself. Indeed, Yer Honor, I felt as if the very clothes of me was

singed. So from the fright I got I fell into a sort of a swoon, and didn't come to meself until Molly my wife roused me. She towld me that she found me lying with my face turned up to the sun, and that there wasn't a thimbleful of whisky in the bottle, and that I was— But, poor girl! she didn't know what she was talking about."

At the conclusion of his narrative the face of Paddy Henley wore an aspect of seriousness which was calculated to carry conviction to the minds of an entire province; such seriousness had the countenance of St. Veronica assumed also. Ah, my dear cardinal, why not have ordered masses for the repose of the soul of the terrible O'Donaghue? Since you believe so firmly in the visions of the fever-brained Veronica, why not accord to the visions of Paddy, with the bottle without "a thimbleful in it," an equal recognition?

The visions of St. Veronica are, however, only the shadow; the substance will appear in the following scene:

"Fifteen years ago I occupied a house in a very solitary part of the town; my garden stretched to the very wall of a convent which was next my house, but, though my windows overlooked a large portion of the convent-garden, I had never seen my sad neighbors. Finally, in the month of May, on Rogation Day, I heard numerous weak, very weak, voices chanting prayers as a procession

passed through the convent-garden. The singing was sad and spiritless, the voices false and tuneless, as though deprived of all gladness by the heavy pressure of sorrow. I thought at first that they were chanting prayers for the dead, but, listening more attentively, I distinguished the *Te rogamus audi nos*, the song of hope which invokes the benediction of the God of life upon fruitful nature. This May song chanted by these crushed and saddened women seemed to me a bitter mockery. To see these pale girls crawling over the flowery verdant turf and contrast them with the joyousness of nature, to see these faded human flowers, who will never bloom again, and listen then to the joyous song of recreation and renewed life as warbled from every rosy blossom and every singing bird,—ah, it was painful.

“The thought of the convent order as it was in the Middle Ages, that had first induced me to take a charitable view of the institution, was dismissed, for I remembered that at that time monastic life was connected with other things and attended with more healthful influences. In our modern economy what is this institution but a barbarous contradiction to the law of nature? what but a false, harsh, discordant note in the great harmony of the universe? The scene I beheld was justifiable by no precedence of nature or of history. I shut my window again and returned to my book with that

sad refrain haunting my ears. There was no poetical sentiment wherewith to adorn the sacrifice; the state of these women reminded me less of chastity than of sterile widowhood—a life of emptiness, of inaction, of an intellectual and moral fast. This is the servitude in which these unfortunate creatures are kept by their absolute rulers.

“Habit reigns a tyrant, and very little art is required to rule these poor women. Isolated from the world, immured within the walls of their gloomy home, there is no external influence to counterbalance that which one person, and that always the same person, exercises over them. The least skillful priest may fascinate their natures, already weakened and trained to the most servile obedience. There is little courage or merit in their absolute sway over these helpless, dependent creatures.

“Speaking of the power of habit, nothing we can see can give us an adequate conception of the force with which it acts upon that little shut-in community. Doubtless, family ties and the voice of society modify our thoughts and actions. Think what convent-life must be, where nothing of external interest intrudes, where only one person has a right to enter; one living person has the monopoly of all these outer influences—one who is in himself their society, their newspaper, novel and sermon; a person who is the only interruption in their deadly, monotonous life devoid of all employment. We

have said one person; we should have said one man. Whoever is candid will confess that a woman could not possess that influence, and that the fact of his being of the opposite sex has much to do with it. Even to those of the purest and truest nature there is danger in such a position—a position in which they reign alone, without comparison or contradiction; where they are the whole world of a soul, so that they can at pleasure wean it from every thought which might cause rivalry, and can efface even the image of a mother from the docile heart; a position in which they inherit everything, and remain sole master of this heart by the extinction of all natural sentiments. . . .

“Do you believe that this poor nun is happy in this dead monotony? How many confessions—sad, but, alas! too true—I could relate! These confessions were repeated to me by friends on whose tender bosoms many aching hearts had unburdened themselves, and whose own loving souls had been pierced by the sight of griefs which they were powerless to alleviate. The kindest thing we can wish for these prisoners is that their hearts, if not their bodies, may die. If the nun is not crushed into a state of utter self-oblivion, she will find in the convent the united sufferings of the world and solitude—alone, without the freedom of solitude; forlorn, yet with every action under surveillance; young, yet old from fasts and penances. The poor nun was

a short while ago a boarder, a novice, caressed and petted by all; the friendship of the young was hers; the maternal flattery of the aged was pleasant to her ears; her attachment to this nun or that confessor led her on; everything combined to deceive her and entice her to perpetual confinement. When it is too late she finds that she has bound herself with ties which habit makes her unwilling or powerless to sunder."

Such is the picture drawn by one whose portrayal of the convent system of Europe has called down upon him the curses of pope, cardinals and priests.

CHAPTER XX.

"This is not rest:

And yet they told me that all rest was here
Within these walls, the medicine and the cheer
For broken hearts; that all without
Was trembling weariness and doubt—
This the sure ark which floats above the wave,
Strong in life's flood to shelter and to save;
This the still mountain-lake
Which winds can never shake.
Ah me! it is not so;
This is not rest, I know."—H. BONAR.

MR. FITZGERALD and myself had not been more than a week in Dublin when we received a communication to the effect that the priests, having discovered that we were on the right track in pursuit of Nelly, had removed her to another and safer convent, or, as our informant called it, "retreat." The letter containing this news, concluded as follows: "Confine your counsels to undoubted brethren, and await further information from ——."

"The meaning of this," said the Rev. —— (the convert from Romanism), "is that a Protestant, perhaps a denouncer of Romanism, a declaimer against the anti-social and disloyal Church, was himself

nothing less than a wolf in sheep's clothing—a faithful son of the old mother who for a good cause has dissembled his religion 'that he might accomplish a greater amount of good.'"

"We could tell in five minutes," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "who were in our counsels—not more than ten, all of whom are Protestant officials of some sort."

"And all of whom," said our friend, "may be as sincere friends to Protestantism as yourselves."

"How do you make that appear," inquired Mr. Fitzgerald, "in the light of this communication?"

"Most easily," replied Rev. ——. "I grant you at once that the matter has been divulged by the loose tongue of some one among us, who thoughtlessly mentioned it to some member of his family, perhaps to his wife; and if she were not a Protestant by birth, education and in heart it was told in the confessional, or if she were true and honest to her husband's faith some servant calling himself a Protestant might be in the house, who, finding out the facts, carried them to a disguised confessor. Oh, sir, you little know what wheels within wheels are in the workings of popery. However," continued the speaker, "one thing is evident: our movements are known to our enemies, and more caution is necessary. Popery is a subtle adversary, and it requires an equally subtle mind to deal with it.

However, we are safe thus far, and are likely to obtain all the information we require in due time."

In addition to this warning, the letter contained an intimation that we were being silently assisted by some true though unknown friends, who would probably be more successful in their efforts than we could be. And now, while these friends are so far engaged with us in pursuing Nelly to her second prison, let us go before them and look into it for a moment.

The convent is an immense pile of Gothic architecture, with a superfluous number of crosses and other curious carvings, and is surrounded by a wall almost as high as itself. In this wall are several small wickets and one heavy iron gate, which is opened and closed by a tall, spare figure whose shaven head, sandaled feet and mysterious bearing give to his movements an appearance as mechanical as the opening and closing of the massive gate itself. Entering the spacious portal, we find ourselves in a hall large and gloomy; a girl young and beautiful moves silently across its bare stones. To me the story of her life is deeply pathetic. She was an only child, on whom the affection of a beloved father was lavished with unsparing bounty. Dying suddenly, he left her heiress of a large estate in Ireland. The mother was never energetic or strong-minded, and after her husband's death yielded implicit obedience

to her spiritual advisers in temporal as well as spiritual things. A chaplain for the family was suggested; she "had no objection." "One who might reside in the house;" she "would be most happy." "A new agent to manage the estate and the dismissal of the true and tried friend who had managed it for years;" she "was quite agreeable." "Some changes in her domestics;" she "would not object." "Visitors would be excluded for a time;" she "would not oppose it." "Her daughter might be educated at the convent of M——;" she "would consent by all means." That daughter entered the cloister, however, under serious disadvantages; she had the misfortune to be very beautiful and very wealthy, consequently more discipline was needed. "Her eyes are quite too bright; the tinges on her cheek are too deep; her step is too elastic for our sacred house," said the lady superior. "Discipline will do much, but it will take time."

The young girl became a novice under discipline; that is to say, she took upon herself the most menial work which an establishment of fifty inmates would involve. One of the first lessons taught her was that the more distasteful and repugnant the occupation, the more merit there was in the service. The hard work told on her delicate beauty; her face and form retained much of their winsome loveliness, it is true, but her step lost its elasticity and her tender white hands became rough

and hard. Six months ago she renounced her home, her mother, her friends and the world at large to become the "bride of Christ" in the convent of M—— and among the Sisters of St. Katherine. The ceremony was imposing: a large concourse of spectators were present as witnesses of the "mystic marriage;" the image of the Blessed Virgin, clothed in flowing robes of purest white, was raised before her to beckon her onward to the sacrifice. A group of nuns stood silently on each side of the young postulant; these, notwithstanding the homeliness of their attire, presented a highly attractive if not magical appearance; somehow, they were gotten up for the occasion; the faces of most of them, contrary to the usual custom, were visible, and many of them were very beautiful. Music floated in soft and tender strains through the air; on the altar lay wreaths of exquisite flowers which mingled their fragrance with the clouds of incense which ascended to the vaulted roof of the sacred edifice. A large number of surpliced priests and monks added to the impressiveness of the ceremony. The effect was striking; indeed, it was beyond description. Alas! it was too successful: the "bride"—poor, rash, silly enthusiast!—was not only brought to the altar, but immolated there, and now, with all the humiliations which she was called upon to undergo, she had not yet awakened from the sleep in which the enchantress had hushed

her—had not yet come to the realization of the injury which had been inflicted upon her. Alas for the awakening when it does come, as come it must as surely as she possesses a woman's heart, a soul created to enjoy love and liberty!

Passing along the hall, another slight figure crosses our path—a young girl also, timid and silent. She most certainly is pale and languid enough for the taste of the lady superior. She is one, too, who was accustomed not to wait upon others, but to be waited upon; she too was once beautiful, with a happy home and a princely fortune. In an evil hour a Romish priest visited her father's mansion; he was young, handsome and eloquent, and was sent, he said, by a prince of the Church, Cardinal W——, to ask—nay, to command her by her love for God and his Church—that she should lay herself and her fortune upon its altar. He awed her, frightened her, moved her by his appeals and melted her by his pathos; he gained his point. Dazzled by the picture he portrayed, she yielded; she promised to forswear her woman's heart and woman's affections, to blast the hopes which sprang up voluntarily within her and to commit the foulest suicide upon her heart and life. O monstrous betrayer of an innocent and happy girl! take care, take care! a curse from that cloister may fall upon thee. Thou hast severed the victim of thy incantations from every earthly ob-

ject, but thou hast broken her heart and destroyed her peace for ever. Thy sin shall not go unpunished.

There are yet two others in that prison whose history is both interesting and sad. One is that of a middle-aged woman who in her girlhood had been stolen from her parents and taken to a convent. Her frantic mother pursued her with all the energy she possessed, and after a long and anxious search found out the place of her concealment. She then waited on a gentleman whom she knew would assist her in obtaining her child's release. This gentleman interested himself in her behalf, procured a writ of *habeas corpus*, but before it could be executed the child had been removed, and when she was discovered for the second time the mother refused to proceed further in the matter, declaring that the priest had solemnly threatened to expose her if she did so, as she had committed herself in some of her confessions. Thus the matter dropped; the mother died broken-hearted and the daughter remains a captive to this day.

Look at this woman now as she performs her devotions. She kneels upon a cold, damp, clay floor and offers a prayer to an image of the Virgin. Several ejaculations are from *The Glories of Mary*, and are as follows: "Mary so loved the world as to give her only-begotten Son. The salvation of all depends upon Mary. If Mary is for us, who

shall be against us? There is no one, O most holy Mary, who can know God but through thee, the mother of God. No one who can be delivered from danger but through thee, O Virgin mother. No one who obtains mercy but through thee. O filled with all grace, I adore thee. O great queen, in thee I place all my hopes, and confide my salvation to thy care."

Having thus far resorted to the *Glories of Mary* for language and utterance, the nun turns to another "help"—namely, *The Spiritual Garland*, of which the following is a specimen:

"O my soul, praise the glorious woman; I will sing her greatness while I live."

"Thou art the ladder to the celestial kingdom; thou art the way to the eternal life."

"Through thee the ancient serpent was crushed."

"Through thee the eternal kingdom was reopened to man."

The nun closes *The Spiritual Garland* and proceeds to make the confession, as follows:

"O Mother of God, most holy Virgin Mary, how many times by my sins have I deserved hell! Already perhaps would the sentence have been executed if thou hadst not delayed the divine justice, and then, overcoming my hardness, hast caused me to have confidence in thee. And into how many crimes perhaps should I have fallen if thou, affectionate mother, hadst not preserved me! I find

myself, as it were, between heaven and hell, and, notwithstanding the natural horror I have of death, I shall die with pleasure. I die under thy protection; therefore *compel* God to have mercy upon me; show thyself to be a mother. By thy right of mother command thy Son. Calm the rage of thy heavenly husband. God is a God of vengeance, but thou, Mary, dost incline to be merciful. Thou approachest before the altar of human reconciliation, not asking only, but commanding—a mistress, not a handmaid."

The nun, having confessed and prayed, concludes her devotions by intoning the following hymn :

"Vouchsafe, Mary, on this day to hear my sighs
And second my desires. Vouchsafe, Mary, on this day
To receive my incense and my love.
Of thy heavenly husband calm the rage;
Let him show himself kind to all those that are thine.
Of thy heavenly husband calm the rage;
Let his heart be softened toward me."

The prayers, confessions and the hymns used by the nun were all from authorized selections, and the portions given are but brief extracts of these. For hours together the unhappy woman remains prostrate before a picture, uttering what every Protestant would call horrid blasphemy, and seeking in the creature that comfort which is to be found alone in Jesus Christ the only Saviour of sinners.

The last act of worship of the poor nun is as follows: Turning from the Virgin herself to the picture before her, she exclaims, "I venerate, worship, and adore thee, sacred image—thou who alone hast the power to bend the wrath of the eternal Deity. Cover me, O goddess, in thy virgin bosom." This and the sign of the cross end the worship of the nun of ——— Convent.

The last person whom we behold is our own Nelly, who has just been placed in this stronghold of Romanism. She has been imprisoned for several days, yet only two persons in the convent are aware of that fact, and only one of those two—namely, the lady superior—knows anything of her history. Nelly is confined in a small cell where there are only an iron bed, a wooden chair, a table and a drinking-glass. It is not a comfortless little room, nor is Nelly half dead or heartbroken. There is a bright expression on her pale face, a little unnatural, or perhaps I should say almost supernatural, in its quiet resignation. She has not been left alone since she was taken from her home; a Friend has been near her—the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—who has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." She had also received much sympathy from fellow-sufferers and fellow-prisoners in her former prison-house. What is more, she has been divinely strengthened by the

Holy Spirit calling up to her recollection many sweet passages of holy Scripture, so that, although deprived of her Testament, she yet is strengthened by its blessed truths in an extraordinary degree. At times she has sad thoughts of her parents and of her home; at times, too, she has anxious care for the future. Surely her present position is an unnatural one. Is this the vocation assigned to her by Providence? Would a life of indolence and gloom be pleasing to God? But these are only momentary shadows; her heart tells her that all will be clear after a while; her faith will be tried, but not destroyed; she believes that God will work out a great deliverance for her, but, even prisoner as she is, it was worth all her suffering to have experienced such inward peace. Prison walls cannot exclude her Saviour from her or control the tendency of her thoughts and affections toward him.

Many a time while bowing within the narrow limits of her little cell have her thoughts ranged the sweet and hallowed banks of the river of life. While others in the same captivity as herself bow down to pictures and images and invoke in vain the saints of heaven to come to their assistance, Nelly Gray has realized the fulfillment of the promises. She can say from her heart's experience of his presence, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." In her bondage and affliction God has not given

her the spirit of fear, but of power and of love
and of a sound mind, so that, like one in the same
captivity and with the same source of strength, she
can sing,

“Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.”

CHAPTER XXI.

"When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues."—Rowe.

A GREAT many gallant young Irish priests consider themselves commissioned to minister to women in the interests of their faith. In this the Church of Rome is wise; she has learned that the mother and daughter have an influence beyond all price, and to control and guide these for the good of holy Church is the duty of every priest, but especially of a certain class of priests. Their work lies almost exclusively within the domestic circle. It is, moreover, the duty of every Catholic clergyman to marry as many of the young people as possible; hence in Ireland there is a marrying season. Just before Lent all young men and maidens receive from the priest unmistakable hints on the subject, both in private and from the altar. Immediately after the celebration of the mass something like the following harangue is addressed to the young people:

"My children, now that the holy season is at

hand, and you know that it would be a mortal sin against God's holy Church if any of you should think of the sacrament of marriage, much less to enter upon that holy estate or condition, I sincerely hope and pray that you are thinking about it now. It is a holy and good ordinance, and of course you all know that it is your bounden duty to enter into it. It is the way to escape temptation and to be happy ;—and you, fathers and mothers, ought to be thinking about the good of your children and get them settled for life.—I needn't say that it will afford Father Roach here and myself unbounded satisfaction and pleasure to unite as many couples of you as can be ready before Lent comes upon us. Ye mustn't all go to Father Roach, however ; I want to get a fair share myself of making a few pairs of ye one flesh. This is the time of the year whin ye ought to do it, and I hope some of ye will fix and settle it to-day after the holy mass."

Such exhortations are common in the Catholic chapels throughout Ireland just before Lent, and it has even been customary for the priests to call out the names of young men in the congregation, and tell them in a jocular sort of way they ought to be ashamed of themselves for keeping such and such good, pretty girls waiting for them so long.

The effect of this custom is seen in the many unhappy marriages. But then an unhappy marriage invariably offers an open door for priestly in-

terference, and the holy Father always comes in as a sympathizer with the wife. He claims this as a duty, inasmuch as she is the weaker vessel and the fault must therefore lie with the husband. While this is the ground upon which the priest justifies his action in taking sides with the woman, there are other reasons of far greater importance which he affects not to recognize.

The mother is the companion of her children, and here the softness and tenderness of her character are powerful instruments in his hands. There is a music in her voice which thrills through every vein of her child's heart, and will subdue its passions and control its will. Naturally, too, she possesses the power of bringing before the infant mind those images which awaken its understanding and tempt its speech. Who but she can direct the first movements of the soul? No father or brother or priest can do this. An unhappy marriage therefore places the child more entirely under the mother's control, and both mother and child more fully under the control of the confessor.

If, however, the marriage is a happy one, the priest has work to do; that work is to alienate the wife's affection from her husband. Let one speak whose knowledge of the system far exceeds mine, and whose appeals to men and women against these criminal practices have roused the ire and called forth the anathemas of the priests of Europe:

"When I reflect on all that is contained in the words 'confession' and 'direction,' those simple words, and endeavor to analyze their whole meaning, I tremble with fear. I seem to be descending endless spiral stairs into the depths of a dark mine; just now I felt contempt for the priest—now I fear him.

"But we must not be afraid; we must look him in the face. Let us candidly put down in set terms the language of the confessor:

"'God hears you, hears you through me; through me he will answer you.'

"Such are the words, such is the literal copy. The authority is accepted as infinite and absolute, without any bargaining as to measure.

"'But you tremble; you dare not tell this terrible God your weakness and childishness. Well, tell them to me, to your Father. A father has a right to know the secrets of his child; he is an indulgent father, who wants to know them only to absolve them. He is a sinner like yourself; has he, then, a right to be severe? Come, then, my child, tell me what you have not dared to whisper in your mother's ear—tell it me; who will ever know?'

"Then it is, amid sobs and sighs from a choking, heaving breast, that the fatal word rises to the lips; it escapes, and she hides her head. Oh, he who heard that has gained an immense advantage, and will keep it. Would God that he did not

abuse it! It was heard, remember, not by wood and dark oak of the confessional, but by ears of flesh and blood.

"And this man now knows of this woman what the husband has not discovered in all the long heart-communings by day and by night—what her own mother does not know, she who thinks she knows her child entirely, since she has cradled her an infant in her loving arms. This man knows and will remember; don't be afraid of his forgetting it. If the confession is in good hands, so much the better, for it is for ever. She knows this, and she can never pass that man without casting down her eyes, for she knows that her confession has made him master of her most secret thoughts. The day when this mystery was imparted he was very near her; she felt that. On a high seat he seemed to possess an irresistible ascendancy over her; a magnetic influence vanquished her; she wished not to speak, yet she spoke, even against her will. It was as though a struggling bird had been fascinated by the cruel serpent.

"So far, however, there is no art on the part of the priest; the force of circumstances has effected this result, the influence of religious instruction and of nature. As a priest he listens to the penitent; once master of her secret thoughts, the thoughts of a woman, he becomes a man. Without perhaps either wishing or knowing it, he lays upon her

weakened and disarmed spirit the heavy hand of man. Her family after this does not, cannot, hold the same relation to her; even the husband's position is not the same as before. Every person of reflection must understand that the most personal part of an individual is his thought, and whoever masters that masters the individual. The priest has the penitent's soul fast as soon as he has received her first confession, and he will hold it in an unrelaxing grasp. The two husbands then take shares, for now there are two: one has the body, the other has the soul—in reality has the whole. The former, if he gets anything, gets it by favor, and may think himself well off if, though a widower with respect to the soul, he still possesses the involuntary, inert and lifeless body.

“How humiliating to obtain nothing of your own but by the authorization and indulgence of another! to be followed into the most holy intimacies by an invisible witness, who governs you and gives you your allowance! to meet in the street a man who bows cringingly to you, then turns and laughs in his sleeves with a full knowledge of your every weakness! It is nothing to be powerful if one is not powerful alone—alone! God does not allow shares.

“It is with this reasoning that the priest comforts himself while he continues his persevering efforts to sever the ties which bind a woman to her fam-

ily, and particularly to undermine the rival authority of the husband. The husband is a heavy incumbrance to him, but if he suffers from the knowledge that he is watched and known, he who sees all suffers yet more. The wife comes now every moment to tell him innocently of things that transport him beyond himself with rage; often would he stop her and would willingly say, 'Mercy, madam! this is too much;' but, though these details make him suffer the torments of the damned, he still requires her to enter farther and farther into these avowals, which are humiliating to her and cruel for himself.

"The confessor of a young woman may, in short, be called the jealous and secret enemy of the husband. If there be one exception—and I am willing to believe there may be—he is a hero, a saint, a man—nay, more than a man. The whole business of a confessor is to insulate the woman, and he does it conscientiously. It is the duty of him who would lead her in the way of salvation to disengage her gradually from all earthly ties. It requires time, patience and skill: the question is not how these strong ties may be suddenly broken, but to discover, first of all, of how many threads each loving band is formed, and to disentangle them one by one.

"All this may easily be done by one who, awakening new scruples day by day, fills a timid soul with uneasiness as to the lawfulness of her most holy

afflictions. If any one of them be innocent, it is, after all, an earthly attachment, a robbery against God. God wants all—no more relationship or friendship; nothing must remain. A brother? No, he is still a man. At least a sister? my mother? No, you must leave all—leave them intentionally and from your soul. You shall always see them, my child; nothing will appear changed; only close your heart.

“A moral solitude is thus established around her; friends go away offended at her freezing politeness; people are cool in her house. But why this strange reception? They cannot guess; she does not always know the reason herself. The thing is commanded; is it not enough? Obedience consists in obeying without reasoning.

“‘People are cool here;’ that is all that can be said. The husband finds his house larger and more empty; his wife is quite changed; though present, her mind is absent: she acts as if scarcely conscious of what she does; she speaks as if in a dream. Her habits are changed, but for this she has always a good reason; to-day is a fast day, and to-morrow is a holy day. The husband respects this austerity; he would consider it very wrong to disturb this exalted devotion; he is sadly resigned. ‘This state of affairs becomes embarrassing,’ says he at length; ‘I did not foresee this. My wife is turning into a saint.’

"In this sad house there are fewer friends, but there is one, and a very assiduous one; the habitual confessor is now the director—a great and important change.

"As her confessor he receives her at church at regular hours; as her director he visits her at his own hours, sees her at her house, and sometimes at his own." *

* That the above picture of priestly influence and immorality is not overdrawn, I submit, in addition to the history of the unhappy Maggie Brownie, the following from *The New York Observer* of January 15, 1885:

"*The Evening Post* of this city publishes a letter from Montreal regarding the immorality existing among the Catholic clergy of that province.

"A short time ago,' says the writer, 'the preacher at the bishop's cathedral was removed from the pulpit in a helpless state of intoxication, and a few days later made a further exhibition of himself in the most fashionable street in the city. This young priest, who is a son of one of the most respected judges in the country, has since been banished to a monastery in France. No sooner had the scandal in this case abated than the parish priest of Varennes, a pretty little village on the St. Lawrence a short distance from here, was brought into court by a prominent citizen of the place, who charged his father confessor with estranging the affections of his wife and with other sins considered by the Church as mortal. A criminal action was instituted, but political influence was brought to bear upon the magistrate, and he refused to issue the warrant, and the unfortunate husband is therefore compelled to seek redress before the civil courts. A little later the Catholics of the province were further scandalized by the arrest of Father Toupin, the parish priest of Antoine Abbey, who is charged with desecrating the confessional and with other offences unfit

for publication. The trial is fixed for Tuesday next, and the most gigantic efforts are being made by the Ultramontane party to have a special and friendly judge appointed to preside.

"In addition to these cases several instances have recently occurred which are opening the eyes of the educated Catholics of the province to the fact that the management of the asylums and other institutions conducted by the Sisters of Mercy is not just as it should be in this age of enlightenment. The startling fact that a sane woman can be confined in a lunatic asylum for three years to gratify the vengeance of an unfaithful husband, as proved by the recent trial of Mrs. Lyman, has also had the effect of rousing the public mind to the dangers attending institutions conducted by the nuns with no proper system of government or medical inspection.

"An attempt has been made by the clerical party to hush up all these scandals, but the Liberals, who are twitted with being Freemasons and disciples of Renan, are jubilant, as they fancy they see the influence of the priests gradually decreasing and their accession to power in this province a possibility of the future."

CHAPTER XXII.

"If faith with reason never doth advise,
Nor yet tradition leads her, she is then
From Heaven inspired, and secretly grows wise
Above the schools, we know not how nor when."

THE immediate result of Jemmie Brownie's interview with Father McNavigan was the discovery of the convent in which Nelly was imprisoned. This was the convent of M——, which, it will be remembered, was her second prison, and where she was likely to remain, as her abductors thought that they had baffled all those who were in search of her and had successfully destroyed all traces of her. Such, indeed, would have been the case but that we had secured the timely aid of Jemmie Brownie. On receipt of the information which he had obtained a trusty friend was at once despatched to the town of M—— to set about the task of attempting a rescue. Shortly after his arrival at that place he wrote to us, asking for the presence of two other friends who might aid him in his plans. Mr. Fitzgerald and myself decided that Daniel More and Hamilton would be the

fittest persons for that service, and they left at once to hold a council. It was decided by them that Daniel More should be set to watch the convent, while the other two should proceed to carry out the other plans proposed.

Daniel, having disguised himself to the best of his ability, wandered about all day without any apparent purpose, but taking care to keep a constant watch upon the gloomy walls and portals of Nelly's prison. To divert himself he kept up a running soliloquy in the form of a dialogue something in the following style :

"I always thought bricks and morthar, or even stone walls themselves, couldn't keep the divil out av a place. It seems, however, that these women and priests think they can. I wondher av they 've any holy wather among thim? I suppose they have, though I don't see what use they have for it av thim brick walls and close gates can keep owld Horney out. I wondher can holy wather keep the divil out?

"Let me see, what does the Catechism say? What is holy wather? 'Wather sanctified by the word av God an' prayer in ordher to certain spiritual effects.' What are those effects? 'To fortify against the illusions of the evil spirits.' An' hince arose the proverb: 'We love it as the divil loves holy wather.' My owld mother used to teach me that out av Dr. Doyle's Catechism."

Here Daniel paused for a few moments' painful reflection, then continued with a sigh :

"Ough ! av the ould woman knew that now her *boughal* (boy) was changed into a Protestune, what would she be afther sayin' ? *Ough ownce* ! it 'ed be a black day for ye, Daniel More, and that's enough.

"But that nunnery there : what do they want with holy wather ? They profess to shut out the three inimies of man—the world, the flesh and the divil. Well, now, they do shut out the world ; that's a fact—no two questions about that, except the sprinklin' av priests that go in among thim. Well, av course they are not in the world ; they are angels av course ; they are moighty saints, with red faces most av thim, and big stomachs into the bargain.

"Well, av course they are not in the world, but thin how do they shut out the flesh ? Ough ! but I'd like to get Father Mick to answer that, av he could. Well, an' the divil : about him I'm not certain ; I fear owld Horney could creep in, so I do."

In this manner Daniel had been wandering in the neighborhood of the convent for nearly a week when one night a Romish priest, wrapped in a long black cloak, came up to him and demanded if he was in search of any one.

"Yes, Yer Honor, I'm lookin' for mesilf," said

Daniel, assuming ignorance of the stranger's character and calling.

"'Looking for yourself'?" returned the priest; "that is very suspicious. You do not live in the neighborhood."

"Av ye war tellin' lies all yer life, ye have towld the truth at last," said Daniel.

"Where do you live, then?" asked the priest, drawing his cloak more closely around him.

"I live at the Iron Bush," said Daniel, "where the three stacks of wather stand."

"Come, come, my friend," said the priest impatiently, "I must have a more satisfactory answer from you. What are you doing here?"

"Av ye knew that," said Daniel with the greatest coolness, "ye'd be as wise as mesilf, and ye'd have a wrinkle or two more in your nose than ye had before, and maybe it is wrinkled enough already."

"Are you aware that you are talking to a priest of the Catholic Church?" inquired the stranger angrily.

"Howly Father forgive me!" said Daniel piously. "I am mesilf on the Church's business."

"Then inform me what it is," said the priest.

"Not av ye war the lord bishop himself," answered Daniel. "The matther is only for one ear, and that is not yours unless you have a certain pass-word."

"That I have not," said the stranger.

"Thin av ye are a howly priest and connected with this place, wait three days and thin meet me here at the same hour, an' I'll have something to say to ye; but then ye must either make known yer own name and satisfy me in other things, or ye must give me a certain password," said Daniel.

The stranger appeared to be satisfied, and was about to leave when Daniel interrupted him again.

"Av ye are a priest," said he, "an' av ye would like the rewards av merit an' favor av a higher man than yerself, you'll do one thing before you and me part."

"What is that?" inquired the priest with some curiosity.

"Ye needn't do it av ye like," said Daniel, "but thin if ye refuse ye must never let a soul know your name was connected with the convent of M——; that is, if ye'd escape bein' sint across the wather to a bigger an' a holier city than this."

"What would you have me to do?" inquired the priest.

"Swear to me," said Daniel, "that you will not hint to mortal that you ever saw me here or that you an' me met."

"Any oath may be broken for the Church," said the priest.

"Not av it is taken on the howly breviary an' in a good cause," replied Daniel with a knowing wink.

"Very well," said the priest, "I swear, if it's a good cause;" and he and Daniel separated.

The next morning Daniel with a very grave face sought Hamilton and his friend.

"You have not a minute to lose," said he, "'av ye will ever get the Flower av the Fern Valley out av the big house yondther."

"We hope to be successful in a short time now, Daniel," said Hamilton cheerfully.

"Do ye, thin?" asked Daniel. "An' may I be afther askin' how long is the time?"

"We cannot be sure of that," answered Hamilton. "We have succeeded beyond our most sanguine hopes in obtaining the names of Protestant gentlemen to a petition which we mean to send to Dublin."

"Thin," said Daniel, "ye might as well go whistlin' jigs to a millstone or thry to make a turf-stack dance as ever lay yer eyes on the young crature; an' av I amn't right in that I'll eat a hay-rick."

"Why so, Daniel?" inquired both gentlemen in a breath.

"Because afore that petition ever sees daylight she'll be gone across the wather. They'll purtind she is mad, an'—God be with her!—I'll niver see

her purty face again, no more'n I'll see my father who died before I was born."

"Yes, but, Daniel, the government will favor us," said Hamilton.

"How do you know?" asked Daniel.

"It is a Protestant government."

"It may be the same," retorted Daniel, "but I think I used to hear Father McNavigan say that the Catholics had the government under their thumb, and the day they went against the Church of Rome 'ed be a blue day for them. Ye see, I used to hear politics argued, an' this is the way it was: Av the government doesn't support the Catholics, they will not get the Catholics to support thim. What they'd want for themselves they can't deny to others; so that the Catholics have the government by the nose, no matter how it goes. An' ye need not expect anything from the government; but av course ye can do as ye like; I'm only a poor *anchough*, that's all."

Hamilton and his companion felt that there was some truth in this view of the matter, but they did not see how they were to remedy the matter.

"This is the best we can do, Daniel," they said.

"No, it isn't," said Daniel; "there is something else which, av I had my way, I'd chance before I'd depind on the government."

"What course would you suggest, then?" inquired Hamilton.

"The simplest in the earthly world," replied Daniel. "Get a couple av friends, or half a dozen if ye can, who will help a poor boy in disthress, an' we'll carry her off snug an' aisy. Isn't that plain enough?"

"Do you mean that you will break into the convent?" exclaimed the others in surprise.

"That's no lie, at any rate," said Daniel; "but who thought av breakin' into the convent, might I be afther axin'?"

"How else can you succeed?" said Hamilton.

"Lave that to me," said Daniel confidently. "Av ye'll get the boys an' put yourselves in my hands, the thing 'll be done *succer an' aisy*, av ye know what that means."

"If you will inform us how it is to be done we will then consider the matter," suggested Hamilton cautiously.

"Ye might as well say ye'll do it at once an' be done with it, an' make a poor boy's mind aisy," urged Daniel. "I'm willing to bear all the blame if we fail; but we will not fail, believe me."

"What is your plan, then?" persisted Hamilton.

"That you'll get me half a dozen av stout and sthrong Orangemen who'll undertake the business with me, that's all," replied Daniel.

"I fear," said Hamilton, "you ask more than we can grant. Orangemen are not so easily obtained for any such purposes. We can get per-

sous calling themselves Protestants, but who are without character and who are not Orangemen; they would sing Orange songs, give three cheers for William III., drink to be drunk, set up a riot by burning the effigy of a priest or by committing some other outrage; all which crimes would be imputed to the Orangemen. Who do you suppose are the Orangemen of this district? Episcopal and dissenting ministers, with all the respectable men in the neighborhood. No, no, Daniel; you will not succeed in getting Orangemen to become house-breakers or incendiaries. While in some places, where true religion does not pervade the minds and hearts of the Orange Association, there may have been abuses and extravagances, here, where there are intelligence and piety, it would be impossible to carry out your ideas."

"Well, now, that's a great sermon intirely, or, as the sayin' is, 'a great crack an' nothin' broke,' Misther Hamilton," exclaimed Daniel. "But take yer own way and have the thing as ye like, an' sorra bit but ye may be proud of yer ideas of religion. For if it's religion to take an angel from heaven an' put her into the arms of owld Nick himself for company; if it's religion to take the innocent babe out av it's mother's arms an' deliver it up to a pack av Russian wolves; if it's religion to see a purty crature with yellow-golden curls gurglin' an' drownin' in a dirthy stagnant pond,

an' refuse to throw a rope or wet your toes to help the crature out,—sure it's also religion to lave one that's as pure as an angel an' as innocent as a baby an' as purty as she can be to dhroop an' die in that dirty prison-house over there. Let thim keep their religion an' their Orangeism, an' they may be proud av it. It's more than I expected. Out upon thim! But isn't it thim that have the love for their counthrymen? But sure ye can get up yer petition to the government, an' av it's not the best thing to do, isn't it the aisiest? That's a great matther, at any rate. Oughone, Daniel More! but it's yersilf that must have the privilege an' the honor av workin' out the deliverance av yer own *colleen dhass*."

Seeing Daniel so much disconcerted by their cautious measures, the two gentlemen scarcely knew how to proceed, but finally resolved to write to Dublin for further instructions, and urged Daniel in the mean time to continue his watch on the convent.

While Daniel More from without was keeping his steady watch, a circumstance within the convent demands our attention. A priest from the West, a friend of Father McNavigan's, having presented a letter to the lady superior from Father Mick, and also other clerical credentials, had obtained permission to visit Nelly Gray in her cell.

The priest had in his pocket a small package which he had concealed from the mother superior;



The Priest delivering his Message. Page 269.



this package he slipped quickly under the pillow of Nelly's little cot, at the same time giving her sundry winks and placing his index finger on his lips as an intimation, first, that she was to ask no questions, and, second, that convent-walls have ears. Having next cleared his throat and swallowed several imaginary mouthfuls, he informed Nelly that a good friend of hers had requested him to call and see her, which he had done with the greatest pleasure in life, "the more so as he saw for himself, and it afforded him the most unbounded satisfaction, that this young friend was looking blooming as a lily."

"Who is the friend, sir, that has asked you to come and see me?" asked Nelly timidly.

"I am not at liberty to say," answered the priest, at the same time winking and pointing to the package under the pillow, as much as to say, "That will reveal the secret."

"May I ask if it was my mother?" said Nelly, not exactly understanding his pantomimic gestures.

"The rules of the house, me dear, forbid me to mention the name of anybody," he replied; at which Nelly burst into tears and exclaimed,

"Oh, why is all this mystery thrown around me and this unnatural restraint put upon me? My own mother's name I must not mention, and no one will name her to me. Surely, surely, this is not right."

"It is right, my child," answered the priest solemnly. "Who enters here is dead to the world, and no thought or word alien to the will of the Church is even allowable. But," he added in a whisper, "I am breaking my promise to my friend; I promised him I would not argue with you. Now I must leave you, with my blessing; kneel down, my dear."

"I am very grateful, sir," said Nelly, "and willingly receive the blessing of any good man, but I cannot kneel to any being but my Saviour, to whom every knee must bow and whom every tongue must confess. But before you leave, if you will, I want to send a message to my mother. Tell her—tell her, I beg of you—that I am happy, that my blessed Saviour comforts me and keeps me cheerful all the day; that I am praying for her and for them all continually."

"And do you pray for Father Mick?" inquired the priest.

"Indeed, indeed I do, often and often," was the prompt and artless reply of the girl who had been so cruelly treated.

The priest forgot the blessing, but in a husky voice said,

"I will tell him, at any rate. Good-morning;" and he hastily withdrew.

Returning to her seat, Nelly's thoughts went flying to the Fern Valley. Her imagination ascend-

ed Mount Nephin and wandered on the banks of Lough Conn and along the Deel; finally, she rested in thought in her mother's cottage and lingered with her beloved parents. This was one of her sweetest resources, and she often said to herself, "They can imprison my body, but my heart and my thoughts are free."

Nelly had only a few moments left for the indulgence of her day-dreams before the lady superior entered and inquired what the priest had said to her.

Nelly replied that he had said nothing of any importance, but this reply only excited suspicion in the good lady's mind, and she proceeded to put the young girl through a closer examination. Nelly, however, gave her nothing upon which to feed her suspicions. The verbatim report of the brief conversation which she had held with the priest offered no clew to his business without a mention of the little package, and this Nelly, in the preoccupation of her mind, had entirely forgotten. The mother superior, having questioned and cross-examined her and received only plain and direct answers, left the cell firmly convinced, notwithstanding all that had passed, that the young girl was a consummate dissembler and concealed from her something of importance. Nelly, on the other hand, felt sincerely disappointed that she could give no satisfaction to the lady superior.

The truth was, that Nelly's visitor, knowing full well that on his departure the young girl would be subjected to a close examination, had resolutely abstained from speaking anything not immediately connected with the direct object of his visit. In this caution lay Nelly's safety.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"A place where misdevotion frames
A thousand prayers to saints whose names
The Church knew not—Heaven knows not yet."

DONNE.

"MY DEAR FATHER MICK: The package is safely in the hands of your young heretic, and Your Reverence must be responsible for the entire transaction. I need not say that I have sins enough of my own to answer for, and am without works of supererogation. By the way, there is an extraordinary-looking person hanging around the convent here, whom Father Tom O'Brien met to-night; he says he is on the Church's business, and he threatened Father Tom with the bishop's censure if he divulged the fact of his presence. The stranger is a very powerful man, over six feet tall, has a bad scar on his face, looks as if he saw nothing but the wind and speaks the Connaught brogue. Can you give us any information concerning him?"

The above extract was part of the communication addressed to Father McNavigan by his quondam clerical companion and messenger, Father

Luke, with reference to his mission to the convent at M——.

Father Mick had no trouble in recognizing in the priest's description the personality of Daniel More, and he guessed pretty well the cause of More's presence in the vicinity of the convent. He knew that Daniel had accompanied us, and that he had been of great assistance in the prosecution of the search after Nelly's prison. Nevertheless, the reverend gentleman was now so seriously compromised with Jemmie Brownie and so harassed by his own conscience that he determined not only to abstain from interfering with the plans for her relief, but if possible, without too great a risk, even secretly to further those plans.

Accordingly, Father Mick set out for the town of M——, and arrived about midnight. The following day, with Father Luke and the dark priest who had encountered Daniel, he was closeted with the lady superior of the convent.

The priests found a warm opponent of their benevolent scheme in the person of the abbess, and Father Mick felt extremely doubtful as to the result.

"It is somewhat unusual, I admit," he said in answer to the warm protest of the lady mother, "but the difficulties in my parish, and especially the misfortunes of one family, oblige me to urge this matter."

"Everything must be sacrificed for the good of the Church," replied the lady.

"I admit this," said the priest smoothly, "and it is for this end I desire Nelly's release. The soul of Nelly's uncle is at stake, and so is—" Here he paused, confused and irresolute, until Father Luke came to his assistance and continued the conversation by adding that the matter was one in which His Reverence was somewhat personally involved, and that for himself he did not see any other way out of the difficulty.

"It does not follow," he concluded, "that if Nelly is released she will become a heretic, but it does follow that so long as she is confined in the convent there must be serious hostility to Father Mick in his parish."

"I always imagined that the priests of the Church were sufficiently strong to control their flocks," replied the lady superior.

"That is true," said Father Mick; adding sadly, "Already blood has been shed, and other calamities have befallen this same unhappy family."

The lady perceived from his manner that Father Mick's conscience was disturbed; far from discovering any sympathy, she answered coldly,

"All this ought to have been taken into consideration before the girl was sent here; my first duty is to the Church, and I must have some authority from the bishop before I will surrender the girl.

And in saying this," she added haughtily, "I do not lose sight of the fact that I am not under your jurisdiction."

The reader may be surprised at this obstinacy on the part of the lady superior, but it is an historical fact that the most cruel and unrelenting jailers of the world have been women; it is also true that these cunning agents of Rome, whose honeyed lips ensnare into their wretched institutions the innocent and thoughtless, are merciless in their treatment of them as soon as they obtain that absolute mastery over them which the system itself affords.

The abbess having so haughtily dismissed the matter, the three priests retired to the residence of the parish priest of M——, and when they had shut themselves in held a council of war.

"It is just what I expected," said Father Luke. "Had we gone to her and urged that she should hold the girl fast, and on no account listen to a suggestion as to her release, she would have been for putting her in our hands. But the good mother is like Dominie Moran's pig: he wanted to get it to Cork, and told everybody that he was taking it to Waterford, and after he got to his destination explained that, 'Bedad, but he had to fool the animal, for if he once had said "Cork" in its hearing, so contrary was the crature he could never have got it there, as it would be all the time going to Waterford on him.'"

After much deliberation it was decided that an application should be made to the bishop for authority for Nelly's release.

"Though," said Father Luke with a doubtful shake of his head, "it would be just like the old woman to defy even him."

"And I," said Father Tom, "doubt if he will give us the order, as His Lordship has already suffered by the perversion of his own niece through the reading of the Bible,* and he is exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance. But I will do this: I will meet this queer fellow whom you call Daniel More according to agreement, and see whether it is not possible for us to facilitate his scheme without appearing to do so."

Accordingly, at the appointed time the tall dark priest, wrapped in his cloak, presented himself to Daniel at the place agreed upon.

"You are punctual to your time," was Daniel's greeting. "Have ye received any information from any quarther since I last saw ye?"

"None whatever," replied the priest.

"Are ye connected with this howly house here?" questioned Daniel.

"In no possible sense," said the priest. "I know nothing of its inmates except that they are a fraternity of nuns."

"As the oath av a praste isn't binding, nayther is

* A literal fact.

his word. I amn't going to gulp down all that in a mouthful," said Daniel. "What brought ye here at such an hour the other night? Will ye just tell me that?"

The priest muttered something in reply, but Daniel persisted:

"It doesn't make the slightest difference in the world, Yer Riverince; ye ain't the man I want, an' here I'm obliged to stop till I find him; so good-night, an' I hope there's no harm done to ayther av us."

"Stop, my son," said the priest; "let us not be in a hurry. As a man I know nothing of that convent or its inmates; as a priest I hold the exalted position of confessor to some of them. As a man I am altogether ignorant, but in the place of God I have some knowledge of their hearts and habits."

"Ye know, thin," said Daniel, "that there's a young heretic here from the Lower Inn parish in the county av Mayo, province av Connaught, sint here by the blessed Father McNavigan that her soul might be saved, though her body perishes."

"I am not aware that there is such a person here," replied the priest calmly.

"As a man av coorse yer not," said Daniel sarcastically, "but as a howly priest Yer Riverince knows all about her."

"I do not know that she is here," persisted the priest; "I am utterly ignorant of everything about her."

"Very well, Yer Riverince, let us have it so," said Daniel; "I amn't altogether so ignorant on the subject. But now, afore ye and mesilf makes any further revelations on the subject, I wants ye to get me into that blessed house, for I must see the lady superior afore the clock sthrikes twelve to-night, inasmuch as I have a message for her."

"You will be obliged to send in your message," said the priest; "I have no power to procure admission for you."

"As a man av coorse ye haven't, but as a praste ye have all power, Yer Riverince. But let us undherstand one another: I want ye to come with me yersilf an' to hear all I've got to say. Judge for yersilf, then, an' act accordin' to yer judgment."

"I am perfectly agreed," said the priest, "but let me tell you, on the solemn declaration of a priest and by the sacredness of my holy office, there are cells and subterranean cellars under your feet, where, if you find yourself a prisoner and call till the day of judgment, no ear will hear you and no help will come. There are as many strong arms as will bind you, and as many locks and bars as will keep you in. Cross but that threshold with me as a traitor, and back you will never come; no law can open your cell and no hand can bring you help."

"Av that's all ye can do," returned Daniel coolly, "will Yer Riverince be afther goin' afore an' ladin' me to the lady superior?"

The priest led the way, and Daniel in a few moments found himself in the presence of the abbess. Approaching her apparently with great respect and reverence, he said,

"Av Yer Ladyship plases, ma'am, the conditions upon which this holy praste procured me the honor av seein' ye was that he should be prisint to hear what I am goin' to tell ye."

The lady cast a glance of severe scorn at the astonished priest—a glance which afforded Daniel secret delight, but, affecting not to see it, he continued:

"It was betther to see Yer Ladyship on these conditions thin not to see ye at all, at all; but the case stands as follows: what I am goin' to say is for your own private ears."

This was enough for the abbess, who intimated to the priest that she desired him to retire. Chagrined and confused, Father Tom obeyed, and Daniel proceeded to business.

"Ye have a young girl here, Yer Ladyship, named Nelly Gray," he began; but before he could say more she interrupted him by saying,

"We have no such person here, sir; therefore save yourself all further trouble."

"She came from the Lower Inn parish in the

county of Mayo, where Father McNavigan is parish priest," continued Daniel, unheeding her protest.

"Not to this holy retreat," said the abbess decidedly.

"She was removed from Mount Nephin to ——— Convent, an' from that to this, an' was followed by a party who will swear that he saw her handed into this holy house," persisted Daniel.

"Let him swear," said the abbess boldly; "he is not the first heretic that has blasphemed against the Holy Ghost. And pray, sir, what is the issue of all this?"

"That afore another day's sun sets she must leave this," said Daniel daringly. "I'm sint here to tell ye this: 'at in this place there is several immissaries av the divil in sarch av her, and the government doesn't know what to do with the petitions that's comin' in to thim about her; it's said that her father has been brought to Dublin by the government an' a *habeas corpus* is goin' to be granted for her body, so that ye must give her up, except ye comply with the suggestion I've come to bring ye. And that's this: that ye dhress a young novice in Nelly Gray's clothes and sind her off to Cork or Limerick or Waterford or some other place, an' let it be as well known as possible. Whin she is gone an' the Protestants are afther her, thinkin' it's Nelly, thin ye dhress Nelly as a nun an' sind her an' one or two

holy sisters with her, in my care, to the archbishop's own house, where she'll be taken particular good care of, an' in that way baffle the heretics an' save the young crature."

"That is all a very nice plot, sir," said the abbess, very much disturbed by his tidings, "and sounds very well, but what proof can you give me that your story is true?"

"The plainest proof in the world, Yer Ladyship," said Daniel with a most frank expression of countenance. "Av ye'll take the trouble to inquire ye'll find two av the gentlemen in —— Hotel, an' one av thim is the man that came in the same thrain as this young girl did hersilf. Ye'll find that he has remained here iver since thin, an' ye'll find 'at the other is from her own parish. These men are in league with the landlord av Garrafeen an' others, an' one is a pervert from the faith, named Terry O'Dowd, from the same parish. Their address in Dublin is ——, an' nothin' will prevent thim from goin' on with this matther an' gettin' the girl av they can. Besides, Yer Ladyship, I don't want to have any hand in the business mesilf; I'm only a poor boy that was recommended by Father Flatherty, our own parish praste av Wicklow; he sint for me an' axes me to see His Grace, as he wanted me. I wint to see him, an' he told me all I tell you. 'Yer Grace,' ses I, 'I amn't nobody to take charge av the girl; can't Yer

Grace allow her to be brought up by a riverint praste or two an' not intrust her with me?"

"'At would niver do,' ses His Grace; 'it would at once excite suspicion, an' perhaps bring the clargy into throuble. Ye must bring her yersilf,' ses he, 'an' the thing will be all right.' So now, Yer Ladyship, ye needn't sind her by me, for I'd rather ye wouldn't; but do as ye plase in the matter. Av ye loike, ye can sind her with three or four av the howly sisters, but I amn't sure that's the wisest thing to do."

The abbess was perplexed and troubled. Daniel's statement was a very plausible one, and appeared to fit in with the arguments of the priests. She resolved to act upon his suggestions independently of the advice of the priests. This may appear somewhat singular, but it may be easily explained. An abbess is herself superior to, and held in greater veneration than, any ordinary priest; her influence in the higher ranks of society and with the hierarchy of the Church themselves is much more powerful than that of a parish priest. This results from the wealth she brings to the Church, the circles of ladies she can influence, together with the unlimited confidence reposed in her in the character of abbess, as well as from the fact that the priestly visitors (catechists, lecturers and confessors) are all at her mercy and under her control. It should not be deemed won-

derful under these circumstances that the abbess of M—— Convent hesitated as to whether she should ask the advice of the priests whom she had first withstood, and finally acted upon her own responsibility. She concluded after some moments of deep thought to adopt the supposed suggestion of the archbishop, to send off a novice to a certain seaport town in charge of several priests and nuns, and thereby deceive the Protestant government, while she delivered Nelly into Daniel's charge, with one of the Sisters of Mercy as companion, to be conducted to the archbishop.

The fact that no written communication had been sent with the archbishop's "messenger" did not surprise her. She supposed, in the first place, that the vigilance of the government necessitated extra precautions, while she knew very well that a Roman Catholic priest would seldom commit himself to documentary evidence. Indeed, priests will write nothing which can possibly affect themselves or the Church. Having formed her resolution, the abbess offered Daniel sleeping accommodations, but he declined this kind offer, saying that he could not stop, as he intended carrying out His Grace's instructions to the letter, and he had some information to obtain respecting the movements of the enemy. He furthermore said that he would lodge near the hotel, but would join the Sisters at — Station at whatever hour Her Ladyship

might appoint—that he was not to make acquaintance with them, but “to take a seat at the windy in the next carriage, an’ keep his eye on their carriage all the way.”

This was definitely arranged as the mode of procedure, and, having succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes, Daniel More left the convent without any experience of the subterranean vaults as threatened by the priest.

The reader must not infer that we consider the stratagem of Daniel More worthy of approval. We are not to do evil that good may come; but it must be remembered that Daniel was himself the child of the system against which he plotted, and, as he himself said when the propriety of his conduct was questioned, he was “only fighting Father Mick with his own weapons.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

"This strange reverse of fate you see :
I pity you—now you may pity me."—DRYDEN.

WE left Nelly Gray a little agitated by the visit of the priest and the subsequent interview with the lady superior. The conversation with Father Luke, as reported by Nelly, was to the mind of the abbess so unsatisfactory and meaningless that she determined to put the fair young girl under the surveillance of one of the Sisters, who she thought might be likely to obtain information which she believed Nelly was withholding.

Nothing is so alarming to a Jesuit as a secret which he cannot reach ; the same is true of the superioress of a convent. With her, ignorance is not bliss, but misery, especially on matters relating to the institution over which she presides.

For the purpose of spying out Nelly's secret a nun by the name of Sister Catherine, called after the saint of that name, was selected. The Sister was one of the most scrupulous and devoted inmates of the institution. She numbered thirty summers at the least, yet she seemed scarcely more than twenty-two or three, as she wore a fresh and ruddy countenance which was in singular contrast with the pale

faces of the other nuns. In a Catholic nunnery there is no youth; every girl rushes at once into womanhood and every woman becomes prematurely old. Sister Catherine, however, was an exception to the rule. It was not that she shrank from the austerities of conventual life; rather, she accepted her lot with singular resignation and humility. No one questioned less the authority of the superior; no one accepted more submissively the penances imposed upon her.

Another feature in her case was that she tried at the outset to forecast the difficulties of the life to which she devoted herself, and entered the convent, not like many others whose ardent and heroic imagination had led them into the snare from which afterward they had endeavored in vain to escape, but rather with a mind fully perceiving the sacrifice she was making, and a heart brave to fulfill the vows she was about to take. The question of honor or dishonor, right or wrong, wisdom or folly of the duties imposed upon her she did not consider, for from the beginning of her novitiate she determined never, if possible, to allow of a mental reservation or to shrink from a duty. No *religieuse* of the house, therefore, could have been more suited to the task which the abbess and the priests required. With her they never had trouble; therefore she was one whom they could employ on any delicate mission or in any public capacity.

There are two important changes which come to each of us: those outside of us, which invariably disappoint our calculations, and those within us, which affect our feelings and character. Sister Catherine, notwithstanding her devotion to her calling and the scrupulous fidelity with which she discharged all her duties, had taken neither of these into her calculations, consequently she was not altogether prepared for some of the dark, intricate and dangerous passages through which she was required to walk. In connection with these requirements she made the most heroic efforts to see light where there was only darkness, and that a darkness which seemed to gather and deepen and thicken around her. The truth was, this woman had set herself a task which was too heavy for her, and the consequence was that the survey of the past was wholly unsatisfactory, and she sometimes felt as if the promises of rest and happiness were only a dream from which she might at any moment awake startled and dissatisfied. Had she been the subject of superstitious visions and dreams about her calling, or had she possessed less self-control, she might, and doubtless would, have been more refractory, but she would have been less enslaved. As it was, the irons which fettered her were burning into her soul, yet there was not a sign of flinching on her face nor a sigh or moan from her lips.

Sister Catherine, having received her instructions

from the lady superior, walked into Nelly's cell and in the gentlest of voices asked if she might remain with her a while. Nelly readily made her welcome and without hesitation entered into conversation with her.

"Are you very lonely, my child?" asked the nun, who was very much struck with the look of resignation on the face of the young girl.

"I am sometimes lonely," said Nelly gently.

"Have you had friends to visit you, then, that you say *sometimes*?" inquired the nun.

"I have had only one visitor and the abbess," said Nelly.

"Is that why you are only sometimes lonely?" asked Sister Catherine curiously.

"No, Sister Catherine. I do not know who the gentleman is who called," answered Nelly, "but—"

"But what, my dear?" said the nun encouragingly as Nelly hesitated. "Do not fear to speak to me."

"I am not afraid," said Nelly quietly. "I forgot when I said only *one* friend; I have had another who has been with me all the time."

Sister Catherine looked surprised and glanced suspiciously around, scanning with keen eyes the little apartment from wall to wall. There was neither cupboard nor closet nor wardrobe—nothing, in fact, but the narrow couch on which Nelly slept,

two rude chairs and a deal table on which stood a crucifix, a jug of water and a tin cup. Having satisfied herself that no third party was anywhere concealed, the nun recovered herself and said gently,

"How you startled me! I do not understand you, my child."

"I mean my dear Saviour has been with me, Sister Catherine," said Nelly earnestly.

"How do you know that?" the nun was about to ask, but, checking herself in time, substituted,

"Oh yes, you have the crucifix, my dear;" and, turning toward it, she made the sign of the cross.

"No, Sister Catherine," said Nelly hastily, "I do not mean that;" and again she paused.

"What do you mean, then?" asked the nun, somewhat bewildered.

"I mean," said Nelly earnestly, "that although I have been shut in here and cruelly separated from my home, my mother and all my friends, I have had a sweet and blessed peace in my heart which sometimes makes it throb and heave with wonderful love to my dear Saviour, and I am sometimes almost glad that I am here alone, for my heart is filled with a strange joy."

"Have you had visions, my dear?" questioned the nun; adding, "Oh you will make a beautiful nun and will be canonized."

"No, Sister Catherine," replied Nelly, "I have had no visions, and you do not understand me."

"Well, then, explain yourself," said the Sister.

"My Testament has shown me—" began Nelly.

"Do you mean a Protestant book?" interrupted the nun.

"Yes," said the young girl quietly.

The nun threw up her hands in horror, and, again turning to the crucifix, she crossed herself devoutly, and then said in a harsh, grating voice,

"Go on with your explanation."

"My Testament," continued Nelly in the same quiet tone, "has taught me that I may come with all my troubles and sufferings to Him who died for me, and that he will give me peace and rest in my poor distracted heart. I did come to him, and found that it was so, and now I love him as I never did before."

"And have you given up praying to the Blessed Virgin and the saints?" asked Sister Catherine in great astonishment.

"Yes, Sister Catherine, I have. My Saviour himself says, 'Come unto me;' and I know he loves and answers my prayers," was the fervent reply.

"Oh, my poor child, you are lost!" exclaimed the nun, softened in spite of herself by the way in which the young girl testified for Christ.

"No, Sister Catherine," replied Nelly, "I am saved; I know I am, I feel I am."

The nun, who, to do her justice, was not disposed to treat the young prisoner harshly, was greatly perplexed. She had read and heard some of the stock-in-trade arguments in favor of the Church of Rome. A few passages of Scripture were also familiar to her, such as "Hear the Church," "Confess your faults to one another," and the like, but of this kind of testimony she was entirely ignorant, and she was therefore seriously embarrassed.

Had Nelly been a subtle reasoner or a great authority on Protestantism, the Sister would have been content to have opposed against her the learning of the Church of Rome, but the ingenuousness and sincerity of Nelly's words, blended with the modesty of her manners and the natural beauty of her countenance, placed the nun at a disadvantage. Nor was this all: the poor Sister, as we have seen, tried hard to accept all the conditions of her calling and honestly to discharge every duty imposed upon her, but all this did not bring peace and satisfaction to her own heart; slowly but surely the conviction was being forced upon her that her life henceforth was to be one of unrelieved gloom. Now and then she would rouse herself by an effort from these terrible hallucinations, as she termed them, but on occasions like the present the truth was borne upon her mind with startling intensity. During her

brief interview with Nelly her conscience seemed to say to her, "You do not understand this because you do not possess it. Your service is a mockery and your prayers are but an empty sound. Poor wretch! poor wretch! there is nothing for you but dark despair."

Oh how plain is this voice of conscience in us all! Were we to utter with our lips all that our hearts say to us at times, it would drive us to insanity. Sister Catherine left Nelly's cell and withdrew to her own. There she remained but for a moment to adjust her habit; then she stole noiselessly to a small chapel, where, prostrating herself before the altar, she poured out her soul to God, the Virgin and the saints in an agony of prayer.

In the mean time, Nelly, recalling the incidents of Father Luke's visit, hastened to her couch and, taking from under her pillow the small package delivered by the priest, found to her surprise and inexpressible joy that it was her beloved Testament. For a few moments she was completely overwhelmed; then, sinking on her knees, she lifted up her heart to God in thanksgiving. Then, opening the precious book, she read these wonderful words: "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." She felt that they were words from the lips of a familiar and well-beloved Friend. She read no more; these not only satisfied her for the instant, but also gave her com-

fort and rest, for they conveyed an additional assurance of the protection of Him for whom she was then suffering.

"Precious words!" she exclaimed aloud. "I accept them; they are uttered to me; I feel their power in my heart, and I know I am saved."

Turning, she saw Sister Catherine standing in the doorway with an expression of such surprise and alarm as startled Nelly. At first the nun seemed unable to articulate; next when she attempted to speak she was at a loss for words to convey her meaning. Nelly, who saw her perplexity, came to her relief by saying,

"I have my Testament again, Sister Catherine, and I am so happy."

The artlessness of the young girl allayed the rising anger of the Sister and completely disarmed her prejudices.

"Let me talk with you, my child," said the nun, advancing again into the cell. "Why are you so happy at disobeying the commands of the Church? That is an heretical book, and you are committing a dreadful sin in reading it."

"That cannot be," said Nelly innocently, "for the good priest himself it was who brought it to me."

This reply was unanswerable; the nun could only stare in amazement, and for some moments did not open her lips. When she did speak, it was to say,

"This is very remarkable, and must be looked into."

Nelly became very much alarmed at these words, and, going up to her with the tears coursing down her cheeks and the Testament pressed lovingly to her breast, said pleadingly,

"Oh, my dear good lady, you will not do anything to deprive me again of my Testament?"

"Sit down," said the nun, softened by this appeal ; "let me talk with you, and do you tell me more about yourself and how you came to think and feel in this way."

In simple, touching words Nelly told her the story of her little brother's death at the well of Killgiver, and recited the hymn which the children had sung for her. Then turning to the Testament she read the words which had given her so much comfort in her first struggles after light.

The frankness and clearness of the testimony perplexed the Sister. She felt that Nelly's experience and joy were indeed quite different from her own, and as the narrative proceeded now and then conscience would say, as though the Spirit of God himself were saying it, "Get this ! get this ! get it *now* ! You need it, you cannot be happy without it ; seek it as she sought it. It is for you as well as for her. Seek it ! seek it !"

Once more the nun withdrew, and, avoiding all other inmates of the house, she proceeded to the

chapel a second time, and kneeling in the same spot fixed her eyes upon the crucifix and tried to pray.

The effort was vain ; words would not come and only shadows flitted before her vision. At times the bronze crucifix seemed to vanish, and in its place appeared Nelly with her Bible in her hands ; then this vision would fade and the crucifix be again restored. She knew that all this was but the result of her disturbed nervous condition, yet she could not resist the appalling conviction that her heart was not right before God, and that the life she had chosen had failed to satisfy the noblest aspirations and desires of her own soul. She felt that the Bible testified against her, and she feared to read it or to hear it read.

Ah, this hunger of the soul, this spark of life which cries for more and more and more ! How it burns in the human heart, and yet refuses to be satisfied with that which is offered ! How everything sinks into insignificance in the presence of that which it demands ! How it finds out men and women everywhere, in the church and out of the church, and how it urges and tosses and pushes and draws the needy souls to the Source of all comfort and joy and blessing !

What is it ? Men call it conscience ; I call it the Spirit of the living God—that Spirit whose language is, “Behold, I stand at the door and knock ; if any

man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me."

Twice in the history of this woman a crisis had come. First, when she offered herself to this life of seclusion and delusion. At that time all her woman's instincts had recoiled from the sacrifice; a mysterious hand seemed to hold her back, a voice within her seemed to whisper, "Beware!" Yet she persisted in her career. Now, again, a crisis was before her; deeply, solemnly in her heart she felt that Nelly Gray possessed that which she herself had not, but that for which her soul had hungered for years.

Light had broken upon her understanding, and she saw clearly the contrast between herself and the young sweet life so beautiful in its repose as it developed before her, and she saw also that the secret of Nelly's strength and composure was the word of God.

Of this Word the nun felt herself to be utterly ignorant. Before her admission into the nunnery she had been forbidden to read it, and after she had taken the solemn vows required she found that it was a proscribed book. Deeply was she convinced now that this forbidden book contained truths which if she understood them aright would minister to her need. Like one who, afflicted with some disease, standing outside of an apothecary's shop knows that within there is a specific which if skillfully applied

would cure him, so she believed that the Bible somewhere contained a blessing for her, but, alas! she knew not how to apply the remedy, and the truth was borne upon her that of all the household of which she was a member none save the young girl who was under her surveillance possessed the knowledge.

Distracted by doubts and fears, the nun returned again to Nelly's cell, cast aside all reserve, and, throwing her arms around the fair young girl, begged that she would read for her some of the verses which had been of so much comfort in her own trouble.

There we leave her, not only for the present, but for the future; we shall see her no more until the resurrection of the redeemed. Let the leaven of truth work in her heart; who can say how long it may be until the whole is leavened?*

* If my readers are disappointed that I do not follow up the story of this poor victim until I give the sequel, it will console them to know that my not doing so will spare them the reading of harrowing details of persecution and humiliating penances imposed upon this unhappy woman, whose only crime was the reading of the Bible and seeking *alone through Jesus the blessing of peace.*

CHAPTER XXV.

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools."

WHEN Daniel informed us of his success in gaining access to the convent, and of his stratagem, we were very much surprised and were at first incredulous; he was presently saluted with such remarks as, "Why, Daniel, you astonish us! What is the meaning of this? How did you bring it about? Are you in earnest? This is news indeed; will you not tell us how you managed it all?"

"Aisy, aisy, gintlemin," said Daniel with great gravity. "I'm undher a vow an' cannot answer ye; as Daniel More I know nothin', but as a good, sound Prostestune I have all knowledge. As your watchman I am as ignorant as a child unborn, but as an owld friend of Nelly I know more than I can tell."

After some further parleying, however, Daniel explained fully his plan, and the method in which he expected to carry it out.

For brevity's sake, we shall pass over the incidents connected with the journey to Dublin. Misled by her haughty spirit, the abbess committed Nelly and the nun her companion to the charge of Daniel. However willing the priests might have been to see Nelly released, they probably would have advised against this procedure had they been consulted, as they would have been responsible for whatever might happen. But as the abbess took it upon herself to act independently of them, the blame attached solely to her. Hamilton went down with the party, though in a separate carriage. At Dublin, however, he joined them. Nelly knew him directly, and without hesitation put herself in his hands. The nun, who began to feel alarm, expostulated, but Daniel came up and persuaded her to enter a cab, intimating at the same time that they would have to travel separately through the city, but would meet at the place of destination.

The scene at Mr. Fitzgerald's lodgings on the arrival of the long-lost girl was affecting beyond description. Nelly's tranquillity gave way to hysterics and gushes of tears as Mr. Fitzgerald lifted her from the vehicle and carried her to a couch in his sitting-room. It was a long time before she could calm herself, but when she had succeeded in so doing she breathed once more the same prayer that had escaped her lips when she was severed from her family.

The nun who had accompanied her, though at first somewhat dismayed, soon perceived that she was not among wicked or lawless people. She looked at Nelly, who as soon as she could trust her voice offered her a welcome in the name of her friends.

"My dear Sister," added the young girl, "you are in the hands of friends, who, although they differ from your faith and mine, love the Saviour just as we do."

The reader must bear in mind that Nelly had never thought for a moment that she was not still a Roman Catholic. She had ceased to offer prayers to saints and angels, because, she said, "I could not allow any being in heaven or earth to come between myself and the Lord Jesus." She had indeed lost all relish for the ceremonial worship of the Church of Rome; she never counted her prayers any more; she never now turned from form to form, or systematically said a number of prayers and then ceased to pray altogether. Taught by the Holy Spirit of God, she poured out all the feelings of her heart to him, and, led on from hour to hour by the same divine Instructor, she lived with a constant recollection of his presence and her continual need. Yet with it all Nelly knew not that she was practically giving up the religion of Rome. The nun was more bewildered by Nelly's manner of condolence and by the nature of the sympathy

offered her than by the strangeness of her position. For a time she could not understand Nelly; there was as great a contrast between the two minds as there is between the systematic darkness which hangs about a December midnight, with neither stars nor moon, and the warm, life-giving flood of light which always accompanies the rising of a July sun. But what darkness can the sun not dispel? what coldness can it not melt and warm? Nelly's influence over the cold and apparently lifeless heart of her companion at first did not melt her. For some time she scarcely responded to Nelly's expressions of solicitude, but intimated that they had been victims of a deception, and that from Nelly's acquiescence she concluded that she must have been a party to it. This insinuation led to a full account of the young girl's abduction—a history which could not fail to touch the nun's heart. For even with all the iciness which seemed to cover her heart she was yet a woman, and could not hear of such wrongs without a feeling of indignation. But she was also a nun, and knew from experience the ordeal through which Nelly had passed. Nelly's recital called up with painful vividness her recollection of corresponding scenes in her own history. Unlike Nelly, she had laid herself voluntarily at the shrine of Rome; she had been tempted to do so by repeated opportunities of witnessing the reception of young and beautiful women as *religieuses*

into these prisons of death; she saw them gorgeously and fantastically attired, surrounded by all the pageantry and pomp which the Church of Rome, the mistress of gaudy decorators, could devise. Her taste for romance and her girlish vanity were stirred by this unholy burlesque. To be dressed and decorated, led, perhaps by a pompous bishop, to the altar and "given away," not to some manly and affectionate husband, who would love and cherish her through life, but "given away to the Church"—a statement which, though it be uttered by the lips of a bishop, a cardinal or a pope, is a lie. She is not given to the Church; her fortune is given to the Church; she herself is given into the charge of some ill-tempered woman, whose remorseless hands deface God's handiwork upon her, stripping from her her woman's covering and subjecting her to a life more suited to a maniac.

Caught in the gorgeously woven net of Rome, this victim drooped and languished for a while; she had abandoned home, friends and fortune; despair she could not altogether fight against; from remorse she could not always flee. The moment her own beautiful tresses fell from her head and she doffed the bridal robes for the miserable garb she was condemned to wear, the delusion was over, and she awoke as from a dream to find herself surrounded by terrible realities. As I have said, she drooped for a time until, urged by cunning and ignorant

priests and women, she set herself to undergo the severest discipline of conventual life and tried to alleviate her sufferings by the consolations of religion.

Nevertheless, the victimized bride of the Church found no comfort in barren ceremonies. Like Esau, she had sold her birthright for a mess of pottage; she had forfeited her happiness for the vanity of being presented as the bride of the Church: now she found no place of repentance, though she sought it with tears. For a long time there was an earnestness, a true heartiness about her devotions, but they were presented not to God through Christ, and could not be answered; and as hope deferred maketh the heart sick, so consolation refused made her heart faint; her worship lost all its energy and she lapsed into the cold, formal habit of all Romish devotees. The routine of life became monotonous; the same daily utterances, the same round of duties and the same sluggish existence made the passing days tedious and robbed the future of every beautifying touch.

There are a great many people who are very sensitive on the subject of interfering with Roman Catholics in reference to their religion. These people have never fully investigated the subject, else they would lose their squeamishness and do what they could to rescue their fellow-men from the dangers which surround them, as well as from

the misery into which they are plunged. "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." Conscious of this arrangement of an all-wise Being, who should pause to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And yet it is a universally acknowledged adage that the most important things should be done first. A blind man is holding out his hand for some one to help him through the dangerous crowd, but there, yonder, a child has fallen and will be trampled under the feet of horses unless I hasten to lift him. Shall I hesitate because I have another, albeit a less important, duty to discharge? No; leave the blind man and pick up the child; its need of assistance is the greater. Many Protestants are spiritually blind and need our help, but the Roman Catholics are fallen, fallen low and far. "Help! help!" is their cry, but the fastidious hear them not. "Let us lead the blind," say they, "and leave these in the mire into which they have fallen." No! no! I solemnly aver that those who say this are guilty before God. Lead, if you will, your Protestant brethren into the light, but do not leave these others alone.

With such convictions we felt it our duty before parting with Nelly's companion to make some effort to enlighten her upon the subject of religion. She was offered an apartment and the companionship of Nelly for the night. This she accepted with some timidity. Nothing, however, that could

hurt her feelings or prejudice was said by any one. Truth is itself a straight line which, laid side by side with error, will by very contrast expose all its curvatures.

Nelly's experience was listened to with great interest by us all. She told us how the Lord Jesus had been with her throughout the whole of her trial—how she could talk to him in her cell from morning until night, and when her mind would be at all given to fretfulness or anxiety how much this communion comforted her. She said that at such times she felt him to be dearer than ever before, and she also told us how much she enjoyed thinking over those passages of Scripture which she had read before entering the convent, and the wonderful ways in which he had made his will known to her. She spoke of how often she had dreamed of heaven at night, when she thought she met again the children who had sung that sweet hymn for her in her own sweet valley; how much she loved the Saviour now with all the warmth of her heart; and how his very name was dear to her and his words precious to her soul.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Perplexed and tried, may we recline
On the same arm of power divine;
His wisdom shall our footsteps guide,
His mercy for our need provide;
Trusting in him, we cannot fail
O'er every danger to prevail."

FROM the time I left Annaghgreen to the time Nelly Gray was restored to us I became a careful student of the Bible. I read it prayerfully and thoughtfully, and was not only confirmed in the truth, but refreshed in my heart. How strangely did the teachings of some of its chapters contrast with that which I had been receiving all my life! While I read for spiritual benefit and tried to feed my hungry soul with the true bread from heaven, I could not help reflecting on the arrogance of the man who I was led to believe was, above all other men, appointed a prince over all nations "to pluck up, to disperse, to scatter abroad, to build and to plant," and who, assuming these prerogatives to himself, dares to fulminate anathemas against whomsoever he will. I say I could not help contrasting such arrogance with the beautiful precepts of the Lord Jesus as emphasized

in the following passages: "Be not ye called rabbi, for one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren;" "And call no man your father upon earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven; neither be ye called masters, for one is your Master, even Christ! But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant; and whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted;" "Jesus called them unto him and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever shall be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever shall be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Again, when I read of the atonement offered "in the end of the world" once for all, I trembled as I called to mind the superfluous requirements which my own experience told me had been added to that all-sufficient work of Christ. I knew that the priests of Rome claimed jurisdiction over the dead themselves, and offered from time to time, out of what they called their "heavenly treasure," indulgence to their friends on their behalf, while the Bible, the precious word of God, declares that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The worship of saints and angels

was a subject familiar to me, but the Bible taught me that there is "but one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." Everything in the word of God appeared as clear as the sunbeams, as pure as the perennial spring and as satisfying to the thirsty soul as fountains of living water. With glaring inconsistency the teaching of the pope stood out against this glorious witness of truth, only to be exposed as a colossal subterfuge.

These feelings of mine were, however, feeble compared with those with which Nelly regarded the Bible. I shall never forget the look of joy which irradiated her countenance as she seized a New Testament and hurried off to revel in its truths. Like a new-born babe which intuitively desires its own natural food, Nelly desired the sincere milk of the Word, that she might grow thereby. O ye lukewarm professors of Protestantism, ignorant of the very fundamental truths of the religion ye profess, with Bibles moulding upon your shelves, how will you answer to God for your indifference? Your position is that of men fainting and dying with feverish thirst, while in your hands there is a cup, a golden cup, running over with precious life-giving water, and, while admiring the beauty of the vessel, even though dying you refuse to raise it to your lips. This is the condition of thousands of professing Protestants. Could

such only have looked into the chamber to which Nelly retired with the precious book, could they only have seen the eagerness with which she perused its pages, could they only feel the loss of its living truths as she had felt it, could they only know the joy which filled the soul of this poor Irish girl as she read, not as a tedious task, but with intense interest and pleasure,—they would feel confused and convicted, and perhaps would awake to a realization of the worth of that which they despise. This was the passage at which the book opened: “I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.” Closing the book while tears of joy stood in her eyes, Nelly exclaimed aloud,

“Precious gospel, I am not ashamed of it. I do not doubt its truthfulness; I believe it all; I believe it is all for me and all to me. I have felt its power on my heart, and I know I am saved.”

The nun, who was still with her, could not understand this; at first she thought Nelly was beside herself, but when she noticed every action and saw the evidences of intelligence running through the entire conduct of the young girl, she knew this was not, could not, be the case. She might have had a suspicion that Nelly was acting a part, but she saw in her such earnestness of purpose, such sincerity of speech and such gentleness of manner

that she could not believe her capable of hypocrisy, and the nun became, like others, an admirer of the fair sweet character of the girl. After hearing Nelly so frequently asseverate that she loved the Lord Jesus very dearly, the nun began to analyze the feelings of her own heart on the subject; she found it but the cold blank pretence of a heart; fixed upon nothing and with nothing fixed upon it, its pulsations of life had long ceased and its warmth had long passed away. Yet, after all, was not this analysis, this first glance into the darkened chambers of her soul, the beginning of a new life, the dawning of a brighter, happier day?

Once I remember seeing a poor victim almost culminate her list of offences against God by an attempt at suicide. She rushed like a maniac past my father's door, on through the fresh green lawn and meadows, to the banks of a deep sullen river which rolled its dark waters so slowly through the valley as scarcely to seem in motion. As the poor creature approached the brink she hesitated a moment, then with a sudden summing up of her resolution plunged into the arms of death. Some laborers returning from the hayfields saw her and ran to her assistance, and with the aid of their forks and rakes drew her from the water in an unconscious state. For a long while there was no sign of returning animation; heartbroken friends stood around her sobbing and wailing, but their

voices seemed unable to pierce the heavy veil which shut out the world from her senses. At last, after continued and skillful efforts, there was a convulsive quiver; life was yet there, and with a sigh she opened her eyes upon the faces of her sorrowing friends. Something like this was the case of Nelly's companion. Voluntarily she had plunged into the arms of death; for a long time she had gasped and struggled, and finally had almost sunk to rise no more; rescued by Providence, she appeared to us to be insensible to all spiritual realities and dead beyond the possibility of recovery. Led by the Holy Spirit, however, Nelly Gray administered to her wants, whispered gentle and loving words in her ears and found the way to her heart. The torpor was broken; there were at first the faintest signs of life; those internal glances into the state of her own heart were accompanied by the question, "Do I really love Christ?" The result was a rush of new feeling, but an unsatisfactory answer.

"Nelly," said she, "I do not love the blessed Saviour as you do; I fear I do not love him at all. My state is all dark and all gloomy; I have no love for God; I *fear* God; I cannot think he loves me. I have spent all my life trying to pray to the Virgin Mary, his blessed mother, to intercede for me and to pacify her Son, but it appears to be in vain. I have tried all my life to be good and

to merit the divine approbation, to cleanse my own heart and prepare myself for heaven, but it is all in vain; all is dark, cold and dead within me. I fear that book you hold; I feel if I should open it it would pronounce my condemnation and seal me as lost for ever. I hate the Bible; I have been taught to hate it; but I know now why I hate it—because it is good. I hate all that is good, and now I hate myself because I am not good. Nelly, will you pray for me? I am miserably unhappy.”

During this confession and self-condemnation of the nun Nelly held her Testament in her hand, and as her companion referred to it she pressed it to her bosom, clasping it tightly in her hands, as though she feared she might be again deprived of her sacred treasure. When the nun had finished her wild outburst she went to her and took her hands with loving tenderness.

“Ah, my dear sister,” she said, “you cannot think how much your words grieve me. You speak of God as though he were afar off from you and as if he were unkind and angry. God is love, and ‘God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ He is not a tyrant, else he would never have done that; we did not love him, but he loved us, and everything that loves has its love from God. In heaven the saints and the angels all love and are always

drinking in love, but God himself is the fountain, the source, of that love. Love is a great river flowing out from the throne of God; the seraphim plunge into it; the angels go down and bathe there; those who love God on earth drink from it; and poor sinners like you and me may come to its brink, and a very little drop is enough to make us happy."

"Nelly," said her companion, "how do you know all this? Where did you learn it?"

"Out of my beloved Testament," replied Nelly. "Listen while I read for you this beautiful verse: 'And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.' There!" added she, "there it is! I learned it once on the cliff that hangs over Lough Conn at my own dear home, and one night in my bed at the convent I dreamed all the rest. I thought I saw the angels with multitudes of the dwellers in heaven who had been redeemed from the earth, and who shone brighter and more glorious than the sun, go down into the river and drink and bathe in it, and a voice said in my ear, 'This is the love of God.' I awoke then, and oh how I longed to drink of that river too and to be with them! Since then I have learned that we need not go up to heaven to find this river of love; for listen, Sister, to this verse: 'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say,

Come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.' Now, how can we drink of the river if it does not flow to us? But it does flow, sweet, fresh and pure. I have drank of it; so may you."

"Oh, it is all a deep mystery to me," said the nun with a heavy sigh; "my mind is dark, dark. I cannot drink, yet I thirst for this living water, but I do not know how to find it. I cannot pray except to say the prayers I have been taught, and they have done me no good; my heart is a heart of stone. They told me that a convent-life was a holy life; that it was nothing less than a foretaste of heaven; that all without the convent-walls was sin and gloom and death. But oh, the misery of the pain I have felt no human tongue can tell. The convent was represented as a place of rest and peace for broken and disconsolate hearts and trembling consciences, but I have found it otherwise. They said that although they might shut the light of heaven from the sacred retreat, yet there was light within; but it was all dark to me. There they said was love, warm and genial, with nothing to fret the soul and without envy or discord. I believed this; I left my darling home, the friends I loved, the world that had never palled upon my senses; for this I broke every tie and sinned against my God, who had given me these friends and comforts. Remorse seized upon me,

and, though I tried to shake off the sense of despondency, I could not. At length in austerities which few women could endure I made, as I thought, satisfaction and tried to become reconciled to my fate. All, all is vain; the hopes I had of heaven are like broken reeds; I am unhappy, miserably unhappy."

Nelly was unprepared for this confession, and knew not how to reply; she wished with all her heart that some more experienced friend was near. As, however, there was no one to whom she might refer the unhappy nun, she endeavored as far as possible to instruct her in one particular—namely, in substituting communion with God in place of mere verbal prayers. How she herself had been brought to understand this she could not explain. No one had conversed with her on the subject; nevertheless, the prayer of the heart became the grand fundamental element of her spiritual being, and the realization of a present Saviour had been the outcome of her heart-struggle. Few, therefore, were better fitted to give instruction than Nelly. Like the apostle, she could say, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life,—that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with

his Son Jesus Christ." Nelly had seen, had felt, this fellowship, and on this subject she was happy and at her ease in conversation.

"God," she said earnestly, "does not require many words or any words; it is the prayer of the heart he desires, and words are useful only as they express to our own senses our prayers. But in the Bible God says, 'And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and whilst they are yet speaking I will hear.' So without words or before we have time to utter words he will hear us."

"Oh, my sister," she continued after a pause, "God is love; he will hear you also; only lift up your heart and tell him all your thoughts and desires. Oh how nice it would have been had you but fallen on your knees and poured out your griefs into his heart—those griefs which you have confessed to me! If I, who am but a poor helpless, sinful creature, felt moved to pour upon your heart some virtuous balm which might heal its wounds, how much more will He, who is all goodness and love and all power, hasten to your assistance and administer consolation to your soul! Could you only feel how much, how dearly, Jesus loves you, you would rush into his arms and trust him with all your heart."

These glowing words were not spoken in vain. Unconsciously, Nelly was pouring the balm of consolation into the wounded heart of her companion.

The first faint indications of spiritual life were followed by numerous signs of true spiritual animation. At last the fountains of her heart, which had remained closed for so many years, were broken up; a flood of tears gushed from her eyes, and, falling on her knees, she prayed as she had never prayed before. It was a prayer which would have moved the heart of a tyrant were the Almighty such. Softly and tenderly were Nelly's arms placed round her, and earnestly did she now point her directly to the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, to the only Mediator and Advocate she could depend upon. Long, long did they remain bowed together now in silent prayer, then in fervent ejaculations, and then communing one with the other, the one instructing, the other gratefully receiving the words uttered, until at last the nun exclaimed,

"Nelly, I am happy! The balm is poured in; the water rushes from the living river; Jesus is my only Saviour. Nelly, help me to praise him, help me to praise him!"

It is now twelve months since my friends and I were obliged to forsake our homes, and in that time what changes have taken place in the history of each of us! Not one has returned to his native place; to have done so would have been to sacrifice our lives. It is said, however, that Father McNavigan has grown much more gentle in his dealings with

his flock in his own parish. After his return home he was stricken down with fever. During his delirium he talked incessantly of Nelly Gray, Maggie Brownie and the abbess of the convent at M——. The secrets divulged led those immediately concerned to decide that the best thing was to drop the matter and to attempt nothing in the way of bringing back Nelly Gray. Jemmie Brownie and the unhappy Maggie visited her in Dublin, and arrangements were made whereby Daniel More, Nelly and I should leave Ireland. Nelly is well and happy; the nun, who is now a constant student of the Bible, is her companion and stands to her in the relation of her lost mother. God is preparing them both for usefulness in his own true Church. Nelly's affection for me and mine for her are not in the least diminished, and I have from her lips a promise which in due course of time will find a sweet fulfillment. Until that time shall come we are trying to qualify ourselves for the work which God has for us to do in the future, the first duty laid upon us now being the care of Maggie Brownie, whom her brother has confided to our charge, and who clings to Nelly as a frightened child clings to its mother. In this work of love Daniel More proves himself what he professes to be—"a handy boy."

So we live with a brightening future before us, and for our present joy a constant realization of the Saviour's promise, "Lo, I am with you alway."



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

“WE excommunicate and anathematize every heresy which exalteth itself against this holy orthodox and Catholic faith which we have set forth, condemning all heretics, by whatsoever name they may be recognized, who have indeed divers faces, but their tails are bound together, for they make agreement in the same folly ; so that the goods of such condemned persons being laymen shall be confiscated, but in cases of clerks be applied to the churches from which they receive their stipend. But let those who are marked with suspicion be smitten with the sword of anathema and shunned by all men till they make proper satisfaction, unless, according to the grounds of suspicion and the quality of the person, they shall have demonstrated their innocence by a proper purgation. So that if any shall persevere in excommunication for a twelve-month, thenceforth they shall be condemned as heretic. And let the secular powers, whatever

offices they may hold, be induced and admonished, and, if need be, compelled by ecclesiastical censure, that as they desire to be accounted faithful they should for the defence of the faith publicly set forth on oath that to the utmost of their power they will try to exterminate from the lands under their jurisdiction all heretics who shall be denounced by the Church. So that whensoever any person be advanced, either to spiritual or temporal power, he shall be bound to confirm this concern by an oath. But if any temporal lord, being required and admonished by the Church, shall neglect to cleanse his country of this heretical faith, let him be bound by the chain of excommunication. And if he scorn to make satisfaction, *thenceforth declare his vassals to be absolved from their fidelity to him and expose his lands to be occupied by the Catholics, who having exterminated the heretics may without contradiction possess it.*" (*Fourth Lateran Council, Third Canon.*)

APPENDIX B.

"**N**OR shall it hinder our decree that any one should, to preserve the customs of his own Church, say that he is bound by an oath. For these are not to be called oaths, *but rather perjuries, which are opposed to ecclesiastical utility and the*

institutions of the holy Fathers." (*Third Council of Lateran*, chap. xvi. : Labb and Coss, vol. x. p. 1571.)

The creed to which Romish priests subscribe, and which constitutes the difference between them and Protestants, thus solemnly pledges them before God to maintain and propagate the doctrine of the councils in their own words: "And all other things likewise I do undoubtedly receive and confess which are delivered, defined and declared by the sacred canons and general councils, and especially the holy Council of Trent. And at the same time I condemn, reject and curse all things contrary, and all persons whatsoever condemned, rejected and cursed by the Church; and I will take care that this true Catholic faith (out of which no man can be saved), which at this time I willingly profess and truly hold, be constantly (with God's help) retained and confessed, whole and inviolate, to the last breath of life; and by those who are under me, or such as I shall have any charge over in my calling, holden, taught, and preached as far as it shall be in my power. I the same promise, vow and swear, so help me God and his holy Gospels." (REV. JAMES R. PAGE, A. B., *formerly of the Diocese of Tuam.*)

APPENDIX C.

THE absurdities of exorcism form no inconsiderable part of the Ritual of Breslau. Water, salt, etc. are exorcised as containing devils. Men are possessed by devils, and the priest releases them; storms and tempests are excited by devils, and these are exorcised. In baptism it is ordained that the priest is to breathe or blow three times on the child (this is termed "exsufflation"), and say, "Go out of him, thou unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Ghost;" and, again, "I conjure thee, thou unclean spirit, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost (making the sign of the cross at each), that thou go out of this servant of God, for He commandeth thee who walked on the sea and gave his right hand to the sinking Peter. Therefore, cursed devil, recognize the judgment against thee, and give honor to the true God, to Jesus his Son and to the Holy Ghost, and depart from this servant of God, since our Lord Jesus Christ hath called him to his grace and benediction and to baptism. And thou, Satan, shalt never dare to profane this sign of the cross with which we sign his forehead through our Lord Jesus Christ." This exorcism is again repeated. Then the priest anoints the ears with spittle and says, "Ephphatha! be thou opened!" Then the nose, with the words, "For a

delightful savor, but do thou, devil, flee from it, for it will bring the judgment of God upon thee." The meaning of these words is past comprehension, the ceremony unworthy of rational beings.

A person who has died under excommunication and has shown sign of repentance is to be absolved. If the body be not buried, it is to be whipped and then absolved and buried in holy ground. If buried in unconsecrated ground, it is, if practicable, to be taken up, whipped, etc., as before; if it cannot be taken up, the grave is to be whipped; and the same if it be buried in consecrated ground; certain psalms are repeated during this monstrous ceremony.

The exorcism of water is another of these vain "inventions:" "I conjure thee, O creature of water, in the name of God the almighty Father of Jesus Christ our Lord, and through the might of the Holy Ghost, that thou become exorcised water, to drive away all the powers of our wicked enemy and to destroy him with his wicked angels, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Then follows a prayer that God will be pleased to bless the water, and that he may be pleased to drive away all sickness and devils, and that no uncleanness, no pestilential vapors, no snares of the wicked enemy, may come near the houses where it is sprinkled. Then the priest puts salt into the water in the form of a cross, and says, "Let the mixture of salt and water

be made, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen."

The following is the form of exorcism of devils in the air: "O God! who hast enabled St. Bridget to vanquish her enemies, grant to us, thy servants, that through her intercession and merits we may be freed from all the mischiefs of tempest, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The Father uncreate, the Son uncreate, the Holy Ghost uncreate, holy! holy! holy! Behold the cross of the Lord. Fly, ye hostile beings. The lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, has conquered. Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah. Lord Jesus, do thou deign to bless all the people I see before me, through the power of the Holy Ghost and the prayers of St. Bridget and all male and female saints. Amen. In the name of Christ. Amen. Immanuel, Paracletus, Sabaoth, Ischyros, Athanatos. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Then, turning to the people, the priest signs the sign of the cross, and says: "Circundit te nubes Deus Pater, circundit te nubes Filius, circundit te nubes Deus Spiritus Sanctus. Destruat te Deus Pater, destruat te Deus Filius, destruat te Deus Spiritus Sanctus. Comprimat te Deus Pater, etc. Benedicat te Deus Pater, etc. Diridat te Deus Pater, etc. Annihilet te Deus Pater, etc. In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

APPENDIX D.

“THE doctrine of purgatory, you know, sir, is one of the most cherished doctrines of your Church. Indeed, I do not know how your Church could get along without it. My object now is not to reason with you about it, nor to controvert it, but to state to you a few facts in reference to it that made in early life a great impression on my mind. You know that in Ireland the custom of the priest is, at a certain point in the service of the mass, to turn his back to the altar and his face to the people and to read a long list of names of deceased persons whose souls are in purgatory and to offer up a prayer for their deliverance from it. This is done, or used to be done, in the chapels on every Sabbath. To secure the name of a deceased relative on that magic list the priest must be paid so much a year, varying, I believe, with the ability of the friends to pay. If the yearly payment is not made when due, the name of the person is erased from the list. A circumstance arising out of this custom of your Church occurring in my boyhood is distinctly before me: A respectable man in our neighborhood died in mid-life, leaving a widow and a large family of children to mourn his loss. True to her religious principles and her religious instincts, the widow had her husband's name placed on that list, and heard with pious gratitude his name read over from

Sabbath to Sabbath, with a prayer offered for the deliverance of his soul from purgatory. After the lapse of two or three years, on a certain Sabbath, the name of her husband was omitted from the list. The fact filled her with mingled fear and joy—joy, thinking her husband had escaped from purgatory, and fear lest she had done something to offend the priest. On timid inquiry she learned that his soul was still in purgatory, but that she had forgotten to send in the yearly tax when due. The tax was promptly paid, and the name restored on the next Sabbath. With this fact, sir, I am entirely conversant, for that widow was my own mother. Can you wonder, sir, that this incident made a deep impression upon my youthful mind, or that it shook my faith in your whole system? And, as far as memory serves me, Father M—— was an amiable man and above the ordinary level of the men of his calling.

“Another fact which early impressed me in reference to purgatory was this: Your Church makes a distinction between mortal and venial sinners. The former go to hell for ever; the latter go to purgatory, ‘whence they are taken by the prayers and alms offered for them, and principally by the holy sacrifice of the mass.’ Now, I always saw that the *most mortal* sinners, that everybody would say went to hell, could always have masses said for them as if they went to purgatory, provided their

friends could pay ; and that *less mortal* sinners, that people would say went to purgatory, were sent to hell if their friends could not pay for masses for them. And their souls were left in purgatory for a long while when their friends paid promptly every year, but *their* souls were soon prayed out whose friends could not pay long for them. Facts like these, sir, very early shook my faith in the religion of my parents and priests. And when, in mature years, I could more fully answer them, they led me to reject this religion as a fable cunningly devised by priests." (KIRWAN'S *Letters to BISHOP HUGHES*.)

APPENDIX E.

"THE doctrine of confession is one of the primary doctrines of your Church. It requires every good papist to confess his sins to a priest at least once a year. If any sins are concealed, none are forgiven. This doctrine makes the bosom of the priest the repository of all the sins of all the sinners of his parish who make a conscience of confession. And this is one of the sources of the fearful power which your priests have over your people. And with this doctrine of confession is connected the power of the Father confessor to grant absolution to the confessing penitent. It is sometimes affirmed,

and then denied to suit circumstances, that the priest claims such power. But Dr. Challoner in his *Catholic Christian Instructed*, chap. ix., asserts this power, and on what he deems Christian authority. And I never knew an individual who came from confession with the privilege of taking communion who did not feel and believe that his sins were forgiven him, or, if they were not, would be on the performance of the prescribed penances. You, sir, will not say that I either misstate or misrepresent the doctrine. Now, for some of my early impressions on this subject: Father M—— frequently held his confessions at our house. He sat in a dark room up stairs with one or more candles on a table before him. Those going to confession followed each other on their knees from the front door up the stairs to the door of this room. When one came out of the confessing-room, another entered. My turn came: I entered the room, from which the light of day was excluded, and bowed myself before the priest. He made over me the sign of the cross, and after saying something in Latin ordered me to commence the detail of my sins. Such was my fright that my memory failed in bringing up past delinquencies. He would prompt me, asking, Did you do this thing or that? I would answer Yes or No. And when I could say no more he would wave his hand over me, again utter some words in Latin and dismiss me. Through this pro-

cess I went often, and never without feeling that my sins were forgiven. Sins that burdened me before were now disregarded. The load of guilt was gone, and I often felt when prompted to sin that I could commit it with impunity, as I could soon confess it and secure its pardon. And this, sir, is the fearful and fatal effect of your doctrines of confession and absolution upon millions of minds.

"The questions, however, often came up, Why does the priest go into a darkened room in the day-time? Why not speak in English, and not in Latin? What if my sins, after all, are not forgiven? And I always found I could play my pranks better after confession than before, since I could go at them with a lighter heart." (KIRWAN'S *Letters to BISHOP HUGHES.*)

APPENDIX F.

"**A**BOUT a mile and a quarter from the top of the hill Croach Patrick lives a man by the name of Malley, who keeps a chapel of ease for the pilgrims who resort thither from various parts of Ireland to atone for their sins or the sins of their parents and friends. All the devotees lay in a store of the heavenly liquor, from a pint to half a pint according to their several abilities, with some oat bread and butter, together with a glass or two

in the house. They then proceed as quick as possible to wipe out the nicks of their tally and make a clear conscience, that they may enjoy, they say, part of the fun below. They go up the hill bare-footed, for it is counted a sin to go otherwise, and because I and two others went up with our shoes on they immediately cried out that we were 'Sam-wils' (meaning Protestants). The station commences in a place called Laghita Minnagu—in English, 'The Kid's Monument.' When the pilgrims reach thus far they bare their knees and cross themselves. The station course is here about forty-five yards in circumference: some go round this station on their knees, fancying that thereby they become more holy and that God is indebted to them in proportion to their suffering. The number of prayers said are seven paters, seven aves and a creed, going round the monument seven times. When done their rounds, they come to where they began, throw themselves on their knees and creep to the cross in the centre of the monument. They have about fifteen yards to go on their bare knees, on heaps of sharp stones. Scarcely do they proceed two yards before their knees are stript of skin, and before they reach the centre of their devotions the streams of blood are visible. When they reach the adored idol of their souls they cross themselves with the greatest reverence, then say some prayers, kiss the transverse pieces of wood and tie a small

shred of their clothes on this cross as an offering to the saints ; indeed, there are so many shreds of so many colors that the cross resembles a scarecrow set up in a cornfield. In this place were about two hundred and fifty persons at their devotions.

“I and the other two readers who were with me spoke to them some time, after reading part of the eighteenth chapter of 1 Kings, and showed them the utter uselessness of such proceedings from the similarity of the proceedings of the false prophets of Baal. Some of them crossed themselves and said that they never heard such talk, and that it would be no wonder if the hill should split to hear such talk. Others begged us for God’s sake to kneel down and say one prayer or even to take off our shoes. We repeated the second commandment for them, and showed them we could not in anywise join them ; then directed them to the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour for the ruined, the guilty and the lost, who saves, not for the works of righteousness we do, but according to his mercy.” (REV. JAMES R. PAGE.)

APPENDIX G.

“**A**NOTHER thing which made a deep impression on my mind was this : On my first remembered journey to Dublin we passed by a place called, unless I mistake, St. John’s Well. It is, as

you know, one of the 'holy wells' of Ireland. There was a vast crowd of poor-looking and diseased people around it. Some were praying, some were shouting; many were up in the trees which surrounded it. All these trees were laden in all their branches with shreds of cloth of every possible variety and color. I inquired what all this meant, and was told, 'This is St. John's Well, and all these people come here to get cured.' But what do these rags mean hanging on the trees? I was told that the people who were not immediately cured tied a piece of their garment on some limb of the tree to keep the good saint of the well in mind of their application. And, judging from the number of pieces on the trees, I inferred that the numbers that went away cured were very few. I had previously read a book of travels in Africa describing some of the religious rites of the sable sons of that continent, and the thought that those performed around St. John's Well were much like them occurred to me. I have no doubt but that the rites witnessed in my youth are performed there yet—that the rags of diseased persons are now streaming from those trees to remind the saints of the request of those who suspended them. There was always a priest present to hear confessions and to receive the pennies of the poor pilgrims. And the impression made on my mind was that it was a piece of paganism. And yet the rites and ceremonies about

this well, I learn, are nothing in comparison with those performed around the well of St. Patrick in the county Down. I will here insert an account of a festival at St. Patrick's Well, as given by an eye-witness :

“When or how the custom which I shall describe originated I know not, nor is it necessary to inquire ; but every Midsummer Eve thousands of Roman Catholics, many from distant parts of the country, resort to these celebrated holy wells to cleanse their souls from sin and clear their mortal bodies of diseases. The influx of people of different ranks for some nights before the one in which alone, during the whole year, these wells possess this power (for on all other days and nights they rank not above common draw-wells), is prodigious, and their attendants, hordes of beggars, whose ragged garments, if once taken off, could not be put on again by all the ingenuity of man, infest the streets and lanes and choose their lodgings in the highways and hedges. Having been previously informed of the approach of this miraculous night, and having made ourselves acquainted with the locality of the wells, we proceeded early in the evening to the spot. We had been told we should find something quite new to us, and we found what was scarcely credible on ocular evidence.

“The spot on which this scene of superstitious folly was exhibited was admirably adapted to

heighten every attendant circumstance of it, the wonderful wells, of which there are four, being situated in a square or patch of ground surrounded by steep rocks, which re-echoed every sound and redoubled all the confusion. The *comp d'œil* of the square on our approach presented a floating mass of various colored heads, and our ears were astonished with confused and mingled sounds of mirth and sorrow, of frantic, enthusiastic joy and deep, desponding ravings. On descending into the square we found ourselves immediately in the midst of innumerable groups of these fanatics running in all directions, confusedly in appearance, but methodically, as we afterward found, in reality. The men and women were barefooted, and the heads of all were bound round with handkerchiefs. Some were running in circles, some were kneeling in groups, some were singing in wild concert, some were jumping about like maniacs at the end of an old building, which, we were told, was the ruin of a chapel erected, with several adjacent buildings, in one miraculous Midsummer's Night by the tutelary saint of the wells, of whose talent as a mason they give, it must be confessed, no very exalted opinion. When we had recovered somewhat from the first surprise which the (to us) unaccountably fantastic actions of the crowd had given us, we endeavored to trace the progress of some of these deluded votaries through all the mazes of their mystic pen-

ances. The first object of them all appeared to be the ascent of the steepest and most rugged part of the rock, up which both men and women crawled their painful way on their hands and bare knees. The men's clothes were made so as to accommodate their knees with all the sharpness of the pointed rock, and the poor women, many of them young and beautiful, took incredible pains to prevent their petticoats from affording any defence against its torturing asperities. Covered with dust and perspiration and blood, they at last reached the summit of the rock, where, in a rude chair hewn out of stone, sat an old man, probably one of the priesthood, who seemed to be the representative of St. Patrick and the high priest of this religious frenzy. In his hat each of the penitents deposited a halfpenny, after which he turned them round a certain number of times, listened to a long catalogue of their offences and dictated to them the penances they had to undergo or perform. They then descended the rock by another path, but in the same manner and posture, equally careful to be cut by flints and to suffer as much as possible. This was perhaps more painful traveling than the ascent had been: the suffering knees were rubbed another way; every step threatened a tumble, and if anything could have been lively there, the ridiculous attitudes of these descenders would have made it so. Upon gaining the foot of the hill they (most of them) bestowed

a small donation of charity upon some miserable groups of supplicants stationed there, after which, resuming the use of their feet, they commenced a running sort of Irish-jiggish walk round several cairns or heaps of stones erected at different spaces. This lasted some time. Suddenly they would prostrate themselves before the cairns and ejaculate prayers; then as suddenly they would rise and resume their mill-horse circumrotation. Their eyes were fixed, their looks spoke anxiety, almost despair, and the operation of their faculties seemed totally suspended. They then proceeded to the end of the chapel, and seemed to believe that there was a virtue unknown to us heretics in *one particular stone* of the building, which every one was particular to touch with the right hand; those who were tall did it easily, those who were less left no mode of jumping unpracticed to accomplish it. But the most remarkable, and doubtless the most efficient, of the ceremonies was reserved for the last; and surely nothing was ever devised by man which more forcibly evinced how low our nature can descend. Around the largest of the wells, which was in a building very much, to common eyes, like a stable, all those who had performed their penances were assembled, some dressing, some undressing, many *stark naked*. A certain number of them were admitted at a time into this holy well, and there men and women of every age bathed promis-

euously without any covering. They undressed before bathing, and performed the whole business of the toilet afterward in the open air, in the midst of the crowd, without appearing sensible of the observations of lookers-on, perfectly regardless of decency, perfectly dead to all natural sensations. This was a strange sight, but so nearly resembling the feasts of lunatics that even the voluptuary would have beheld it without any emotion save that of dejection. The penances having terminated in this marvelous ablution, the penitents adjourned either to booths to drink or to join their friends. The air then rang with musical monotonous singing, which became louder with every glass of whisky, finishing in frolicsome debauch, and laying, in all probability, the foundation for future penances and more thorough ablutions. No pen can describe all the confusion, no description can give a just idea of the noise and disorder, which filled this *hallowed* square, this theatre of fanaticism, this temple of superstition, of which the rites rival all that was told of in the East. The minor part of the spectacle was filled up with credulous mothers half-drowning their poor children to cure their sore eyes—with cripples who exhibited everything that has yet been discovered in deformity, expecting to be washed straight and walk away nimble and comely. The experience of years had not shaken their faith; and, though nobody was cured, nobody went

away doubting. Shouting and howling and swearing and carousings filled up every pause, and "threw o'er this spot of earth the air of hell." I was never more shocked and filled with horror; and, perceiving many of them intoxicated with religious fervor and all-potent whisky, and warming into violence before midnight, at which time the distraction was at its climax, I left this scene of human degradation in a state of mind not easy to be described. . . .

"The whole road from the wells to the neighboring town was crowded with such supplicants as preferred mortal halfpence to holy penance. The country round was illuminated with watch-fires; the demons of discord and fear were abroad in the air; the pursuits of the world and the occupations of the peaceful appeared stopped by the performance of ceremonies disgraceful when applied to propitiate an all-compassionate Divinity, whom these religionists were determined and taught to consider jealous rather than merciful. I wish it were in my power, without insincerity, to pay a compliment to the Irish Catholic clergy. On this occasion they were the mad priests of these Bacchanalian orgies, the fomenters of fury, the setters on to strife, the mischievous ministers of the debasement of their people, lending their aid to plunge their credulous congregations into ceremonious horrors.'" (KIRWAN'S *Letters to BISHOP HUGHES.*)

APPENDIX H.

"I GAVE notice of my intention to speak to the people. Numbers of them collected at the house appointed. A friend advised me to commence my discourse without giving out any text or making such preparations as might startle the poor islanders, who were hitherto unaccustomed to anything of the kind. I accordingly did so, and they continued to listen until the Bible was produced to prove the truths under consideration. At the sight of it they were confounded and began to retire; they, however, took leave in the most polite manner, for, although they were terrified at the sight of that book, they saw we meant nothing but kindness toward them." (REV. JAS. R. PAGE, *formerly of the Diocese of Tuam.*)

"The late Dr. Doyle, one of the most learned of the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, wrote of a poor man who received a Bible from some lady, saying, 'When the night closed in and all danger of detection was removed he, lest he should be infected with heresy inhaled from the Protestant Bible during his sleep, took it with a tongs, for he would not defile his touch with it, and buried it in a grave he had prepared in the garden.' The doctor then adds: 'I who am thus a very Bible-man do admire the orthodoxy of this Kildare peasant; nay, I admire it greatly, and should I happen to meet him I shall

reward him for his zeal.' Other priests have said, 'If the Bible Society, Mr. Chairman, came to distribute copies of the Bible, even of that version which the Catholic Church approves of, on this principle we should still consider it our duty to oppose it. This principle is abusive of the Scriptures, hostile to the Catholic faith and prejudicial to the peace and order of society.' 'Will they not allow us to show that the reading of Bibles is highly injurious to our flocks and mischievous to the peace of society?' 'Therefore I conclude that the indiscriminate perusal of the Bible is inconsistent with the sanctity of the Church, and, as I have in another part of my discourse suggested, it opens the flood-gates to immorality and vice.' 'Further, this principle leaves men to die in infidelity.' Such are the sentiments of the Romish priests as set forth by Dr. Doyle and by the Rev. Messrs. Nolan and Kinshella at the Carlow, and the Rev. Mr. Hughes at the Easky, discussion a few years since. Is it, then, any wonder that poor ignorant Roman Catholics should fly from that blessed volume?" (REV. JAMES R. PAGE, A. B., *formerly of the Diocese of Tuam.*)

APPENDIX I.

"**P**OPERY does nothing for the education of the people of Ireland. With the wealth of

the middling classes under its control, and almost at its beck, where are its schools and its colleges for the education of its people? You send to Ireland for money to establish them here; why erect none there? Connaught, where your Church has complete control, is an almost unbroken mass of ignorance, and Munster is precisely like it. Ignorance brutalizes and sensualizes and renders men improvident. It places our higher in subjection to our lower nature, and in withholding education from the people popery has degraded Ireland. And wherever its children are carried by the tide of emigration their want of education places them in the lowest grade of society, and they are more dreaded as a burden than hailed as an accession. Without the high aspirations which knowledge imparts, and without the self-respect which it creates, they are satisfied with being menials where they might be masters.

“When, in the kind providence of God, my mind became interested to know what God would have me to do, I cast around for a true guide to the solution of the question. Where could I find such a one? Books are written by fallible men; priests had already imposed on my understanding; fond parents, deceived themselves, taught me superstition for religion; all men are liable to err. I felt there was a God and that I was bound to obey him, but where is the rule of my obedience? This was *the*

question. I was told of the Bible, but of that I knew nothing, except, indeed, that I knew it to be by your Church a prohibited book, to be read only by priestly permission. I sought the Bible and read it. I found it to be the true and only guide as to the solution of the question what God would have me to do. And without the fear of the pope or of the anathemas of the Council of Trent, and without a line of license from prelate or priest, I have continued to read it for years. And the virtual prohibition of the unfettered reading of the Bible by your Church is one of the main reasons why I cannot return to it.

"And let me ask you, dear sir, why this virtual prohibition? Who has given you authority to say that I must not read what God has given me to direct me into all the ways of faith and obedience? God has commanded me to 'search the Scriptures.' The Bible lays the axe at the root of the upas tree of popery; is this the reason why it is withheld?

"If absenteeism and subletting and the tithe system do much to impoverish the people, popery does still more. It meets them at the cradle, and dogs them to the grave and beyond it with its demands for money. When the child is baptized, the priest must have money. When the mother is churched, the priest must have money. When the boy is confirmed, the bishop must have money. When he goes to confession, the priest must have

money. When he partakes of the Eucharist, the priest must have money. When visited in sickness, the priest must have money. If he wants a charm against sickness or the witches, he must pay for it in money. After mass is said over his remains a plate is placed on his coffin, and the people present are expected to deposit their contributions on the plate. Then the priest pockets the money and the people take the body to the grave. And then, however good the person, his soul has gone to purgatory, and, however bad, his soul may have stopped there. And then comes the money for prayers and masses for deliverance from purgatory; which prayers and masses are continued as long as the money continues to be paid. Now, when we remember that seven out of the nine millions of the people of Ireland are papists, and of the most bigoted stamp, and that this horseleech process of collecting money, whose ceaseless cry is '*Give! give!*' is in operation in every parish, and that as far as possible every individual is subjected to it, can we wonder at the poverty and degradation of Ireland? Can we wonder that its noble-minded, noble-hearted people are everywhere hewers of wood and drawers of water? Shame, shame upon your Church that it treats a people so confiding and faithful so basely! Shame, shame upon it that it does so little to elevate a people that contribute so freely to its support! O popery! thou hast debased my country, thou hast

impoverished its people, thou hast enslaved its mind. From the hodman on the ladder, from the digger of the canal, from the hostler in the stable, from the unlettered cook in the kitchen and maid in the parlor, from the rioter in the street, from the culprit at the bar, from the state prisoner in his lonely dungeon, from the victim of a righteous law stepping into eternity from the gallows for a murder committed under the delirium of passion or of whisky,—I hear a protest against thee as the great cause of the deep degradation of as noble a people as any upon which the sun shines in the circuit of his glorious way.”

APPENDIX J.

“**R**ELICS are matters of immense importance to Rome. They are to your Church what the ark of the covenant and the pot of manna and Aaron’s rod that budded were to the Jewish temple. Hence the prodigious efforts of past ages to obtain relics, and the enormous prices paid for them in order to place them in churches, and the sleepless vigilance with which they have been guarded lest they should be stolen for adorning new churches. They have been more than mines of wealth to Holy Mother, as they have brought her the gold and silver without the trouble of mining, smelting or coining it. If a bone or relic of a saint could be secured

for a new church, the church was called by his name and placed under his guardianship. This is the origin of calling churches after the names of saints. And thus nations were placed under the guardianship of saints, as Ireland under that of St. Patrick, England under that of St. George, Scotland under that of St. Andrew. So also cities were placed under the care of saints, and their relics were esteemed as imparting far greater security against assault than cannon, wall or bulwarks. Constantine, you know, defended the town of Nisibis with the dead body of St. James ; and when the emperor Leo desired to secure the relics of Simon the Stylite from Antioch for the purpose of defence, the prudent citizens replied, 'Our city has no walls, and we have brought here the holy body of Simon, that it might serve us in the stead of walls and bulwarks.' And so individuals are placed under a guardian saint or they select one for themselves. I remember when a boy I had one myself, but his name I am utterly unable to recall. I have no doubt but you will say he took bad care of me.

"There is, I learn, an authentic list of the relics deemed true possessed and published by your Church. I have never seen it. It must be a very curious book. In the absence of your catalogue I select a few of the relics greatly venerated by papists from books of authority that lie before me. They are almost as amusing as your miracles. I will omit

those too offensive to be named, out of respect for you, my readers, and myself:

“The arms, legs, fingers, toes of the saints are greatly multiplied. There are eight arms of St. Matthew, three of St. John and almost any number of St. Thomas à Becket. There are in the church of Lateran the ark made by Moses in the wilderness, the rod of Moses and the table on which the Last Supper was instituted by the Saviour: the table is entirely at Rome; nevertheless, there are many pieces of it in other places. On the altar of the Lateran are the heads of Peter and Paul entire, but there are pieces of them in Bilboa greatly honored by the monks. St. Peter’s Church is blessed with the cross of the penitent thief, with the lantern of Judas, with the dice used by the soldiers in casting lots for the Saviour’s garments, with the tail of Balaam’s ass and with the axe, saw and hammer of St. Joseph. Different churches are enriched with pieces of the cross, and were the pieces all brought together they would make a hundred crosses. In one of the churches is some of the manna in the wilderness; in another are some blossoms from Aaron’s rod; in another is the picture of the Virgin painted by Luke; in another one of her combs; in another are the combs of the apostles, but little used; in another is a part of the Gospel of Mark in his own handwriting; in another, a part of the body of Lazarus that smells; in another, a finger of St. Ann,

the Virgin's sister ; in another, St. Patrick's stick with which he drove venomous reptiles from Ireland ; in another, some of St. Joseph's breath, caught by an angel in a vial ; in another, a piece of the rope with which Judas hung himself ; in another, some of the Virgin's hair ; in another, some of her milk. And the monks once showed among their relics the spear and shield with which Michael encountered the dragon of Revelation ; and some relic-monger had a feather from the wing of the Holy Spirit when, taking the form of a dove, he abode upon Christ at his baptism ! On the miracles wrought by the relics of the saints I have already sufficiently dwelt. They are various and very numerous.

" I will not, I cannot, here dwell upon the awful abuses of your doctrine of relics ; on the robbery of all kinds of graves in Palestine and the hawking of pilfered bones all over Europe ; on the selling of old wood sufficient to warm a small town through the winter as pieces of the cross ; on the selling of hands and feet of particular saints, until the proof is positive that some of the favored ones had as many feet as the crawling worm we call the centipede. I turn from the abuses to the doctrine.

" Now, sir, where is the origin of your doctrine of relics ? Can you find a trace of it in the New Testament ? Will you for a moment compare the sham miracles wrought at the tombs of some of your

saints with that wrought by the bones of a prophet of Israel? Will you dare to say that the curing of a sore throat by a dead man's hand is to be placed on the same ground with the miraculous cures of the apostles? I venerate the names, I would even decorate the tombs, of the good; but what virtue is there in a bone from the body of Paul or Peter, or in a slip of wood from the cross, or in a strand from the rope with which Judas hung himself, or in some hairs from the tail of the beast which Balaam whipped? If relics ever performed miracles, why do they not perform them now? Is the virtue of all your old bones exhausted? Where is the holy coat of Treves? Where now are the pilgrims to the bones of Becket? Where is your shop in New York for the sale of holy teeth, fingers and bones taken from the graves of the saints? Sir, the whole matter is one of the vilest impositions ever practiced upon the credulity of man. I do not charge you with believing a word of it. I could almost as soon believe in the virtue of the paring of the toe-nails of some of your saints as admit that a man of your sense can believe such things." (KIRWAN'S *Letters to BISHOP HUGHES*.)

THE END.